THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN AUSTRALIA

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Your Dog

It matters little the shape of a dog,
Or his color or breed or size
Just as long as he has a tail to wag
And there's love in his faithful eyes.

If a mongrel born in a slumland street
Or a pedigreed canine king—
It's all the same if you win his love,
For he's loyal—that's everything.—By P.D.-B.

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Belated HUSH-HUSH *About* OUR *Bushrangers*

Whose fault that £10,000 has been lost in the Kelly Gang Film Fiasco?

ARE all films which touch on the bushranging episodes of Australian history to be banned? Cinesound Productions Ltd. have made complete preparations to begin on a version of "Robbery Under Arms," Rolf Boldrewood's classic, in the spring, with John Longden cast in the star role of Captain Starlight.

How does the Australian film producer stand?

Everybody professes extreme eagerness to see local production flourish. Most people of sense realise that this industry, if properly established, would be of commercial benefit to the community as a whole. And the uses of films as publicity and propaganda for their country of origin are undisputed.

Yet the path of the local producer is thorny indeed.

WHO is responsible for the fiasco concerning the picture, "When the Kellys Rode"?

People have known for months that the film was in production. It is alleged by the makers of it that they submitted the scenario to the Chief Secretary of the New South Wales Government at the start and that he found no fault with it.

In fact, he gave them an informal assurance, so they say, that they could safely go ahead.

But now that it has been completed, and £10,000 has been spent on the undertaking, there comes a letter from the Chief Secretary forbidding its exhibition throughout N.S.W.

* * *

OF course, there is matter for argument as to whether the story is suitable for film presentation.

We are all familiar enough with the facts of the Kellys' desperate adventure. Their doings are so much a part of Australia's consciousness that the reckless courage of their leader has passed into a proverbial saying.

"As game as Ned Kelly" is the description applied to a boxer down at the Stadium who can stand up to punishment, or to the perpetrator of a particularly bold and unscrupulous act in business or politics.

Perhaps it is just this tendency to idealise men, who after all were merely a couple of thugs and who eventually met a fate they richly deserved, that has made Authority nervous about a film chronicle of their deeds. Protest was in fact voiced some time ago in the Victorian press.

Yet the fact remains that no move was made all this time in New South Wales to stop production at any intermediate stage.

We might have thought that, as a silent film of the Kellys made some years ago was banned, the Chief Secretary's Department would follow the progress of the production with some care or obtain information as to whether the original scenario, as submitted, was being properly worked out.

Discouraging

WHAT is it that the police now find so objectionable in the completed film?

The producers told The Australian Women's Weekly that the police Inspector who saw the first screening of the film in its rough state, said that he thought the picture very good.

When he was asked for any suggestions as to deletions or alterations, he had none to offer. **But he objected to the story as a whole.**

"It is time Ned Kelly was forgotten," he said. He went on to remark that, if the Americans would not permit a film to be made about Dillinger, there was no reason why we should allow a film about Ned Kelly.

In that case, as we said before, why was the objection to the subject not raised in the first place, or at any rate before the whole work had been done?

The loss of £10,000, of which at least £6000 has been expended directly in wages and transport, is a pretty strong deterrent for a film producer who seems to have tried to make a film of adventure which would be acceptable all round.

* * *

WHAT do the police fear would be the effect of its exhibition in this State? Do they think that the Kellys' rough and ready methods would be copied by weak-minded, lawless persons now?

Would the Kellys in their home-made armor stand a chance nowadays against a State-wide efficient police organisation, with all the modern means of rapid communication at its command?

Well, if there is a danger of this kind to be recognised in the public exhibition of a film about the Kellys, what about the never-ceasing stream of gangster films pouring into this country from the United States?

In these Hollywood films, though Dillinger himself has not yet been used as a model, we have been shown Al Capone and innumerable others engaging in banditry de luxe. And they have frequently been presented as sympathetic characters, even as heroes.

It is quite certain, as a matter of fact, that the Sydney and Melbourne underworlds have received much unwholesome stimulation from these American gangster pictures.

These underworld denizens, with their organised gangs and dens of vice in our cities, are a far greater menace to the community than any potential Ned Kelly could ever be.

Whatever case, therefore, can be made against the Kelly gang picture, can be emphasised a hundred times in regard to imported gangster films.

Late Decision

MR. CHAFFEY, the Chief Secretary of New South Wales, stated on Tuesday that reflections on police authority shown in imported films were a less serious matter than similar scenes in Australian productions.

To this it might be replied that any picture of the pioneering days of Australia would be incomplete without bushranging episodes. That is not the point.

The Australian Women's Weekly is not defending this particular film, "When the Kellys Rode," but is simply pointing out the ridiculously illogical situation that exists in film censoring.

Why in the name of common sense didn't Mr. Chaffey tell the producers months ago not to go on with the film, and thus enable them to divert their £10,000 to another theme?

A SCENE from the film "When the Kellys Rode." There is no doubt that the armor suit worn by Ned Kelly has been one of the principal features in keeping alive the memory of these murderous thugs.

High Cost of TETANUS ANTI-TOXIN

Recent cases show an extraordinary diversity of ways in which the dreaded disease of tetanus may be contracted—making it appear that the deadly bacillus is lurking everywhere seeking victims to destroy.

Not unnaturally, young lads seem to be the most prone to become affected, because they run about in their bare feet and suffer minor injuries in their play more than do girls or grown-up people.

In a recent case from the country, a wound from a rusty nail was responsible for the death of a youth, while another lad met his fate through treading on a rabbit-bone. Another unfortunate boy was struck by a tile thrown by one of his playmates, while in recent months two women have died after operations, the tetanus which supervened being attributed to the use of unsterilised catgut.

PERHAPS the easiest form of diseases to contract, and the hardest to cope with, tetanus takes its annual toll of victims in spite of all that medical science can do to combat it. While no record is available of the number of cases treated, it is known that many lives were saved by the injection of an anti-toxin, which has been found effective.

While anti-toxins have been discovered which are effective in diseases such as smallpox, diphtheria, and scarlet fever, no such preventive has been found for the ravages of the tetanus germ, or, at least, none that will retain its effects indefinitely.

It is therefore necessary for every hospital to have on hand a supply of the serum which combats the disease, even though it may not be required to be used for months, or even years.

A recent case from a country public hospital came under the notice of the coroner, where it was stated that a patient had received no fewer than 10,000 units of the serum, and who had died after his discharge from the institution.

Another hospital spent no less than £200 on anti-tetanus serum on treatment which occupied a fortnight. So heavy was the drain on the funds of the institution that its finances were embarrassed as a result of the treatment, and the question of appealing to the Government for a special grant to meet the circumstances of the case was under consideration by the hospital committee.

It should be practicable for Governments to keep on hand ample supplies of anti-toxin serum which could be made available to the hospitals in case of emergency.

* * *

TETANUS, or lockjaw, is a disease of the nervous system characterised by persistent, intense, and painful contractions of the muscles, often the whole of the body being affected.

The condition follows most commonly a lacerated wound contaminated with dirt, but it may develop after a slight scratch or injury to the skin, such as a chilblain.

During the Great War it frequently followed on shell wounds, and among the civil population stablemen and gardeners are regarded as having more than average liability to it.

Tetanus is due to the action of a bacteria which is produced in the intestines of man or animals. When introduced into an open wound it multiplies and produces toxins which are powerfully irritant to the nerve cells of the body.

They pass into the blood stream and find their way into the central nervous system where they poison the cells and bring about the excessive muscular contractions already referred to.

Statistics show that in untreated cases of tetanus seven deaths occur in every eight cases, and during the war, when every soldier who received a wound was inoculated as a precaution, the mortality varied from 6 to 22 per cent. of all those who developed the disease.

* * *

PRIOR to the introduction of modern antiseptics, tetanus was a common sequel to surgical operations, but such are the precautions taken nowadays that such cases are becoming rare.

There have been several cases in recent months when the use of catgut, alleged to have not been thoroughly sterilised, has been suspected of having brought on tetanus, but most medical men discount the probability of such a happening.

The serum is costly, as many animals die in the course of the operation, and many of the smaller public hospitals of the State have found difficulty in financing the cost of supplies where prolonged treatment has been necessary to save the lives of patients attacked by the dreaded bacillus.

No other treatment has been found effective, but experience has shown that if the patient survives for four days after inoculation there is a good prospect of ultimate recovery.

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Let's Talk of
Interesting P·E·O·P·L·E

SEEKING ADVENTURE

LADY ISOBEL BLUNT-MACKENZIE, the 23-year-old daughter of the Countess of Cromartie and Colonel Blunt-Mackenzie, with another young English girl sailed as members of a cargo boat crew for Beirut. There the girls hope to become members of a caravan and travel across the desert to Damascus.

The adventurous girls will dress in Arab clothes. Their knowledge of Arabic, however, is very limited. Last year, they signed on as fourth mate and wireless operator on a cargo boat, disembarked at Oran and travelled on horse-back, dressed as Arabs, across the desert of Libya.

FINDS MISSING SEAMEN

MRS. JANET ROPER has for her life mission the steering of stray sailors to their home port. As "Mother Roper", she is known and loved by countless sailors.

Her office is in the Seamen's Institute, New York, and in her 40 years of work there and elsewhere she has succeeded in locating 5000 sailor lads and placing them in communication with their relatives.

Of course, she receives countless letters, so it is not so surprising that recently one reached her which bore the address: "To the woman who finds boys, New York City."

PUBLIC WELFARE DIRECTOR

MISS CLARA CAMPOAMOR has been appointed to the important post of Director of Public Welfare for Spain.

For many years, Miss Campoamor, who is a lawyer, has taken a prominent part in the public affairs of her country. She represented the Radical party in the Constituent Assembly and when the Constitution was being framed, it was her able advocacy of women's rights that led to the official recognition by the new Spanish Republic of the principle of equal rights and equal suffrage for men and women.

There are five women MsP. in the present Spanish Parliament. They are Margarita Nelisen (re-elected), Veneranda Garcia, Matilde de la Torre, Maria Martinez Sierra, and Francisca Bobigas.

LONDON *Madonna* GIRL Came from *Australia!*

SET NEW FASHION IN ART CIRCLES

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

The girl whose face will appear a hundred times in the Royal Academy this year is the latest craze among English artists, Marguerite Salle, the New Zealand born girl who ran away from her lumber-camp home to Australia and has now become, in a few short years, the most painted woman in the world and known as the "Madonna Girl."

MARGUERITE SALLE came to Sydney from New Zealand and worked in an office, studying art in her spare time. Then so many of her fellow students asked her to sit for them that she soon devoted her time exclusively to posing.

Thea Proctor and Datillo Rubbo, George Lambert and Lindsay, utilised her services in this respect, and then she went to Melbourne, where she was much sought after as a model.

At present she is so much in demand by the great English artists that she has been ordered away for a long rest after the Academy rush is over. Constance Parkin, the well-known Melbourne artist, is working day and night over a fine piece of work for which Marguerite is sitting and which it is hoped will be finished in time for the Academy.

Clothes Problem

TALKING to Marguerite Salle I asked her if she likes film work, as I had seen her in a number of films lately. She told me that she much preferred posing, and earned far more than she could do on films. "Unless you are at the very top of films," she said, "you have to spend such an enormous amount on clothes, grooming, publicity, going about, etc., that you haven't a bean left. Now I can wear what I like. In fact it is remarkable that all the leading artists ask me to wear an old jersey which I wore around the beach in Australia.

"Posing is terribly hard work, but I love it. I like especially the young artists who are so keen and idealistic. It was the young students who first discovered that I was the Da Vinci type. The young artists of to-day are going back to the 15th century types and want to paint the sort of heads the old masters painted.

"I have a high medieval forehead and the Venetian coloring of fair hair and dark lashes, and my hands are of the middle-ages moulding. Why is this? My father was a Slav and my mother New Zealand born, I lived a very conservative life in the country. Sydney was a revelation to me.

"I work hard at my drawing when I am not posing. I hope to give an exhibition in a few months. I hold a sort of drawing club, the way they do in France, in my studio in Chelsea, and many of the younger artists come and draw there a couple of times a week.

"Please deny the report that I have had two hundred proposals. I haven't. I have lost count of the exact number, but, of course, it's nowhere near that. I had dozens of proposals before I was grown up, and dozens since. But I don't want to marry. I want to go on working, and eventually I want to go back to Australia and paint some of the beautiful color of the Australian landscape."

They Live To Hang

MARITA Ross, another of London's famous artists' models, declares that the annual competition to be the most hung girl in England has started among the beauties who sit to the world's greatest talent in Chelsea studios.

Writing in a London paper, she says: "They are an interesting study, these girls who work like galley slaves, and yet, thanks to films and fiction, are often visualised as home-wreckers, and super vamps.

"As they look down from their frames, those Psyches, Ledas, and Helens are very real people to me. Girls I have lunched and tea'd with, grumbled and gossiped to. Sometimes they wear treasured bits of studio finery that I recognise and have borrowed myself.

"Yvonne Austang is a blonde Swedish

MARGUERITE SALLE

beauty, who leapt into popularity as a result of posing with her own baby.

"From six weeks old her tiny girl accompanied her to every sitting, because Yvonne could not afford the expense of a creche. Instead of marriage ending her career, as she imagined, she found herself in greater demand than ever before.

"Her placid white brow and brooding blue eyes, as she cuddled the small Crystal to her breast, inspired a positive epidemic of 'Motherhood' compositions.

"Famous sculptors bargained for her services, and booked the enchanting pair for months ahead.

"Angel-face"

A MOST amusing starlet of the 1934 crop is little Gillian John, coffee-and-cream colored, and nicknamed 'The Bronze Venus' on account of her perfect physical proportions.

"Her famous namesake, Augustus, has painted her brown velvet skin and impish black eyes at least half a dozen times.

"Once Gillian wanted to be a woman doctor. So she trained as a nurse, but a fateful evening came when, bored with routine, she danced wildly before guests at Barney Seale, the sculptor's, studio.

"Soon her picture was in almost every important show, and now she owns quite a creditable collection of drawings and paintings of herself by famous artists.

"Marguerite Salle is known as 'The Madonna Girl,' and is positively a reincarnated Da Vinci.

"She is exactly what most people expect an artist's model to look like—a cross between Trilby, Garbo, and Hepburn, with the contempt of all three for conventional dress.

"She has a fair, shoulder-length bob, smoothly centre-parted, and a high, medieval forehead, which artists adore and relations deplore, not knowing, poor things, that in our world it endows its possessor with that elusive quality comfortingly known as 'character.'

"Seventeen-year-old Ray Fuller is called 'Angel-Face' in tribute to her air of childlike simplicity and her long golden curls, which earned her the role of Aurora at the last Chelsea Arts Ball.

"Those golden locks, which still float

AN UNUSUAL STUDY of the "Madonna" girl, Marguerite Salle. She has never posed as a Madonna, but her features resemble, almost exactly, those of Leonardo Da Vinci's famous Madonna, "The Virgin on the Rocks."

down her back as she trips, hatless, from studio to studio, are in constant demand.

"You may never have noticed a dream walking, but if you saw beautiful Lotus Soshan recently in the Grosvenor House cabaret, you certainly saw a dream dancing.

Looks—and Brains

"She invents all her strange Oriental dance creations during her sleep, and in the morning can remember them perfectly.

"Dark, creamy-pale, and of reed-like slenderness, she wears her sleek black hair in a straight fringe like Anna May Wong.

"Such a contrast is tiny Angelique Smith, the smallest model in London, just 4ft. 7in., red-haired, and Scottish.

"After posing five hours on the model throne, she goes to a ballet school where she is training, works hard there for an hour, and then returns for another two hours evening sitting.

"During the lunch interval she practises intricate steps, instead of relaxing with a book, like most of us.

"No story of artist's models would be complete without mentioning Eileen Hawthorne, whom John Hay has painted this year for the first time since his 'Jeunesse' made her ethereal blonde beauty famous.

"The most painted of us all, she has precisely what it takes to succeed—not only looks, but brains, and a marvellous facility for posing."

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BOOK NOW for the IDEAL *Holiday Tour*

Special Excursions for Our Readers!

For very many years the caverns and tunnels of the Jenolan Caves have been a magnet that has drawn tourists from all parts of the world. For richness and variety the stalactitic formation of these vast caves is unsurpassed in the world.

Now The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with Station 2UW, and the Government Tourist Bureau, offers a unique opportunity to visit Jenolan under ideal conditions at the very minimum of cost. The tour is proving extremely popular, and many have already booked for the trip.

* * *

MANY Australians have never seen the wonders that Nature has provided with such a lavish hand a few miles from their own doorstep.

On May 26, Miss Kay Russell, our special representative, will conduct a week-end tour to the Blue Mountains and the Caves. Miss Russell has had long experience in conducting such tours, not only to the mountain resorts, but to the other beauty spots of Australia.

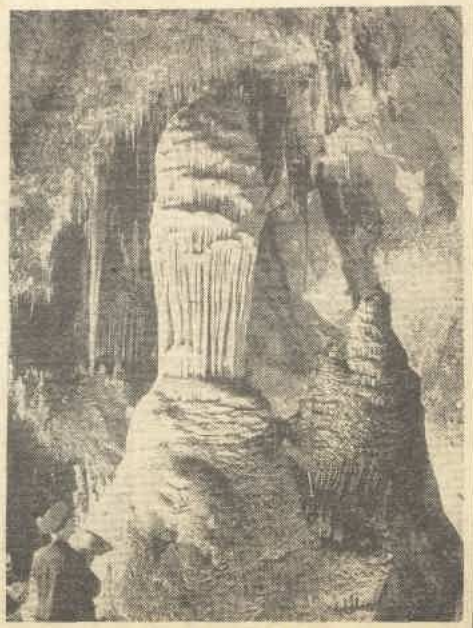
Our readers and listeners-in to Station 2UW should seize this opportunity of joining this week-end party.

The full cost of the tour is only £2/7/-, including transport by rail from Sydney to Mount Victoria in specially reserved compartments, motor journey from Mount Victoria to the Caves, all meals en route, accommodation at the Caves House, and two inspections of the caves.

And remember, if you made this trip privately, the cost would be nearly double—the inspections alone costing you 10/-.

Join up now and make one of the touring party. Full details of the itinerary may be obtained by writing direct to Miss Kay Rusell, or by listening-in to Station 2UW at 9 o'clock each morning, when Miss Russell broadcasts particulars of this and other holiday trips to beauty spots around Sydney.

Early booking is advisable, and, to avoid disappointment, a small deposit should be paid to the Government Tourist Bureau, specially mentioning The Australian Women's Weekly and Station 2UW tour.



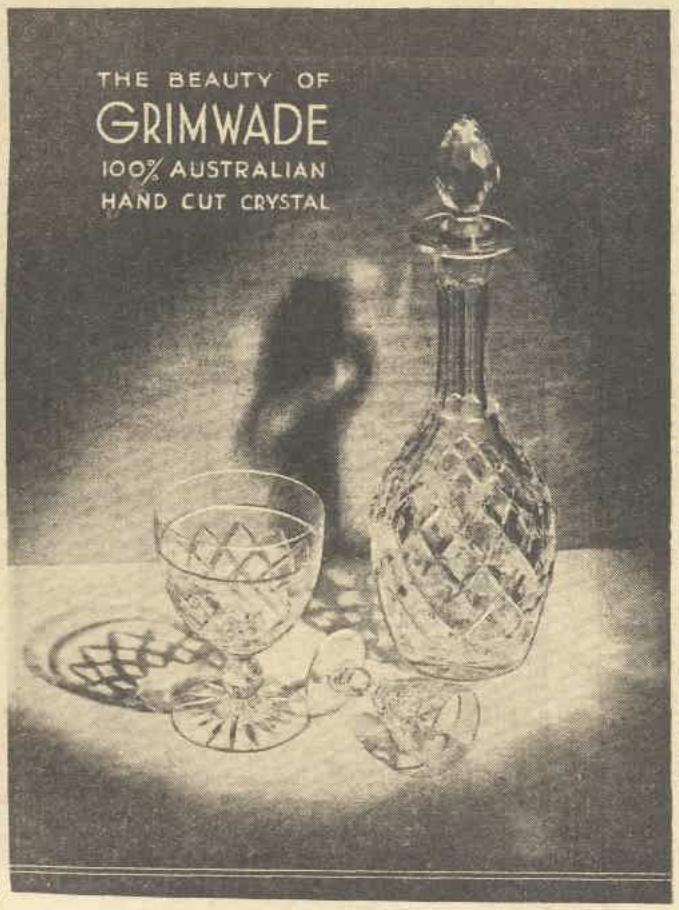
THE UNRIVALLED BEAUTY of Jenolan is shown in this scene in the River Cave, showing the Grand Column, one of the finest stalactitic formations in the world.

Kosciusko Too!

NEXT month four specially conducted eight-day tours to Mount Kosciusko have been arranged. These trips will also be personally conducted by Miss Russell.

The Kosciusko parties will leave Sydney on June 1, 8, 15, and 28. The cost of the first three trips will be £10/10/, including reserved railway fare, three days' accommodation at the Chalet, all meals on the journey, free sporting equipment, and free tuition in ski-ing.

For the tour commencing on June 22 the cost will be £12/12/ for the eight days, and those who join this party will have the opportunity of extending their stay to 16 days at a total cost of £18/10/.



Some charming suggestions in Grimwade Crystal. A Grecian decanter and goblets to match in Australian hand-made Cut Crystal.

As well as a tiny green and gold map of Australia, each genuine piece has etched on it the name "Grimwade."

In a score of domestic refinements. . . where beauty and utility combine in happy fashion. . . cut crystal is lending its charm and dignity to thousands of the smartest homes.

The lovely pieces pictured here are typical examples of Grimwade cut Crystal. . . consider the satisfaction of having such delightful accessories on your own table . . . see the whole Grimwade range at any good store. . . and equip your home with Crystal.

PRODUCT of CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS Co. Ltd., SYDNEY

"NOW LOOK HERE"—says George Wallace (left), Australia's film comedian, to L. W. Lower, The Australian Women's Weekly's humorist, who has the incredulous expression. Their full conversation is given below.

TWO HUMORISTS *Get* TOGETHER

Lower and Wallace Have a Gossip

When a humorist meets a humorist, how do they greet each other? Does their talk bubble over with wit and scintillate with epigram or do they, even as you and I, descend to discussing such subjects as income tax and quotamania?

In the hope of solving this intriguing problem, The Australian Women's Weekly arranged an interview between Mr. Len Lower, foremost humorist of Australia, and Mr. George Wallace, who has achieved a similar fame as the leading humorist of Australian films, and whose latest picture is "A Ticket in Tatts."

Mr. Wallace is shortly visiting Sydney to take part in the Australian play, "Collit's Inn."

HAVING placed our eaves-dropping reporter on the spot in ambush and complete with notebook and pencil scientifically sharpened to record the most humorous variations of shorthand, we are now able to give our readers the benefit of the conversation which resulted.

This was the way of it:

Mr. George (Onkus) Wallace: 'Ullo!

Mr. Lower (politely): Good morning, George! I was wondering if you could let me have about a hundred and forty-eight free tickets for your new talkie, "A Ticket in Tatts?"

Mr. W.: Oh, you were, were you?

Mr. L.: Yes, I were . . . was . . . am. It'd look nice to see the notice up, "House Full," wouldn't it?

Mr. W.: Are the whole hundred and forty-eight of you going to turn up full?

Mr. L.: George! George! I say, George, what's it like to be a comedian?

Mr. W. (after long and morbid thought): I don't know.

Mr. L.: It must be awful to have to act the goat for a living.

Mr. W. (cattishly): Yes. You're better off than I am. You don't have to act.

Mr. L. (sternly): Mr. Wallace, please remember that you are being interviewed for The Australian Women's Weekly! How did you come to take the name of George Wallace?

Mr. W.: My father's name was Wallace . . .

Mr. L.: I see; and your mother's name was George?

Mr. W.: No. My name is George.

Mr. L.: How did your father and mother know that your name was George?

Mr. W. (fearfully): Hi! don't knock my glass over!

Mr. L.: That play you're spoiling now, "Collit's Inn," do you have real beer in any of the acts?

Mr. W.: No, damn it. A man's got to wait till he knocks off.

Mr. L.: Well, how is it the play is having such a good run? I believe you're lying to me, you coughdrop addict!

Mr. W.: Why does it have a long run? Look at ME! That's the answer.

Mr. L.: I meant the play, George. Not the audience.

Mr. L. (hurriedly): Don't let us quarrel, George! Listen, when you put a joke over and nobody laughs, what do you do?

Mr. W. (loftily): That has never happened to me. When I put a joke over it goes right over. Sometimes it goes so far over that it goes over their heads. In that case, I do my own laughing and charge overtime.

* * *

MR. L.: Haven't you ever felt a yearning to play something heavier, like "Disraeli," or something?

Mr. W.: "Disraeli"? Never heard of it. Do you use the full pack?

Mr. L.: George, I'm afraid you're a lowbrow. Do you know what that is?

Mr. W.: Yes. It's a thing you hang your clothes up in.

Mr. L. (turning away disgustedly): Pah! Call yourself an actor!

Mr. W.: Are you going away without shouting?

Mr. L.: I have no money.

Mr. W. (sorrowfully): Well, no one can say you're not a real journalist, after that.

Mr. L.: Has anyone ever said to you, "Wallace, a long time since we've met?"

Mr. W.: Has ever anyone said to you, "You're getting Lower and Lower every day"?

Mr. L.: Good-bye, George. Don't forget those tickets.

DEEP SILENCE.

Will Sing in Viennese Pyjamas

EXOTIC Laelia Finneburg, who was born the same day as one of her father's rare Laelia orchids first blossomed, will sing at her broadcast concerts, with Sir Hamilton Harty's orchestra, in a pyjamas creation from Vienna.

Laelia Finneburg, the Irish Prima Donna, was raised from babyhood in an atmosphere of orchids, and she has about her a peculiar charm which one connects with those expensive flowers. Her father was an orchid expert, and on the day she was born, his new Laelia orchid bloomed for the first time, hence the name that so fits the personality of the singer.

She has passion for lovely clothes. "I simply adore them, and have all my frocks made in Vienna, where designers have models of my figure. I have some ravishing clothes in my cabin trunks; one of my concert gowns I particularly love is a chalky white pyjama frock, slashed with jade green, which one must inspect closely to tell the skirt is divided."

Startling as it may seem, Australian concert patrons will not find anything remiss in this frock, because they will be clever if they can tell the frock has any connection with pyjamas.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest, a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.

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Taking CARE *of* BILLULE

AN amusing story of a proud young father who thought he knew how to look after the baby. . . . .

By MARJORY WARD-HUMPHREYS

In a dim way he was aware that someone tried to stay his progress, shouted something about "danger."

Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

THOUGH not well off in the financial sense, Bill Chambers was the fortunate husband of a young and pretty wife who loved him and, moreover, had amply proved it by presenting him with Billule, the cutest, healthiest baby boy who was ever born. Bill possessed a well-earned D.S.O., an artificial arm which answered admirably except during extra damp weather, and a knack of writing fiction which, in an uncertain and spasmodic manner, augmented his pension so as to enable him to rub along in a cottage and meet the expenses entailed by the advent of Billule.

Nevertheless money was not plentiful, and Mary Chambers heaved a sigh of relief as she paid the monthly nurse her last week's wages and herself shouldered the responsibility of Billule in addition to that of Bill, Bill's house and all that it contained.

Now, as anyone who has ever tried it will agree, more goes to the running of even a cottage, a husband and a new baby than nine men out of ten realise; certainly men much of whose lives has been spent in military messes and those other messes incidental to warfare in the Flanders mud, and whose waking post-war thoughts were necessarily preoccupied with plot-hunting, as was the case of Bill Chambers.

Not only that, but Bill had culled from books certain ideas on eugenics and infantile hygiene; he knew only too well the dire possibilities of the germ-ridden "dummy;" he was fully aware of the devastating moral effect of lifting a crying baby during a period scheduled for rest; he could recite in order categorical the thirty—or is it fifty?—reasons "why baby cries;" he had definite and old-fashioned ideas on "correct feeding," which did not tally with those of his wife, who had all the housework to do.

Bill had, in short, that theoretical knowledge of babycraft which is somewhat destructive of domestic peace and cannot be put into practice in a cottage in a world not yet perfected. Not to put too fine a point on it, Bill knew enough to make a damn nuisance of himself over Billule, so that clouds began to gather ominously above a hitherto unclouded domestic horizon.

He would interfere, unreasonably it seemed to Mary. He would ask why the baby was not lying out in the sunshine, or, conversely, why he was lying out in a wind inclined to back to the east. Why would Mary insist on stuffing that ghastly dummy into Billule's mouth? Because by that means alone could Mary obtain sufficient detachment to make the Yorkshire pudding for which Bill had specially asked.

"Damn the Yorkshire pudding! What's a pudding beside my son's health and character?"

"All right! Damn the Yorkshire pudding, by all means. But don't grouse when dinner-time comes."

So it went on for a month or so: tiffs, arguments, misunderstandings; singly too trivial to be worth recording, but in the aggregate quite formidable.

BY nature, Mary Chambers was as kind and gentle as her namesake in the old song, but she had plenty of character, and had no intention of allowing her husband to make her life permanently uncomfortable over even so precious a thing as Billule. Her own ideas of baby-culture were instinctive and simple; she thought that so long as babies were kept clean and dry and fed—on one of the many excellent patent foods, as determined by experiment—and protected against themselves from such obvious perils as fire and suffocation, they have a miraculous way of working out their own salvation by an instinctive avoidance of the countless dangers which modern eugenics has revealed as lurking to destroy them body and soul.

So when Bill, horrified at the discovery of Billule and Omar, the Persian cat, asleep in each other's arms, went off the deep end about it, Mary calmly told him that she had done her bit by delivering Billule "all present and correct" into the world, and if Bill were not satisfied with the way she was bringing up his precious son, he had better carry on himself.

It happened that the day was cold and damp, and consequently Bill's artificial arm was running no more sweetly than the story he had been trying to write. Grimly he took up the challenge.

"Right, I will carry on."

Carry on he did; so did Billule; so would any man have done if a clumsy, heavy-handed giant snatched away his bedfellow, pinned his underclothing to his skin, confiscated his pet pipe—or dummy, as the case might be—and was "very firm" with him when he protested by such means as Nature had placed at his disposal that his dinner was not only unconscionably behind time but stone cold to boot.

Mary's mother-instinct would not permit her to watch unmoved and unprotesting the tribulations of Billule. Her position was a strong one, for, to Bill's annoyance, she alone seemed possessed of some magic power to soothe Billule's perturbed spirit sufficiently to permit his parents to snatch a little sleep during the night. She was strong and, for once, not inclined to be merciful. Bill was told in no uncertain voice that however much he might know about platoons, counter-attacks, bombs and fiction writing, he was not fit to be trusted ten minutes with a baby.

For once Bill became surly and resentful, and the Chambers were heading for a first-class family row when there arrived one morning a letter from Bill's aunt Elspeth in which she asked herself to lunch next day in order to inspect Billule.

Now Aunt Elspeth was no ordinary aunt, such as one spells with a small "a." In every sense she was a capital AUNT. She possessed some fifty thousand pounds' worth of gilt-edged securities; she was a spinster who had quarrelled with all her family except Bill and Mary. Already she had dropped a hint that she might feel disposed to do something pretty handsome for Billule. She was, moreover, notoriously a lady who liked good living, in more senses than one.

In face of this significant announcement Bill and Mary temporarily forgot their differences. Bill cashed a cheque and Mary took Billule out shopping.

IT happened that year that summer took place on the very day of Aunt Elspeth's impending arrival. It was while he was lying in his bath, watching the unusual phenomenon of real sunlight streaming through the window, that Bill conceived one of those "nice ideas" which mean so much to wives.

He would swing his writing for that day and really help Mary to make his aunt's visit a success. She would be hard at work all the morning—bless her!—cooking the special lunch; it would be really helpful if he, Bill, took Billule out in his pram where, no doubt, Billule would sleep and so be at his sweetest and brightest to greet his potential benefactress.

Somewhat to Bill's chagrin, Mary was not enthusiastic. She acknowledged with a little squeeze of the hand that it was a nice idea, but seemed disposed, even anxious, to leave it at that. She could manage all right; Billule was often rather naughty when out in his pram; the said pram was not altogether easy to manage in traffic. She hinted vaguely at dangers and risks attendant on pram-pushing, till Bill boiled over.

"Good heavens!" he said, "do you think I'm such a mutt as to be incapable of wheeling my own son out on a fine morning? You forget, my girl, that I've had the lives of a whole company in the hollow of my hand. What do you take me for?"

As gently as she could she told him what she took him for: a gallant soldier and a gentleman, albeit something of a dreamer; one who would be wise to leave the care of a baby to her, whose pride and privilege it was to attend to it.

"He'll be perfectly safe with me. D'you think I'd let him run the slightest risk?" he said, and said it in such a voice that she realised she would have to yield or make him really unhappy and conscious of his physical disability.

"Right oh," said Mary, "I'll get him ready; but you will take care of him, won't you?"

"Good Lord, yes," answered Bill as he kissed her. "I know we've squabbled a bit about him, old thing; but when all's said and done he's equally precious to both of us."

Mary smiled and patted his shoulder; but all the same she had one of those stubborn presentiments which require a hypothetical sixth sense to account for them.

In due course Bill and Billule set out, and they had not proceeded very far before Bill realised that Billule's incorrigible habit of dropping over the side of his chariot all objects not attached to it or to his person became, by incessant repetition, not only very irritating, but very awkward for a one-armed man in charge of a big pram on a windy day.

Deprived of all cargo capable of being playfully jettisoned, Billule began to cry in that steady, devastating manner which promises long continuance. Passers-by, mostly elderly ladies, began to stop and give Bill advice. An elderly gentleman who looked like a cavalry colonel, but was in fact a coal merchant, looked up from his "Times" and remarked: "Cannot you keep that child quiet, sir?"

"No," gritted Bill, halting by the shelter.

The old gentleman peered at Billule through his pince-nez.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Why not stuff that thing hanging round his neck into his mouth?"

The thing was, of course, the hitherto despised dummy, suspended there by a thoughtful wife who had herself taken Billule out a time or two.

As an old soldier Bill realised that when on active service one often is compelled to violate the precepts of the drill-book. Glancing furtively round, he slipped the dummy into Billule's open mouth, where—like the famous bell in the poem of the Inchcape Rock—"it sank with a gurgling sound."

"There you are, sir," smiled the old gentleman as proudly as if he were calling attention to some epoch-making discovery of his own.

"Ye-es," agreed Bill doubtfully. "I suppose one must chance the—er—adenoids and all the rest of it."

"Life's a series of chances. . . . Had adenoids all me life," grunted the old gentleman, and resumed his reading of a thrilling article on bimetalism.

There is perhaps no need to stress the fact that Billule knew perfectly well that he was getting a bit of his own back. By a triumph of strength and cunning he managed to snap the little pink ribbon by which his dummy was anchored; then, uttering a cry of unholy glee, he dropped the article overboard.

A pretty girl with a roguish eye picked it up and handed it to Bill.

"Yours, I think," she said saucily.

"No, his," corrected the blushing Bill, "thanks very much," and in the confusion of the moment popped it back, all dusty as it was, into its owner's mouth—to that owner's manifest disgust.

By that time Bill had reached the end of the sea-wall, whence a narrow sandy road ran away diagonally across the gently-sloping links, to terminate at the ferry, by which golfers and others crossed an arm of the sea. Billule was kicking up the deuce of a row and flinging himself about in an abandoned manner suggestive, to the uninitiated, of a fit. Flinging to the fresh sea-breeze his last theoretical scruples, Bill unstrapped Billule and took him upon his knee and, clasping him to his manly bosom, tried to comfort him and wipe away his little tears, not to mention the dust and grit from his mouth. The strange part was that it worked, and before Bill had finished the second verse of "The Long, Long Trail"—one of the few songs he knew—Billule's eyes had closed.

BILL gently replaced his son in the pram, which he had been holding steady with one foot, and himself sank upon the last seat in a somewhat exhausted state. He pulled out his pipe and proceeded to fill and light it with such poor dexterity as his patent arm would allow.

It may have been for no more than a couple of seconds that Bill removed his cramped and restraining foot from the chassis of the pram, but even in that short period something pretty disastrous happened. A spiteful little squall from the sea caught the spread hood, and away went Billule sailing like the "Cutty Sark" before the wind, down the concrete incline, along the sandy road across the links, a vessel "under way" within the meaning of the Merchant Shipping Act.

Please turn to Page 34

Complete Short Story

My Favorite Poem

Old and New

By E. W. WILCOX

Long have the poets vaunted in their lays
Old times, old loves, old friendships.
Why should the old monopolise all praise?
Then let the new claim mine,

Give me strong, new friends when the old prove weak,
Or fail me in my darkest hour of need;
Why perish with the ship that springs a leak,
Or lean upon a reed?

Give me new love, warm, palpitating, sweet,
When all the grace and beauty leaves the old;
When like a rose it withers at my feet,
Or, like a hearth, grows cold.

Give me new times, bright with prosperous cheer,
In place of old, tear-blotted, burdened days;
I hold a sunlit present far more dear,
And worthy of my praise.

When the old creeds are threadbare and worn through,
And all too narrow for the broadening soul,
Give me the firm, fine texture of the new,
Fair, beautiful and whole.

—Sent in by Mrs. Lynton-Carters, St. Kilda, Melbourne.

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Olive oil brings new life to your skin

—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

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● C.L.W., of Brighton, has had these shoes—a pair of heavy tan Oxfords—for some four years. They have had regular use and regular cleaning with KIWI.

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NEW BOOKS

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A Boom for Local Authors

Australian authors are making hay in the sunshine of our local publishers. These enterprising people have been busy during the first quarter of 1934 and at present bookstalls are well filled with new Australian books.

THE Endeavour Press has brought out two important novels of first quality, "The World is Yours," by G. B. Lancaster, and "Blue North" by H. Drake-Brockman.

G. B. LANCASTER has set her story in the Yukon of to-day, which is by no means the rip-roaring, gold-lustful Yukon of the novels of Rex Beach and his peers. The grandeur of the scene, and the effect of its stark beauty working on Tamsin's inheritance of Scotch mysticism play an important part in the book.

Tragedy, comedy, the light stuff of light love, and the depth of primal passions all find their place in the narrative which the writer handles with her accustomed skill. Though one may complain that the simple, noble-minded Tamsin lapses into a simpleton when it comes to the important question of deciding on marriage, the story is a very fine one, interesting throughout, and bearing every mark of being an authentic picture of the life it represents, and the many minor characters are cleverly and vividly handled, and the glimpses given of their lives greatly enrich the pattern of the book.

"Blue North" is a strongly-written first novel dealing with the life of West Australian pearlers in the days when life was cheap. The hero, "Handsome" John Fordyce, takes up pearling in search of virile adventure and to escape from the weakening luxuries of society life. He does not, however, succeed in getting away from women. Instead, he falls a victim to the jealous love of a wanton. This girl, Bella, "had left England for love of a man to whom she gave herself, both body and soul; her passion had all but consumed her when she found herself deserted in Sydney. But once through the furnace she believed the glaze hard and impregnable beyond imagining. Never again. Love a man for an hour; take all to be had for the taking; give kisses and laughter and little kindnesses; but never, never, never care whether he stayed or went." The action takes places in 1876, and has some historical references. It is a powerful, well written story.

The Macquarie Head Press have followed up "The Game Darrells" with "Blood in the Mists" by J. Halpin. The story is the war diary of an Anzac who gets captured by the Turks. There is a love theme, and the book is said to be a contributory message to the cause of peace.

The diary is written in the traditional realistic manner with full details of war horrors in the best "All Quiet" style.

Angus and Robertson were quick off the mark with Dr. Angus' "Truth and Tradition." The book proved a scoop and sold out the first edition in its first week, which is probably a record for Australia. This work was reviewed last week in full on Page 3.

Another new book from these energetic publishers is "Three Goats on a Bender," by Winifred Birkett. For a first novel it shows surprising promise. The story relates the humorous experiences of two girls and their aunt, who inherit the right to live in, and look after, an Australian historical museum, after the style of Wentworth House. It is the old, old story of the mysterious young man who turns out to be an English "lord" and who marries the Australian girl heroine, but it is well and amusingly done.

From Stephensen's, the new publishing house under the direction of P. R. Stephensen, late of the Endeavour Press, has come a veritable shower of books by new local authors. Some of these have been reviewed before. One of the newest is "Prelude to Christopher," by Eleanor Dark. The author is already known for her short stories. This is a truly remarkable book, and, as the publisher says, it is a marvel that it should find its publication outside London or New York. The story has a Eugenistic theme and deals in a very modern style with the predicament of a doctor who founds a eugenist colony and discovers that his own wife has insanity in her blood. It is only when he meets with a motor accident and is unable to protect her, however, that she goes mad and kills herself so that he can marry again and have children. There is a terrible moral to this book which no one can afford to avoid.

Another new book from Stephensen's is "A Gentleman Never Tells," by J. J. Mulligan, an Australian solicitor. It is a light, amusing type of book, dealing with the experiences of Lord Gerrard Fitzgerald and his somewhat unsophisticated affairs with ingenue ladies. The plot hangs on a somewhat unlikely libel which sends his Lordship dashing after an editor with a horsewhip, and which causes his fiancee to break her engagement. In the middle of the book are thrown one or two chapters of Australian propaganda which really have nothing to do with the story, but which are none the less interesting.

J. J. MULLIGAN

Credit must be given Mr. Stephensen for his splendid publishing. His books lead all others for artistry in jacket design and craftsmanship in bookbinding, and although we do not judge books by their covers, a bad cover often spoils a good book.

"Drums of Sacrifice." W. Robert Foran. Sir Hugh Woolston committed the unpardonable sin of stealing a sacred drum from African priests, who used their occult powers to drive him insane and kill his brother. His brother Clive, and his sister Pamela, went to Africa to investigate the matter, and engaged Kingswell, the hero of the story, as a guide. Their adventures in South Africa included narrow escapes from death, and the shooting of a Portuguese mulatto chief in a native temple. Eventually the drum was prevented from doing further harm to the family by being burned. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)

HOST HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar, it is a brew of excellent quality.***

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"The Turned Down Page." Mairi O'Nair. Dr. Richard Mannering and Eileen Forsyth were engaged to be married, when Mark Craddock, who was in possession of a number of foolish letters from Eileen, commenced to blackmail her. When Eileen went to his flat to try and recover her letters she found only his dead body. He had been murdered by his wife, Sadie, but suspicion pointed to Eileen, and Dr. Mannering's mother forced her son to break his engagement with her. The chain of circumstantial evidence being strong against Eileen, she went into hiding. The story tells of the efforts of Sadie to sheet the murder on to Eileen, and of how a little slip brought about her undoing. (Mills and Moon. 7/6.)

"Broken Music." Morna MacTaggart. "Broken Music" is the story of the marriage of an English girl, Emily Marvell, to Kurt Eckhart, and her life in a quiet German town among friends and relations. She obtains the consent of her husband to dress her children in English fashion and teach them English ways. When war broke out Eckhart is enlisted, and subsequently taken prisoner by the British troops. After the war he returns to his own country, but does not live long, and the English girl is left alone in Germany, where she is now a hated foreigner. The story shows the difficulties that may confront people of mixed nationalities when they marry. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 8/6.)

"Orchards of the Sun." C. Henry Warren. Christopher Severn, an employee of a gramophone company, marries Marie, an orphan girl, but although they live fairly happily together Christopher is not satisfied with his life. During a holiday trip to Beauvoir, Christopher falls in love with Helen, a niece of one of his mother's friends. However, before the affair has gone too far Marie tells her husband that she is about to become a mother, and he immediately breaks with Helen and takes Marie back home. An interesting tale in which domestic happiness was restored through the great inspiration of motherhood. (Lovat Dickson. 7/6.)

"The Fighting Camellers." Frank Reid. A very colorful story of the Imperial Camel Corps, written by one who was a unit in this important section of the British army in the Eastern deserts during the Great War. A bright, breezy and very readable narrative in which the author has caught the "don't-care-a-damn" air that pervaded the corps. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-.)

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Icebergs

Complete Short Story

Illustrated by Boothroyd

"J. Wellington Crabtree," Cherry thought, and turned to tell John Carstairs. But that gentleman had disappeared.

By Mary Clare DAVRON

IT was letter-time at the Imperial, and the lobby buzzed. Hoskins, the clerk, a pompous, middle-aged man of tremendous self-importance, was handing out the letters.

"Miss Cherry Mercer," he called.

A girl with a heart-shaped little face and skin like magnolia petals came forward and took the letter he held out. Then, without looking to right or left, she passed sedately out to the porch and walked quickly past the long lines of rocking-chairs where imposing-looking ladies were assembling their knitting and card-tables for the morning.

Down the steps she went, and out upon the drive which led to the open road. A little way down that road she seated herself, carefully and with due regard for her crisp white skirt, on a huge rock beneath a shady tree, then opened her letter. It was from her mother and read the same as the others. Glad Cherry was having such a wonderful time; she deserved it, and her mother wished the two weeks could be extended for the whole summer.

Cherry shuddered at the prospect and thanked Heaven they could not. If her mother only knew!

She put the letter back in her bag and then carefully powdered her face. To-day was Tuesday. It would be good to be back in her home again, good to be once more at work in Mr. Price's law-office. And her mother must never know.

Snapping shut her bag, she carefully got down from the rock and started briskly off up the road. It was with these walks that she had managed to fill her mornings.

To-day she went farther than usual. She explored a new road and found it delightful. Reaching the point where she must turn back if she would be in time for luncheon, she stopped suddenly at sounds issuing from a field just around a bend in the road: some groans, heavy breathing, muttered curses, "Damn!" in a muffled, but highly explosive voice. A sound of metal clinking, a long, hard-drawn breath, a sigh as though a mighty struggle had come to naught, then silence.

Cherry sped quickly around the bend and in through a fresh-cut, jagged gap in the thicket that surrounded the field.

There, sprawled on the ground against a rock, scratched and bleeding, one baleful eye glaring up at her and the other fast closing because of a huge black welt rising above it, lay a startling specimen of humanity. A motor-cycle, twisted and broken, lay shattered around him; part of it lay upon him.

"C-can't you get up?" cried Cherry, running to him.

"Why, yes. Of course," he snarled. With an effort, he cocked his head to one side so that his good eye was full upon her. "But I'm lying here just because I—think it's fun."

His swollen eye and the blood trickling from scratches on his face, together with his constrained position, gave him a truly alarming appearance; and his attitude toward Cherry was highly belligerent. Nevertheless he was human and he was approachable, two things of paramount importance to Cherry at the moment. So her voice was sympathetic and her touch gentle as she bent down and wiped away a little stream running from a cut in his cheek.

"Never mind my face," he snapped unappreciatively. "Can't you see I'm pinned down? See if you can lift that darned thing off my leg."

All eagerness, Cherry did as she was told.

With a big tug, she heaved off the wrecked motor cycle. The young man breathed easier, tried to move his leg, groaned, then lay still, his face against the ground.

"Can't move her an inch," he said, referring to his leg. "See if you can help me to sit up." Obediently she helped him, and between them they managed to get him into a sitting position. Again Cherry applied her handkerchief to the still bleeding wound in his cheek.

"I wish you'd let my face alone," he whined, plaintively. "Something's the matter with my ankle. Can't you concentrate on that?"

Gravely the girl accepted the responsibility. "I'm going to take off your shoe. I think your ankle's twisted," she said.

"I'll get you out of this field," she went on. "And as soon as I've tied up your ankle and washed your face—yes, I said washed your face—I'm going back to the hotel and get a bus to come for you. How did you come to go over that hedge? And where were you going?"

"Where is this?" he asked, and winced a little as she tightened a bandage.

She named the town.

"Here's where I am going. This happened"—he waved a hand toward the wrecked motor-cycle—"because, as I was about to turn that bend in the road, a pony cart with three kids and a nurse in it came along full tilt, and it was either run into them or go through the hedge and hit the rock."

"It was noble of you to think so quickly—and act like that."

"Not at all," he replied, boredly. "I should have much preferred to kill them all. Manslaughter law's so inconvenient, though. But at that"—he passed an exploring forefinger over his bruised eye—"I think I'd have taken a chance if I knew what I was in for by leaping through that hedge."

Cherry flashed him a withering look and decided she had never before met anyone so ill-tempered. She continued tying up the ankle, with the minimum of groans from him, for she had had some first-aid training and was a nurse by instinct. Then she laid his leg out straight in front of him.

"Be careful now—don't move it," she cautioned needlessly.

"Oh, no! I'll not be careful," he answered derisively. "I'll probably get up and waltz in a few minutes. Really, in the matter of giving pertinent advice, you excel anyone I ever met."

Cherry ignored this. He was in a very bad way, and if sarcasm helped him at all, he was welcome to the luxury of it.

"Is there a cup or anything that'll hold water concealed in that mass over there?" She pointed to the wrecked motor-cycle.

"You might try the kit." Owlishly he watched her while she pried tentatively among the ruins, one wide-open blue eye upon her, the other now entirely closed. She explored gropingly through the pile of broken wire, torn leather, and bent steel.

"I—I can't find anything," she began, falteringly.

"You'd hardly find anything there," he commented, then drawled: "Even with my one eye, I can see what a profound knowledge of machinery you have. The kit is fastened to the bar that flew over there."

And there it was, right before her eyes. How dense he must think her.

Back along the road a bit she had passed a spring. She hastened to it now and returned with the cup filled with water.

"Drink some of it," she commanded. "I'm going to wash your face with the rest."

He drank the water, then obediently held up his face. Cherry mopped it gently, found two bad scratches, and affixed here and there some plaster from the kit. Then she bethought herself of a soft handkerchief—the extra one her mother always insisted upon—which she carried in her small vanity case. Just the thing to dry the sensitive bruised face. She reached for her bag.

An exclamation of horror from the patient, and Cherry stopped short.

"Wh-what is it?" she cried in dismay.

He pointed to the vanity bag. "What are you going to do with that?" he demanded.

"Get a handkerchief out of it to dry your face."

He relaxed and breathed a heavy sigh of relief. "I thought you were going to paint and powder me," he gasped, meekly. "Or, maybe, pluck my eyebrows."

"You're awfully silly," commented Cherry, briskly.

"I'm at your mercy," he explained. "And my map has had all the innovations it can stand for one day." He made a whimsical grimace. "If you don't think the effect would be too startling for one in my weakened condition, I'd sort of like a look into that little mirror of yours."

Cherry held up the mirror.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, in tones of such genuine alarm, that Cherry laughed aloud. He handed back the mirror and surveyed her gravely.

"Young lady," he said, "some day I'll get even with you for that laugh."

Then for the first time he smiled, and Cherry wondered that a smile could make so much difference on any countenance, particularly the battle-scarred one before her. And it was that smile that decided his fate!

FOR suddenly an idea came to Cherry, a wild new hope was born, and she made a daring plan.

"You're not going to be entirely well," she said, judicially surveying the swollen ankle, "before the end of the week. Not until Saturday or Sunday at the earliest."

"O prophet of cheer!" he groaned.

They tried out his other leg then, and, leaning heavily on Cherry, he managed to hobble out to the roadway. There luck was with them. One of the express cars that carried luggage between the station and the hotels was just coming down the road. At Cherry's call the driver drew up alongside of them.

"Won't you please take us to the Imperial?" Cherry pleaded.

"You staying at the Imperial?" he questioned, looking at the young man, who at the moment appeared much the worse for wear.

"Well, I don't know," replied the latter, holding out his bandaged leg. "Foot-loose and fancy free as I am, I should make a tour of the hotels to see which would suit me best. I should——"

"He's coming to the Imperial," Cherry cut in.

The driver helped them up to the back of the car and made room among the luggage for Cherry to sit beside her battered partner.

"Perhaps you'd better know something right off," Cherry began impressively, her eyes steadfastly upon his face. "It's this: I—I'm kidnapping you."

She waited for her words to take effect, which they did not appreciably. "I'm taking advantage of your helpless condition to bring you to the Imperial. And you've got to stay there until the end of the week."

"A couple of days, and this leg will be all right."

"Doesn't make any difference. You've got to stay till the end of the week."

"The end of the week! The end of the week! Sounds like a litany. What's the end of the week got to do with me?"

"This much," said Cherry, solemnly. "At the end of the week I'm leaving. Then you can do what you like."

SHE told him then, with an intensity that even he took cognisance of, about the holiday plans that had so grievously miscarried. Of how she was to meet the Landays, two old ladies, friends of her mother, who lived in New York and came to the Imperial every summer, and who had written in answer to her mother's letter that they would look after Cherry going up to the hotel and during her stay there. At the last moment, just as she was about to board the train for New York, they had sent a telegram. Miss Angela was ill and they were postponing their trip until later in the season. They would be glad to have Cherry with them then.

Then! As if young ladies who worked in law-offices could alter holiday plans at a moment's notice!

Cherry's mother never saw that telegram. Cherry crushed it tight in her hand. It had been too late to turn back then. Her mother must not, could not be disappointed. All the pretty new holiday clothes had cost too much in loving labor of all too hard-working hands. The whole wild scheme of her holiday had been paid for too dearly in scrimping and saving and tremulous planning on her mother's part to have it peter out then. So she had come alone.

She neglected, however, to inform her companion of a certain other disappointment that lay in store for her mother. For when Cherry's protests had been loudest at the extravagance of her holiday plans, the mother had pointed out firmly that every girl had her future to take care of—meaning, of course, to marry; and Cherry recognised this as the motif in the otherwise wild plan of sending her to the expensive resort. Her mother had once known a girl who went away for a holiday and came back engaged. Many times since her arrival had Cherry laughed at the prospect of such a thing as that happening to her at the Imperial.

Her companion listened gravely during her recital. When she had finished, mock alarm spread over the visible portions of his face.

"What will my duties be in this new role?" he asked, adding, "I assume I'll have duties, since I'm obviously disqualified to sit around and merely look beautiful."

And she told him. "You've got to talk to me, to sit with me on the porch; since you're not able to dance, we'll sit just outside the windows and let the music come out to us—we'll be wallflowers together. And I'll read to you if your eye doesn't get better, and I'll help you to walk while you're lame—your foot isn't going to be so bad, I guess. But you can't go away and leave me alone again with all that mob of strange people!"

"Come, come, it can't be as bad as all that," he said, with surprising gentleness.

"Oh, it is. It is, I tell you. Of course, it's all my own fault for coming alone, but Heaven knows I didn't want to come." Her tennis racquet, she told him, she had not unsheathed; she had not danced once—she almost had, she told him, and related the incident.

Please turn to Page 26

What's Fun?

What's fun? Not teasing anyone,
For that makes someone mad,
And makes you wish you hadn't done
The very thing you had.
They may not tell about it, no,
You never may be blamed,
But when you think about it, though,
You just feel so ashamed!

What's fun? Not making someone cry,
When someone comes to play.
When children do, I can't see why
They want to act that way.
Some people do the meanest things,
The meanest names they call,
But I can't see a quarrel brings
Them any fun at all.

—L.L.

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INDIGESTION

DYSPEPSIA, AFTER-MEAL PAINS, ACID STOMACH, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE

End your Torture and Serious Danger with this New-Principle Remedy

Here is an indigestion remedy absolutely unlike anything ever offered before to dyspeptic martyrs.

This immediately successful preparation, De Witt's Antacid Powder, with its entirely new principle, gives astonishing and splendid results at once.

No purgative salts or strong sodas, but a remedy that removes the *cause* of your trouble, soothes and strengthens the digestive organs, and is quick, safe, sure in action.

One-time sufferers tell how they now enjoy meals, and eat food they used to dread. Here is proof-positive in just a few extracts from letters proving that you, too, can start to overcome digestive danger at once. Read them carefully and say whether you will stay in misery and danger longer.

Acute Indigestion

After trying everything for acute indigestion I got complete relief—thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder. It is a grand feeling to enjoy a meal. No. 25.

Gastritis Gone

I had terrible pains from gastritis, but now know what it means to enjoy meals, thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder. I wouldn't be without it.—No. 29.

Heartburn Ended

I am no longer troubled with heartburn. The first dose gave me relief. I tell all my friends of De Witt's Antacid Powder.—No. 44.

Flatulence Ended

De Witt's Antacid Powder has done me more good than anything I ever tried before. I have suffered from flatulence for nearly 20 years, and it is a blessing to get relief.—No. 51.

Yes, De Witt's Antacid Powder for indigestion is really wonderful.

1. Of nine specially-chosen ingredients, first the bismuth and colloidal-kaolin soothe irritated stomach lining—the cause of so much gastric trouble.
2. The valuable malt-diastase ingredient helps the absorption of body-building, muscle and nerve-forming food ingredients. It helps to expel waste easily, thus avoiding the dreaded evils of constipation.
3. This remedy builds up the alkaline resistance of the body, so that the acidity—which causes dyspepsia, burning and flatulence—will no longer trouble you.

Don't be a dyspeptic martyr longer. Don't wait for that slight indigestion to place you in serious danger. We know this splendid remedy can and will help you quickly. When all else has failed, we tell you there is sure relief in

DEWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.

A Prince *of* Good Fellows

This fascinating story will be concluded in our next issue

By MONICA EWER

"BUT, Jenny," Clive said anxiously, "there are other things. I'm a pretty solitary person. You'll sometimes come and make me laugh? And you'll let me take you for your carriage exercise?" He looked down to see if she were smiling, and being satisfied on that score he went on: "And you'll call the first born after me, and always refer to me as 'Uncle.'"

"Yes," she said with a shadow of her old spirit, "and you'll be able to nurse a broken heart in the greatest comfort and be one of those interesting bachelors so dear to sympathetic women."

But in her heart she thought a little ruefully that everyone in the week-end drama had a good part except herself. It was Clive who had made the sacrifices and the big speeches. She guessed that, unconfessed even to himself, Clive was not sorry. In a few months' time he would be glad. It was a little escapade, and he had escaped back to complete security and respectability. Yet he hadn't really any idea how much he had escaped. If she told him now the story of "bigamy and blackmail!" But this overcrowded Victorian drawing-room was another place where Christine's secret was safe.

"It's agreed then, Jenny. Friends."

"It's agreed."

There was a silence. The moment of emotion was over. Jenny stretched for her bag and powdered her face. Clive started to come back to earth.

"Yes, we must often see each other.

> ***"A story you'll want to read from beginning to end. . ."***
>
> **"Storm Music" begins shortly in The Australian Women's Weekly. A story of brave love and high adventure. . . romantic situations. . . thrilling incidents . . . swift action. . . written by a world-famous author.**
>
> ***Watch for the opening chapters. ——— By***
>
> **Dornford Yates**
>
> **whose books are known to every lover of fiction.**

How would you like me to get seats for Toni Gerrard's first night?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "No, thanks awfully," she amended. "I can't manage Wednesday."

"We'll go later then. I expect it will be a howling success and run for years. Everything seems to come easy to that fellow."

"No," said Jenny earnestly, "that's just—you know—art, pretending it hasn't made an effort. In the process of living Toni sweats just as much blood as you and me, only we show it and he makes his living by concealing the fact."

"Well, you know him better than I do. Did he give you a nice week-end?"

"Lovely," she said lazily. There was no need to elaborate the lie for Clive. One of Toni's blondes meant no more to him than any other.

"I was sorry I couldn't go. Nice house? I'm very fond of the river."

The conversation drifted like the lazy Thames. They talked of Henley Bridge and Hambledon Weir, and of the relative merits of punts and skiffs, of how to keep off gnats and whether one really cared to swim in fresh water.

From time to time Jenny glanced surreptitiously at the large, ornate clock which was the focal point for the bewildering array of ornaments on the mantelpiece. Politeness would not allow her to leave before ten thirty.

Clive drove her home. As they approached Soho a little embarrassed silence fell between them. He got out at her door and they stood together for a moment in the street.

"Good-bye, Jenny," he said, and there was a note of bleak finality in his voice. He knew better than she did that there was nothing lasting between them. He was losing a lovely, disturbing thing that had come for a little into his life, this wind of youth that had blown fitfully about the dusty places of his heart.

"Not really good-bye, Clive," she lied. "We're going to be friends—real friends." But already the little flicker of hope had died. For a moment Jenny had thought that Clive had something to offer her more valuable than money. It was an illusion. She did not believe the words she spoke.

"Good-night then, Jenny. I'll be in for my buttonhole to-morrow."

"I'll have a beauty for you. Good night. And thanks—thanks so very much." He had been good and kind. Her eyes were misty as she looked up at him.

"You've nothing to thank me for, dear. You've always given more than you received." He smiled down at her. "You had more to give. Good night, my dear."

He got back into his car and it moved smoothly away. Jenny watched it out of sight. So that was that. She turned and groped her way up the narrow staircase. It hadn't been so bad. He had helped her. Now there was nothing left to happen. She could settle down and get on with the every day business of living—and she knew that that was the hardest task of all.

THE flat seemed very full and noisy. Eve and Maurice, who had appeared regrettably early in the bill, were back from work, and Ted and Anne had dropped in to see them. Jenny braced herself to be very hearty with all comers and drink Mum's overdrawn tea with a good grace.

An hour later, however, when the visitors had gone, Eve came into her old bedroom for a word with her sister before going to sleep.

"Well, how's everything, Jenny? You don't look quite up to standard."

"I'm fine, Eve. Tell me about married life?"

Eve's face softened. Her eyes grew luminous. She flopped on to Jenny's bed, and, clasping her hands round her knees, gazed rapturously into space. "It's wonderful, Jenny. I'm so happy—so absurdly happy that I'm almost scared." She turned to look reprovingly at her sister and added in more practical tones, "You are a mug not to fall in love."

Jenny laughed. "You talk as if it were a new parlor game for the winter evenings."

"Not the kind, I mean," said Eve. "I'm not kidding, Jenny, it's great."

"Yes, if it happens to work out all right."

"Oh, it always does. I believe if two people——"

"Yes, two people," said Jenny thoughtfully. "You may be right, but," she added lightly, "there's more than enough of it in this family already."

"Ted and Anne!" Eve nodded. "Aren't they frightful!"

"No," said Jenny stoutly. "I'm for Anne. She's all right."

"How's your swain? Old whatshisname? Business man—Clive something?"

"He's very well, but he's not my swain. I've refused him."

"Good for you. He was too stuffy for words. Money doesn't really matter."

Jenny smiled. "That's consoling news."

"And how's Toni Gerrard? I hear you stayed at his week-end party. How was it?"

Jenny wondered how many variations of the same lie she had produced during the last twenty-four hours. This one would have to be artistic. Eve knew the people concerned. "Toni," said Jenny carefully, "isn't too happy. I think he had a tiff with Christine Beaumont—who didn't seem too fit—anyway she went off suddenly on Sunday night."

"How exciting! If only Toni could get wise to what she's really like before it's too late."

"Perhaps he has," said Jenny, with a fine assumption of indifference.

"Why, darling, you might step into her shoes. He likes you no end. Look at that day at Brighton——"

"Oh, don't be a fool, Eve, just because you're in love you think everybody else must be so, too. Now push off. To-morrow morning you can luxuriate on the divan—incidentally it's as hard as a brick wall—but I've got to be up betimes to sell blossoms to a waiting world."

Eve got off the bed with careless grace. "All right, I know when I'm not wanted. Good night, lamb."

"Good night, Eve."

Jenny undressed at top speed. She wouldn't think. If she could only hold tight to the lovely sleepy feeling induced by Clive's drawing-room all would be well. She switched off the light. She wondered how long it would be before she had the courage to think of Toni, and then she shut her eyes hastily and tried to remember the ornaments on Clive's mantelpiece: the big clock with the green marble base and the inscription on a neat brass plate; the two restive bronze horses with the classic young men reaching up to catch the reins; the high porcelain candlesticks—Chinese they were—Japanese—or from the Potteries—but before she had decided she was asleep.

Please turn to Page 32

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Wouldn't let her Nose Shine —*But lets her Gums get Flabby*

and she has* "pink tooth brush"

Let her powder her nose ten times a day . . . if she wants to! But it might be well for her to remember that when she laughs or talks, everybody looks at her teeth.

Now—if you want to be good looking when you *smile*, do something about your teeth *and gums*. If your gums are flabby and tender even the soundest teeth may be in danger. Gums need work. To-day, foods are soft. They fail to give your gums any stimulation. That's why you get *"pink tooth brush".

To-day—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. It's first of all a modern tooth paste that really cleans the teeth. Then—each time—put a little more Ipana on your finger-tip or brush, and rub it right into your gums. Ipana with the massage stimulates circulation and firms the gum walls. Within a few days your teeth will look whiter and brighter. Within a month your gums will be firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about *"pink tooth brush". And you'll never be afraid to smile.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

***"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender . . . that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.

1/-, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/-, AT ALL CHEMISTS

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A SHORT SAD TALE of a LEGACY

It Brought Nothing but Bother to Me... Says L. W. Lower!

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist.
Illustrated by WEP.

Of all the legacies I have received, I think the one from my grandfather, the old Earl, was the most trying.

When the Earl was found hanging from a nail in the banqueting hall, little did the sorrowing villagers think that the new master would be young Lennie, the well-known philanthropist, who has done so much to help struggling bookmakers in the past few years.

Lady Diana scorns a bag of diamonds.

COMMONERS cannot understand the difficulties of managing a big estate.

I was changing the water in the moat one morning when one of the villagers approached, and, pulling a piece out of his forelock, said, "I be beggin' pardon. Your Execrableness, but lads of village do be sayin' that chapel be on fire. Have you got empty bucket to lend, sir?"

"No, varlet," I said sadly, "I have no empty bucket. The only bucket I have is full of dirty water."

"That do be too bad," he replied.

Just then the under-gardener's secretary came rushing up to me.

"Sire!" he panted, "about two hundred of your polo ponies have broken out of the stables and have already smashed about three acres of glass-houses."

I just give these two instances to show you what worries wealth can bring.

* * *

UNDER the conditions of the old Earl's will I was compelled to marry Lady Diana Montgomery Pomery Cholmondeley (pronounced M'ff).

I didn't mind this. The Lady Diana was the toast of the metropolis, probably because she was better bred. But one day while I was oiling the drawbridge she came bowling up to the castle in her phaeton with a chaff-bag.

Hurling the bag at my feet, she said: "Take back your diamonds!"

I was so surprised that my coronet fell off and rolled down the drive.

"What's biting you?" I said, with old-fashioned courtesy.

Waving the phaeton passionately at me, she replied: "I will not be a bird in a gilded cage. All that I want is LOVE! Do you get that? Love, an' big slabs of it."

I summoned a handful of lackeys who happened to be loafing around and said "Toss this woman off the premises."

That was the last I saw of her.

I was pretty good at riding to hounds, too, and seldom was there a hunt when I didn't bag at least three hounds.

* * *

WELL, anyhow, after this my solicitors, Promly, Jackson, Meed, Promly, Jackson, Meed and Meed, wrote to me saying that the terms of the will were not being fulfilled, and what about it?

I was trout fishing at the time, using a dry fly, one of those flies you drink with when there's no one around. I said to the servant who was holding the rod for me, "Tell the man who is winding the line in to tell the man who is taking the trout off the hook that I have finished fishing."

The word was passed down the line, and I wended my way back to the castle.

I had one last look at the portraits of those long-forgotten Lowers, cast a wistful glance over the castle, to the great astonishment of the butler, who was unaware that I won the inter-Varsity glance-casting championship with a cast of 285 feet 11 inches, and left the scene, never to return.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is my story, and I'm sticking to it.

I still retain my title as the thirteenth Earl, but I'd prefer that you just call me Lenny.

Or, if you're waking, call me Early.

CONTRACT TRICKS *Told* By *Culbertson!*

It Pays to Force the Play

Ely Culbertson, world's champion player and greatest card analyst, in his seventeenth article dealing with the elementary principles of contract bidding and play, discusses methods of forcing a declarer to exhaust his trumps until he eventually loses control of the situation.

Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of Australia's foremost authorities on contract bridge, gives an explanatory note.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

AT suit calls the best means of weakening the declarer's hand is to "force" him to utilise his trumps in ruffing winning cards of a set-up suit. At every opportunity he should be "forced," and the continued drain upon his resources will eventually cause him to lose control of the situation, and perhaps to be set on his contract.

Many players holding a set-up suit against an opposing trump call will start off correctly by leading it, but when they perceive that the declarer will probably trump the next round they hesitate and lead some other suit. This switching suit is generally the mark of a poor player.

Remember that every time you open up a fresh suit to the declarer you are presenting him with a trick. Force the declarer as often as possible save in the exceptional cases where a set-up suit, or one easily establishable, is in the dummy, in which case make your top cards at once, otherwise you may be left lamenting.

By ELY CULBERTSON — Article XVII.

Forcing Declarer

THE problem of the defence is not always so simple that the correct lead is at once apparent. Often it is necessary to choose a middle and safe course, deliberately refraining from making any lead which seems constructive.

This means that when the player in the lead holds tenace combinations which seem undesirable from the standpoint of leading, it is wise for him to lead something in which the Declarer is known to be blank. A play such as this is known as a play to force Declarer and is made chiefly to throw this player into the lead and oblige him to lead up to the tenace combination.

When forcing Declarer it must be remembered that the long trump hand, and never the short trump hand, is the correct one to reduce. Since the long trump hand is almost always the Declarer, this means that it is usually a very safe policy to lead some suit which he is able to ruff. This cannot cost a trick, as the Declarer is sure to make his long trumps eventually anyway, and, in addition, throwing the lead serves the purpose of reducing the number of Declarer's control cards. It is apparent that if the short hand is ruffed no good purpose is served, as this permits the Declarer to take tricks with otherwise worthless trumps.

Above all, a suit should never be led in which the opponent is void in both hands, as this will enable him to trump in one hand and discard an otherwise losing card in the other.

Forcing Declarer is not only a safe policy, but it is frequently a very good way of reducing his trumps to a point where he can no longer control the situation. For example, take the following hand:

	S: 10 4 2 H: 5 4 3 D: Q 10 9 7 C: K J 8	
S: 9 6 H: A K 8 7 D: 5 3 2 C: 7 6 3 2	N / W E / S	S: Q J 3 H: Q J 9 6 2 D: A K 4 C: 10 5
	S: A K 8 7 5 H: 10 D: J 8 6 C: A Q 9 4	

South is the Declarer at a contract of four spades, and the King of hearts is opened. East plays the nine-spot in order to encourage his partner to continue the suit. West obeys the signal by leading the Ace, and Declarer ruffs. He now draws two rounds of trumps, which, incidentally, is not a very good play. Leaving one trump outstanding, he now follows with four rounds of clubs. East refuses to ruff in with the Queen, as he wishes to preserve this card to capture two of Declarer's trumps at once. He follows on two clubs and discards a diamond and a heart.

Declarer is now forced to shift to the diamond suit and East wins the trick with the King. The Queen of trumps is now cashed, which leaves the Declarer with but one more trump. Now, instead of cashing the Ace of diamonds, this player forces Declarer to give up his last trump by leading another heart. When this card is ruffed, Declarer is obliged to lead another diamond, and East wins the last two tricks with the Ace of diamonds and the Queen of hearts. Declarer is therefore down one.

* * *

IT is apparent from a study of the above hand that without these forcing tactics on the part of the defence Declarer could very easily have established his diamonds in time to take one trick in that suit. This one trick would have been all he needed to fulfil his contract.

These forcing, or waiting, tactics do not apply when the Declarer holds some established suit on which it is apparent that he can obtain discards. For example:

	S: 8 H: 7 6 4 3 D: K Q J C: K Q 9 8 7	
S: 10 7 4 H: A K Q J D: 10 5 2 C: 6 5 2	N / W E / S	S: 9 3 2 H: 8 2 D: A 9 7 6 4 C: J 4 3
	S: A K Q J 6 5 H: 10 9 5 D: 8 3 C: A 10	

With South the Declarer at four spades, West naturally opens the King of hearts and continues with the Queen. The third trick he wins with the Knave and East discards the nine of diamonds. West can now force the strong trump hand to ruff by leading a fourth round of hearts, but it is apparent that this would be a losing play, as the club suit in Dummy is extremely dangerous. Consequently West obeys his partner's signal and leads a diamond, which East takes for the setting trick.

(Copyright, 1933)

"Charm Schools" Now.

By Air Mail

A "CHARM SCHOOL" has been established in London. Francois Latour, who already has founded three such establishments successfully, maintains that it is women's chief business in life to be charming and fascinating.

His schools are run more like girls' clubs than girls' schools.

Pupils are taught to dress well, to hold themselves well, and to walk well.

Etiquette is, of course, in their "curriculum."

BRONCHITIS?

This is what I use -

WHENEVER troubled by difficulty of breathing, tightness of the chest, bronchial irritation or one of those oft' recurring WINTER COUGHS, there's nothing to beat **Bonnington's Irish Moss.** It's most soothing to the membranes, it cuts phlegm, it stops the coughing!

IMITATIONS: Won't do at all —Get Bonnington's—1/9 & 3/-.

Bonnington's IRISH MOSS

FOR COUGHS and COLDS

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An Editorial

MAY 19, 1934.

A NATION OF CHILDREN

IN his annual report, Mr. Creswell O'Reilly, Commonwealth film censor, deplored the lack of films suitable for children.

His extraordinary action in cutting scenes out of the Australian film, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," seems to indicate that Mr. O'Reilly himself intends to remedy the lack. If the film companies will not make films suitable for children, then Mr. O'Reilly will censor them until they are suitable!

That sounds a ridiculous proposition, but it is no more ridiculous than the actual position that has arisen.

We have emphasised before in this column that censorship is merely a species of police work. It is not a constructive cultural institution, like a university. (The most banal and stupid scenes and dialogues, the most farcical historical errors, are safe from interference.)

The trouble is that the censorship is not content to exercise ordinary police duties.

The police are content to look after public morality on the broad basis of decency and propriety laid down in the laws of the land. But the censorship makes its own laws. The public must do what the censor says.

A policeman might personally disapprove of the behaviour of a citizen; but unless that citizen breaks the law, the policeman cannot run him in. The characters in the films should be at least as safe from the censor's personal whims.

Some of the American States are very narrow-minded and bigoted communities. Arising out of their smug and ignorant mentality is a system of censorship that not only affects films, but also stultifies the educational system.

The Australian public is not ignorant and narrow-minded. It is not morally decadent. It is making good use of the political freedom and individual responsibility bequeathed us by England.

Why should we, in the case of film censorship, depart from the liberal methods of the great, progressive nation from which we have sprung, and follow the childish regulations of the most backward American States?

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

Epilogue

Lay me to sleep when the play is through
For the gods do not recall. . . .
After I've stood on the stage with you,
For the last great curtain call.

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

POINTS OF VIEW

Leisure for Mothers

THE article, "When Should a Mother Be Happy?" in the last issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, draws attention to the need of securing more leisure for the average mother. This is in line with the spirit of the times. Everywhere there is a tendency to shorten the working week, and it is an accepted principle of sound business that the over-fatigued workman is an unsatisfactory employee.

Industrialists make a special study of the factory, shop, or office employee. Why should not Governments make a special study of the needs of mothers? Labor-saving devices are general in the factory. They ought to be as general in the home, and cheap electric power should be regarded as nearly as necessary as cheap water.

Australia is behind other countries, too, in the planning of houses which cut down work to a minimum. We do not seem to be fully alive to the value of practical, labor-saving homes which will free a woman from unnecessary drudgery.—J.X.H.

✣ ✣ ✣

A Record

HOW is this for a record temporary school? The Central State School at Maryborough (Queensland) was built fifty years ago as an immigration barracks, but, not being required for that purpose, it was used temporarily as a school. Despite the citizens' half-century of protesting against the unsuitability of the building for school purposes, the temporary occupation has continued to this day. But now, however, the Government has decided to spend £6000 on remodelling the school and, when completed, it will be one of the most up-to-date school buildings in Queensland.—"Cal."

✣ ✣ ✣

A Woman First

FOR once a woman has received recognition for her work in a particular field of service before a man in the same field. Senator Guthrie, at the Victorian Institute of Advertising luncheon last week, deplored the fact that no memorial has yet been raised to perpetuate the memory of Captain John Macarthur, the founder of the Australian wool industry, yet a memorial has already been erected at Seven Creeks to Mrs. Forlonge who, back in the 'forties, made a trip to Germany and England to bring out sheep to Australia to establish her son.

When she could not obtain land in Tasmania she brought her family and the sheep to Victoria, and later made another trip to Europe for another flock of sheep.

The memorial is a simple stone replica of a bale of wool, and only awaits its inscription for its completion. The inscription has not yet been approved by the Graziers' Association because there is a suggestion that the name of Mrs. John Templeton, who is said to have helped Mrs. Forlonge, should be included in the inscription.

A claim has been made recently that the Henty family brought the first merinos to Victoria.

✣ ✣ ✣

World's Best Dancers

MISS EDNA DEANE, winner of the 1933-1934 British and World Professional Championships for ballroom dancing, has been making some interesting remarks in the Press abroad on the ideal dancer.

She considers that the Cockney working classes are the best dancers to be found anywhere, and that Americans, who naturally love dancing, are not serious enough about it to master the technique.

The best dancer, according to Miss Deane, is the person who gives most attention to balance. She recommends the time-honored method of practising with a glass of water on each shoulder. "Keep your poise. Don't drag. Don't walk, and don't just throw yourself about!" is a summary of her advice.

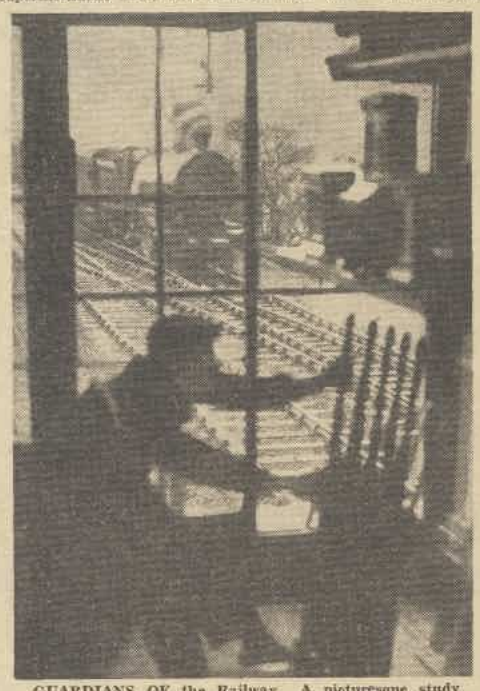
The verve of the French, and the enthusiasm of the American, she holds, do not bring them up to the high standard which the natural self-control imparts to the typical good English dancer.

Work for Mentally Afflicted

THE annual report presented to the Society for the Welfare of the Mentally Afflicted recommends that work should be given all inmates of State mental hospitals.

Welfare workers in mental hospitals say that nearly all the inmates are conscious that they are in such institutions, and long days of idleness, which are a strain on the nerves of normal people, must be an even greater strain on the mentally afflicted. A group of auxiliaries established last year has already achieved something in improving these conditions with the introduction of occupational therapy. The auxiliaries will provide materials for craft lessons, and an organiser has been appointed to conduct classes.

The value of occupational therapy is vividly illustrated in a story brought back from America by a Melbourne medical man. In a mental hospital there was a group of inmates who were considered so dangerous that the superintendent never entered their room without the support of two warders. A party of women, ignoring the alleged risk, set about teaching these inmates craftwork, and the superintendent was staggered to see his "violent" patients sitting quietly with the group of women completely absorbed, and contended with the work they were doing.



GUARDIANS OF the Railway. A picturesque study of a signalman working swiftly among his levers, while passengers in trains speeding up and down the tracks sit in comfort, unaware of the man who works for their safety.

✣ ✣ ✣

Sex Appeal Fails

A BLOW to the Hollywood view of the omnipotence of the "It" girl is given by a noted English lecturer, Gladys Burlton, who recently made a list of the hundred most successful saleswomen in London with a view to finding out what qualities they all had in common.

Then she paid a visit to each, and, as a result, came to the conclusion that "The one thing the hundred have in common is that they make one feel they have been waiting all day for me to come into the shop! They make people feel the sun has just come out. 'Somebody is really interested in me,' thinks the customer. That is the secret of salesmanship, and that is why men are often better than women.

"The man is not thinking about himself, but about his job. So many girls are really, subconsciously, perhaps, thinking about themselves."

More Important Than Your Face

Color for the Voice

In this article, Dorothea Vautier, the well-known announcer, who has a Trinity College (London) teacher's diploma for elocution and dramatic art, gives a few useful hints on the subject of vocal impressions.

By DOROTHEA VAUTIER

THE first impression created by a person's voice is often more important than that conveyed by outward appearance. Few people, however, realise this, and often a fastidious, well-groomed man or woman emits sounds which destroy the illusion created by their physical charm.

What does it profit a girl if she has the face and figure of a modern Venus and is gowned in a splendour which would baffle the Queen of Sheba, if she has the voice of a crow?

It has been stated by leading authorities that hundreds of marriages have been wrecked through shrill and monotonous voices.

Wives err more than husbands in this respect, though husbands are quite bad enough. Habits of speech are very easy to form. In fact, they develop before we know we have them. Suddenly we find a perfectly normal and loving young wife habitually addressing her husband as though he were half deaf, or as though he were a half-wit. She develops a sort of vocal compensation in her tone for a sense of inferiority bred from a suspicion that her husband is not listening to half she says. And the worse it gets, the less he listens.

A voice with musical cadence is part of a woman's charm, and it is seldom that the possessor of such a voice resorts to nagging. Pitch the voice to a low, soft, key and it is impossible to give vent to angry, insulting language.

The importance of true expression through the voice cannot be overstressed. Words are brought to life in sound, and, although the art of conversation is fast becoming obsolete, speech is still our most potent means of communication.

We speak without color, because we have not been made to realise the importance of tone.

We talk on a few middle notes, not aware of the fact that we have a whole instrument of sounds to play upon.

* * *

SPEECH is not a gift like sight and hearing. Nature endows us with the means for speech, but the use of it is an acquirement.

Self-respect, to say nothing of self-interest, should be sufficient to induce care in enunciation. Slovenly speech is merely a matter of habit and is not often due to ignorance.

The fact is we never listen to our own voices.

It would be a good idea if we all had voice tests taken by means of the gramophone record. We should have to be prepared for some very severe shocks.

We should probably suffer from acute inferiority for a few weeks, then, if we are wise, we should set about rectifying the matter.

Most people are so concerned with what they are saying, that they are supremely unconscious of the way they are saying it.

Next time you are speaking, just listen to the sounds you are producing exactly as if you did not know what words you were going to utter next.

We owe it as a duty to our friends, and those who have to live with us, that we speak in a manner as pleasant as possible.

JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

Women Car-drivers

THE head of a large "drive-yourself" car firm in England has been analysing figures of accidents to his cars in the last eight years, and covering several hundred thousand hirings.

He has announced that they show beyond all doubt that, so far as hired cars are concerned, women are far more careful drivers than men. Twenty per cent. more of the cars hired to men are damaged than those hired to women, and the accidents in which women are involved are less serious than those where men are at the wheel.

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MEN Who *Help* Themselves

By... Hylton Cleaver

It's funny how Heaven helps men who help themselves—in this case it also helped a girl to find the right man.

LIKE many another man, Geoffrey Laidlaw had sometimes fallen asleep in strange surroundings and dreamed that he had been awakened by a lovely lady; but this time it was no dream. It was noon, and he had been asleep in a railway carriage; and the girl who had, a moment earlier, tapped him on the knee was sitting in the opposite corner.

Through his parted eyelids he gazed at her.

A travelling greatcoat could not conceal the trimness of her figure; her hat revealed a wide brow and dark eyes, and her mouth was sedate, but no sedative. Shoes of brown and white drew decorous attention to her fish-net stockings in the newest color: "Otter's Sigh."

Geoffrey said: "Hullo, precious!"

For not only was she no dream but he was engaged to her. In fact, they were on their way now to Mountwarren where he was going to show her off to a few of his more distinguished friends.

An admirable engagement this; he, a well-known and intrepid airman (which explains why, wearied by night-flying, he had inadvertently dropped off to sleep); she, attractive enough to need no other advantage. Eugenically the thing was perfect. Note how the aristocracy of England has improved in looks since guardsmen began to marry ladies of the chorus, not that Vilma Marsh was an actress.

"Geoffrey," said she, "I must go back."

Geoffrey showed concern.

"Forgotten something? They'll lend it to you when you get there."

"I've left the gas-fire on in my room, and nobody will go in the whole time I'm away to turn it out."

THE man sat back; he permitted himself the gesture of one who is accustomed to real problems, not imaginary ones.

"Wire the gas company to cut off the gas. Phone the police. Or, better, notify the fire brigade."

"And while I am about it," Vilma mentioned, "I may as well send for an ambulance. As a matter of fact, it's serious. I've left my most particular washing there to dry; the things I only do myself. And they'll be ruined. Nobody else has a key. You needn't come. I'll get another train this afternoon and arrive for dinner. You'd better go on with the luggage and explain the situation."

Vilma's lips attacked man's barriers one moment and defended her own the next. Geoffrey looked at her and sat back regretfully. He racked his brains for an idea, but his quality was bravery, and so many brave men lack the imagination that brings success to those who are not brave.

"Surely," he said, "you can get hold of someone. Your woman, eh? What about her?"

"I never let my woman go in when I'm away. And nobody has a key. I'll have to go. We're slowing down. If this is the junction I may catch a train at once. Let me have my ticket, will you?"

Ten minutes later, Geoffrey Laidlaw was alone.

He hated being left like this; it struck him as an evil omen. But there was nothing to be done about it and, finally, he let his tired eyes close again.

AT the corner of her road, Vilma had jumped off the bus; now, as another bus moved out of her line of vision, she stared ahead of her.

There was a crowd down the road; they were all facing in one direction, and in the centre there was a fire engine. Across the road a fire escape was drawn up and the firemen were posed about, inactive. The engine was engaged on pumping operations, and she could trace a hose-pipe lying snakewise across the pavement; above the heads of the people bobbed the helmets of three policemen and the more picturesque brass headgear of the firemen.

And the centre of all this excitement was her house.

Vilma emitted one sound, it was a breathless, agitated: "Oh!" Swiftly she reached the outskirts of the crowd and tried to push through, but her way was blocked. She cried imploringly:

"Excuse me, please . . . oh, do please let me by . . ."

A man's voice answered her: "You want a better position?"

"No, it's my flat!"

"Ah!" He was a large individual and purposeful. He thrust into the crowd and, as he went, he reached back and took her by one cool wrist. With curt words of command, he made his way to the front, and was here faced by a policeman; to him he formally presented Vilma.

"Owner of the property!"

She hurried up the steps; the large young man tacked himself on behind. Vilma went into the hall and was confronted there by firemen, by her landlady, by a police sergeant, and by some neighbors. Her new escort kept close at hand, listening to everything and saying nothing. Vilma gazed at her precious blue door; it had been smitten sideways by an axe. It hung from its hinges as if executed; everywhere was water; the firemen splashed about in it like mischievous boys, unnecessarily. The landlady was in hysteria.

"Everything is going to be all right," the large young man told her. "You are insured, of course?"

"Oh, I may be. I may be. But all this mess and blackness. The smoke and smell, and the whole house all over water, soot and cinders!"

He left her to the neighbors and followed Vilma.

Some twenty minutes later the excitement had died down and the firemen had left; the police began to shepherd away the crowd; the landlady had gone waddling tearfully off in search of brooms and pails and cloths and dust-pans.

Vilma Marsh seemed lost; and as she stared poignantly upon the ruins of her miniature estate, the young man's voice spoke again. Ever since her arival he had been at her elbow, defending her against a charge of negligence, putting in shrewd points with the firemen. Now he said:

"Well, we'll tot up the damage to your personal belongings now."

Vilma looked at him. She had lovely eyes and even now that she was near despair, they yet showed courage.

"Damage? I've lost my bottom drawer. That's all!"

HE bunched his brows together.

"Why, what was in it?"

"Everything for the honeymoon. I'd made it all myself."

"Good Lord!" He could scarcely have put more frantic agony into his voice had he been told that a bedridden invalid had perished in the flames. Grimly, he motioned her back, then rolled up his trousers and advanced. Paddling, he reached a charred and blistered chest of drawers and seized a blackened handle. He pulled; the drawer fell apart, and the ruined objects dropped into the water.

"If anything could have made it worse," he said, "that has."

"Nothing could make it worse," said she. "Most of the things were hanging on the clothes horse; it must have fallen on the fire; that started it."

He reached down and, in a gingerly manner, picked up an under-garment, once of entrancing texture and embroidery, but now bedraggled, wet, and scorched. He held it out.

"Could nothing be done with this?"

"Oh, put it down! It looks awful."

The large young man obeyed; then he picked up instead the lower half of a pair of black and white silk pyjamas; he shook his head seriously, and laid them across a chair.

Behind, the agitated landlady reappeared. She pushed between them, and peered into the room as if she had said for a position.

"H'm," she said, "you had enough o' them things."

"Once," said Vilma sadly, "yes."

"From the shop, ain't they?"

"I made them myself."

"Made them? I thought you were a saleslady."

"I made those." Vilma turned away with a sigh. When the landlady had bundled off, still muttering, she turned again to the large young man.

"I say, who, exactly, are you?"

"My name is Bancroft. Jack."

"Are you from the salvage people?"

"No. I was simply passing by."

"And you saw the fire?"

"No. I saw you."

They looked at one another; she did not at once reply. So he began again obstinately to try to rescue some of her belongings.

"Will you please put those down?" said Vilma, threatingly. "I don't want everyone to see everything I wear."

But he had unearthed a real find.

"Oh, look! This is all right . . . ."

She snatched it from him and put it behind her back.

"Please leave the things alone."

His eyes were held by hers; and suddenly he seemed to think of something.

"Did you say trousseau?"

"Yes."

"You are engaged to somebody?"

"I am."

"I see."

"I was on my way to a country house with him when I remembered I had left the gas fire on, and I had to get out of the train and hurry back . . . to this!"

"Didn't he come back with you?"

"No."

SHE turned with dignity.

"Well, thank you very much for helping me. Now I must say good-bye."

"The wedding," said Jack Bancroft, thinking of something else, "will have to be postponed?"

"Why?"

"You can never re-make these things in the time."

"That's true."

"Of course, you could buy a new outfit?"

"What with? I happen to earn my own living — and there's not much over after paying expenses."

"The insurance money."

"I was not insured."

"That," he confessed, "is certainly most awkward."

"I wasn't insured because you don't think of insuring clothes you're making. And the furniture belongs to the landlady."

"Well, he'll have to buy them for you."

"Who will?"

"The man you're going to marry."

"The man a girl is going to marry is not expected to supply her trousseau."

"I don't see why not."

"He has enough to supply as it is. I don't intend to go with nothing of my own."

Then, overwhelmed at last by her misfortune, she turned away and he saw her lip quiver; she clenched her hands.

"Oh! Just look at everything. Isn't it too wicked!"

He stared lugubriously. "Dreadful."

"This means going back to business for six months . . . after I'd given notice."

He moved from her side and stooped to examine one more garment as if wondering if he could patch it.

"Will you please leave the things alone?"

"Sorry," he said. "Yes, don't look at them. They may upset you. There's nothing you can do here. Leave it all. That old dame will clear away the mess. Do you know what the time is?"

"I've no idea."

"It's two o'clock. I'll give you lunch."

She shook her head, then ceased to shake; slowly she found herself declaring, after all, for independence. What did it matter now? To stay here would make her feel suicidal; she did want lunch.

Said Bancroft: "Come. We'll talk things over, and send telegrams."

"To whom?"

"To the man you were going to marry," he remarked, "and tell him you'll be unable."

And, suddenly, he noticed that landlady peering one moment into the ruined room, then looking at Vilma with extreme and dark suspicion.

THEY were lunching at a place which, whenever Vilma was alone, she had to pass by, enviously.

She looked pale and upset, and thus the more adorable; her greatcoat was unbuttoned, and displayed the very smart frock she had worn not for this occasion, but for another.

He had removed a vase of flowers; now he also removed the programme of music, and the menu; he offered her his uninterrupted admiration.

"Where were you going for the week-end?"

"To a place called Mountwarren."

"Ah. Who lives there?"

"The Grants."

Please turn to Page 35

Illustrated By WEP

Vilma Marsh seemed lost, and as she stared poignantly upon the ruins of her miniature estate, the young man's voice spoke again.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

Reincarnation

Beloved, have you never a dream at all
Of the years that have vanished and ceased to be;
Of the opal dawn, or the sapphire noon,
And the golden sand by the temple strewn,
And the sweep and dip of the oars in tune,
When the galleys swung to the open sea.

When the trumpet shrilled to the worshippers,
O'er courts of laurel and rose and musk,
And the night came down on the dreaming sea,
And the music sang like a soul made free,
And the stars were lamps of infinity;
Do you picture it ever at quiet dusk.

—Nellie A. Evans.

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MODELS with a Magic Name

WORTH, of Rue de la Paix, Paris Illustrates the Mode

● *BEIGE and brown in softly blended tones supply the color motif for this afternoon suit. Bag and gloves en suite are the tastefully chosen accessories, and the long ends of a soft, brown velvet bow offset the whole.*

☆ ☆ ☆

● *CHINE - JERSEY is the medium for this unusual ensemble. Beige forms the neutral background for vari-colored checks and forest green is the exquisite shade of the blouse beneath and the fascinating forage cap.*

● *COFFEE-COLORED wool crepe is featured in this three-quarter length coat. With it, Worth chooses a slimly-fitting model in a restrained check design of friar brown and chocolate. The sailor hat has a smartly buckled leather band.*

● *SALANGOR TRIMMING adds interest to the shoulders of this arresting model. The artistry of the modiste is displayed in the clever tucking of the front, the slender line of the sleeves, and the quaint muff and beret.*

Stay young keep healthy!

Think back! Those days of vigour when work was a pleasure, when sports were joy! They came only when Health was at its peak. Keep healthy—stay young, vibrant with energy, keen mentally.

Poor health is often due to common constipation. Lazy, tired intestines mean faulty elimination. Poisons clog the system. You tire quickly, you lose your zest for work.

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Inner-sealed in the WAXTITE bag

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve CONSTIPATION

Made in Australia by KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney

603

Excitement in Head-dresses!

From MURIEL SEGAL,
Our Special Representative in Europe.

VICTOR STIEBEL is, perhaps, one of the most spectacular of the famous English dress designers. He is the Cambridge graduate, who is so very much in society that the first day of his show is always one of the smartest affairs of the social whirl.

For this event the cream of Mayfair gathered in the Bruton St. salons, while the young designer reclined on an invalid couch, incapacitated by a broken thigh, owing to an accident in the Austrian mountains. Lady Oxford sat beside him. As usual, her clothes were outstanding, her flat black felt hat fastened by an elastic with a long black silk tassel.

One of the exciting things about the show was the use of hair-wreaths and bandeaus made of real flowers. Thus you now buy a hair-band made to hold any flowers you choose to insert into the skeleton foundation, which has tiny cup-like holders. With their various frocks, the mannequins wore these dainty and fragrant hair-wreaths of violets, fuchsias, rosebuds, according to the simplicity or sophistication of the frock.

Another style note in this collection was the use of super-long black or matching gloves for evening wear. The black gloves worn with a black lace frock reached well up to the armpits.

The color-schemes used in this collection corresponded more closely to those I saw in Paris than that of any other English designer. Here black and white, plain black, and black and contrasting colors formed the keynote.

Swagger coats were shown with three-piece suits, with skirt and knee-length swagger coat matching and blouse of contrasting color material.

Victor Stiebel seems partial to scarf treatments for suits and coats. So many garments had scarves looped in front and then crossing over the bodice to be fastened at the waist.

Neat little suits are to the fore, ever the choice of smart English women. Evening gowns are very slinky about the skirt, with the season's tight-fitting silhouette and liking for trains. One had a novel treatment in the form of shoulder-straps like a huge linked chain.

Chapeaux were up to the moment in style, without being exaggerated, one with a low crown and a zig-zag brim being especially effective.

A white cotton crepon cinema suit was pin-striped in red, the jacket being trimmed with red braid and worn with long gloves of the striped material. With this ensemble, real anemones, alternating in red and white, made the charming hair-wreath.

Following this story of the mode, as sponsored by Victor Stiebel in London, we will publish some exclusive photographs of English spectator sports and cruise wear next week.

They feature charming suggestions for outdoor occasions, designed by Dorville, London, and were sent to us by air mail from our special representative in Europe, Miss Muriel Segal.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

FROCKS *to wear* BENEATH *Winter* COATS

HAVING decided upon your winter coat, the next important question is: What to wear beneath it.

This season many colors are being worn; no longer need one's choice be limited to brown or black; topcoats in many shades of grey and green and the berry tones are shown.

IT is not now necessary to have your frock matching the coat on top; contrasts or two shades of the one color are more often seen. This enables us to have more color in our dark winter wardrobes, and is a distinct advantage.

There are three distinctly different types of frocks for beneath top coats—the sweater and skirt for sports and morning wear, the skirt of the same material as the coat, with its varying blouses, and the one-piece wool or crepe dress for afternoon and evening wear.

Let us consider the first type. The skirt will be of tweed, one of its several colors will be the same as the coat, or, perhaps, it will be a shade darker or lighter than the coat in a rougher material. The color will be introduced by the sweater and scarf. The skirt should be straight and slim, with pleats back and front. The sweater will be either hand knit, machine knit, or of jersey cloth and generally all one color.

A brown coat may be worn over a brown, yellow, and white tweed skirt and a canary yellow wool knitted sweater. A moss green coat over a skirt in a lighter shade of rough woollen, and a sweater of absinthe green or orange. A coat of pale grey flannel, a skirt of darker grey flannel and a red or bright blue jumper. A mulberry coat, a mulberry and grey fleck tweed skirt and grey jersey blouse. Brilliant scarves of sheer wool are worn.

The second type uses coats with matching skirts and contrasting blouses. This idea is the most practical, for the skirt with a woollen blouse or sweater may be worn for sports, or with a blouse of satin or crepe may be worn for all other occasions.

Tailored blouses of wool jersey in bright colors are very fashionable. As a contrast there are blouses of lame, satin, crepe, ottoman, even of fur. White and pastel pink and blue, or brilliant reds, greens, yellow and blue and orange are the colors worn with these dark coats and skirts. Stripes, dots, and floral patterns are seen on many satin and crepe blouses.

The Tailored One-piece

In the last class are the one-piece dresses of wool, crepe, or velveteen.

These dresses are exceedingly simple from the elbows downward. The skirts are slim except for occasional ruffles, peplums, or tunics at the hips. Shoulders follow the natural line—as a contrast to the square shoulders of last year they are inclined to be very sloping this season.

Sleeves are plain. Many are three-quarter length, the majority long and fitted, raglan shape at the top. Some show a deep kimono armhole.

But high up around the neck everything is different. Practical dresses are muffled up with drapery, bibs, standing collars, scarves, fur boas, jabots, and such things. Starched ruffles worked into jabots and bibs keep this detail in style and give daintiness to plain dark woollen or silk frocks. Fur is swathed high around the neck; fur bows are placed at the base of the throat; collars of the dress material, of velvet and velveteen, stand up from the neckline almost to the ears; scarves in one with the frock are swathed in new and exciting ways around the throat. Clips of metal, glass, and brilliants hold draped necklines in place. Several French models show the neck draped very high in front and the drapery flung low, in the manner of a cowl, at the back, leaving a small expanse of the neck at the back bare and unprotected.

The bodice of the frock accentuates the bust. No plain tight-fitting tops are seen. Much fullness and width is given to the upper part of the body by intricate use of drapery, tucks, pleats, and incrustations. Jabots and scarves help to give this new effect.

JEAN PATOU designed this black wool frock, which makes a point of feminine rounded shoulders in its tucked yoke, which has a novel jabot treatment of white lace. The almond-green sheer wool dress is trimmed with brown mink fur at neck and sleeves. The accessories and top-coat worn with it are in a shade of brown matching the fur. Ridged mulberry wool makes this Schiaparelli model next to it. The frock is perfectly straight, the high collar is new and fastens at the back; the belt is suede with an unusual buckle. The hat is mulberry felt, and the accessories navy blue, as would be the top-coat. The model in pale grey wool or crepe is trimmed with small cloth fringes. The hat is the same grey. A darker grey top-coat is worn, and the muff and separate collar of beaver can be used with or without the coat. Accessories are brown. Jean Patou designed the model in finely-striped nigger brown and white velveteen. A tunic-like effect is obtained by clever skirt cutting. A nutria bib comes high around the throat. The nigger top-coat completing this ensemble is devoid of fur.

There are draped belts, tailored belts with unusual fastenings, and many frocks with no belts at all.

The materials for these dresses to be worn under heavy top-coats are either woollen or silk. Whether the dress is to be of sheer wool or crepe depends upon the thickness of the coat and how much the wearer feels the cold. In either material the same styles are practical, and always the dress may be worn alone with the same accessories.

Ensemble Suggestions

HAIRY angora cloth, wool crepe-de-chine and romaine, and wool jersey—these are the ideal sheer wools for tailored dresses. Dull crepes, ottoman silk, marocain, and velveteen make the lighter frocks. Striped velveteen and corduroy velvet had a great vogue this winter abroad, especially when used for accessories and blouses. Black, grey, red and white velveteen makes a high-necked blouse to be worn with a long coat and skirt of black woollen. Vionnet puts a red velveteen dress under a coat of navy velveteen lined with the red. Yellow and brown striped velveteen makes a scarf and bag to be worn with a brown ensemble. A bright green velveteen dress goes beneath a black or navy wool coat.

A frock of grey wool romaine has a scarf in one with the frock, which ties at the throat like a stock and is made of wine red velveteen. This is worn beneath a grey coat with a grey fox collar.

A tobacco-brown coat is worn above a dress of emerald green flat crepe which has as its high neckline a bow of dark brown fur. A black wool dress and coat ensemble is worn with a brilliant red Ascot scarf.

Beneath a navy ribbed coat is a dress of navy and white flecked angora. At the throat and descending to the waist is a frilly jabot of white cotton voile, tucked all over with minute pin-tucks. An olive green coat trimmed with beaver is worn over a wool-de-chine dress of light brown. This dress has pockets trimmed with rows and rows of machine stitching in green wool. The fabric belt is stitched in the same way. A mulberry dress with a "bib" (a triangle of material with the centre point stitched to the frock and the other two ends tying behind) in a dusty shade of pink crepe is worn beneath a grey or navy coat.

Brown coat and pale grey dress with a scarf of brown and grey striped velveteen is another ensemble. Canary yellow jersey with trimmings of wool fringe at neck and wrists and down the centre of the bodice is used for a dress to be worn under a black or brown coat.

OUR · PARIS · SNAPSHOTS

THERE are new coats with slits like tiny windows in their upper sleeves that allow glimpses of a contrasting frock beneath.

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CREPE or satin coat linings match the tunic when the top-coat and skirt are of the same material—a brown long coat has a turquoise crepe lining, and over the brown skirt is worn a turquoise tunic.

o o o

WORTH, who has designed many famous bridal gowns, says that Paris brides like lots of lace on their wedding gowns. He also says that many of the brides are demanding the all-white wedding for their attendants as well as themselves.

o o o

MAINBOCHER, famous Parisian designer, says, that "trains should be very long, so that you can hold them gracefully when you dance, or very short, so that they just follow the heels."

MASSIVE jewellery is fashionable. Earrings are featured for all hours; those nestling close to the lobe of the ear rival the dangling type. Lanvin's huge golden ball or stud shapes, Chanel's multi-colored jewels set in heavy gold stars, and Lelong's rose-centred Strass stars are the smartest examples of new jewellery.

o o o

A WINTER color combination proposed by Augustabernard is dull dark blue, dull dark brown, with a touch of white. Grey seems to be a great favorite for sports, especially in an ashes shade, and it is both practical and smart associated with brown—brown hat, gloves, shoes, and bag, with a grey costume.

o o o

A TRAVEL note of interest is the big handbag that smart women carry also in town. The smartest bags are extra large, and square or round. They are made of material or of leather.

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. . . with Lincoln

In competition, as in ordinary usage, the soft finish and willing weave of Lincoln wools accentuate the skill of nimble fingers.

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"Merino" 3-ply Baby Wool,
"Andalusian" "Super" A.A. quality 4-ply,
"Shetland" "Super" A.A. quality 2-ply.

LINCOLN MILLS
KNITTING WOOLS
AT ALL GOOD STORES

The FIRST of *Our New* GOVERNORS

Australia will welcome several new State Governors and their ladies this year. The arrival of Lord and Lady Huntingfield, who are taking over Vice-Regal duties in Victoria, is the first of a number of changes that will occur in the next few months, bringing attendant changes in our social life.

OUR own Governor, Sir Philip Game, is nearing the end of his term of office. Victoria has just welcomed its new Vice-Regal family, Lord and Lady Huntingfield and their children, while South Australia is to have Major-General Dugan and his wife, who are preparing to leave England for Australia. And a new Governor-General may be appointed before the year is out.

Though Victoria feels so friendly towards the new Vice-Regal family, it may be some time before the informal Australian atmosphere overcomes their English reserve.

Lady Huntingfield has already lost her heart to the Australian bush. Although she and her two attractive daughters, the Hon. Sarah and the Hon. Anne Vanneck, are so typically English, one feels it will not be long before they are truly Australian, at least in sympathies. They are an outdoor trio, loving trees, shrubs, flowers, bush scenery and outdoor sports.

Lady Huntingfield is tall, with fresh complexion, and has expressive and lovely eyes, which all her children have inherited.

The eldest son, the Hon. Gerald Vanneck, aged 19 and intensely musical, has been at school at Stowe, and leaves for Cambridge in October. Obviously he will follow in his father's footsteps, and join the Army. The Hon. Sarah Vanneck, aged 20, is desirous of being closely identified with the work of the Girl Guides and of becoming a good horsewoman, as the term is understood in Australia. She made her debut last year. Her sister, the Hon. Anne Vanneck, aged 15, will go to school in Melbourne, as also will the Hon. Peter Vanneck, aged 12, and a most lovable little lad.

Tragic Parting

THE Hon. Sarah Vanneck will be a serious rival for all our prettiest girls. She is tall and fair, and rather fragile. She looked very charming in a beige coat with a huge fox collar and a small brown hat. Like the rest of the family, the Hon. Sarah made friends easily on the voyage. She went to the shipboard fancy dress dance as the "Mad Hatter," while her sister Anne went as "Alice in Wonderland."

There was a tinge of sadness for Sarah in all the excitement of arrival because she had to leave her dog, Adolph, behind. He is a Daschund named after the great German Dictator.

The father well remembered Australia, and his birthplace on the Lockyer Creek, five miles from Gatton, in Queensland. He went to school in Toowoomba (Qld.), and left Australia when he was 15.

Pet Tortoise

SOUTH AUSTRALIA is going to like its new Vice-Regal lady, the wife of Major-General Dugan, for she is an altogether delightful person. Modern in the best sense of the word, she will bring to the social world of Adelaide the atmosphere of the English smart set. Also, if it can be arranged, she will bring the strangest of Vice-Regal pets —a tortoise.

It is almost certain that Major-General Dugan will be knighted before he sails for Australia, so Mrs. Dugan will be Lady Dugan before her arrival in Adelaide.

This, however, is one of those things that are nice but unimportant. It is the personalities of the Governor and his lady which count, not their titles.

From the point of view of personality Mrs. Dugan has been well endowed with all the qualities which an aristocratic upbringing, good breeding, and a natural wit have made possible.

With her fresh, youthful complexion she has been described as a perfect Pompadour type. She has white hair, and violet eyes, which make her strikingly different in appearance from other women. She is always frocked very smartly, but in the best and most simple taste.

Australian women, who have so keen an eye for faultless taste in frocking, will warmly appreciate her smart elegance.

BIG WINS!
£100, £50's,
£40, £30, £20's,
£10's and £5's
All Tuesday!

LOOK OUT! If you don't send for a share quickly, you may be sorry. Lucky Fred just missed the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th prizes on Tuesday by a few tickets. That shows he is getting close! But he had numerous BIG WINS, and many clients shared £600 on Tuesday, including:—

£100	61878
£50's	96136 96153
£40	1266
£30	5415
£20's	4965 88231 21530

Branch at 14 Barrack Street
Shares may be purchased at this address and every ticket is bought from the Lottery Office by Lucky Fred himself.

SPECIAL OFFER
A FIFTH SHARE IN FOUR DIFFERENT TICKETS FOR 5/6.
This is a great idea, and gives you four separate chances to win £1000. You have four lucky numbers to look for amongst the results instead of one.

COUPON
How to Send in .....
Simply cut out this Coupon and—
For a FIFTH SHARE, send 1/6
For a FIFTH SHARE AND A LUCKY CHARM, send 2/6
For FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES in DIFFERENT Tickets, send 5/6
Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope, bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a self-stamped addressed envelope).
By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.
To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may be yours next week!
You know the address:—
LUCKY FRED, W.W.,
Box 3908TT, G.P.O., Sydney.

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points the way TO YOUTH

"To keep the appeal of Youth, exquisitely smooth skin is essential. Screen stars especially must give the most careful attention to the condition of their skins. I've found Lux Toilet Soap an invaluable help in keeping mine smooth. It's such a nice white soap, too, and has such caressing lather."

Ginger Rogers

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Toilet Soap
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BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage. In Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth-st., Melbourne. Established 32 years.

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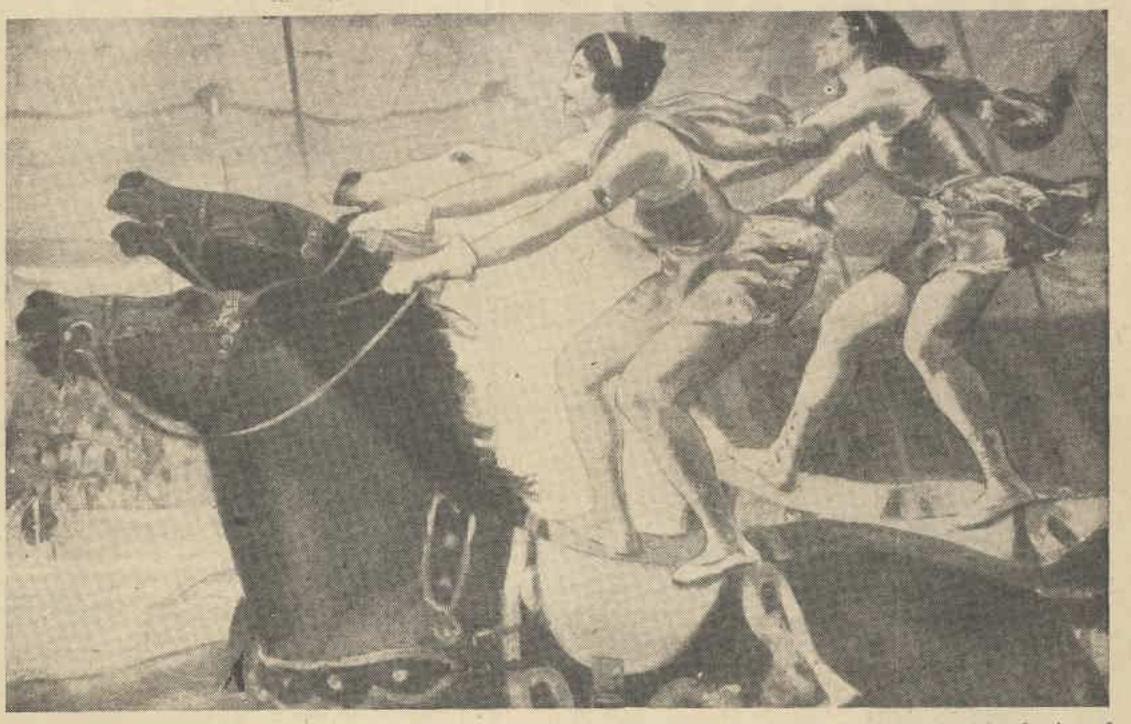
Vitamin B Discovered : Circus Art : Rare Studies

YOU'VE ALL HEARD of Vitamin B! Well, here is Dr. Robert R. Williams, of America, who discovered it, and now he has evolved a process of isolating the elusive vitamin to a pure form. It is expected to revolutionise treatment of nervous disorders.



"CIRCUS RIDERS," by Gifford Beal. A beautiful, vigorous study of two heroines of the sawdust. The painting was hung in the recent 100th annual exhibition of the National Academy, New York.

A GROUP OF GIRLS exercising in the Central Gymnastics Institute, Stockholm, where physical culture plays an important part in everyday life.

CURIOUS EFFECT produced by a man playing billiards on a glass table. The photographer took this shot from underneath. The player is Willie Hoppe, of international fame.

You would never recognise these people:

ABOVE: Second from the left, Charlie Chaplin, 25 years ago, when hockey interested him more than films.

LEFT: You can't guess who this is, even if you turn the paper upside down. It is Norma Shearer, a recent snap of her, off film duty. Somehow one does not expect the dignified Norma to be able to stand on her head like this.

RIGHT: The gentleman in the Wellington boots, with the lorgnette and the stick. . . do you know him? It is Noel Coward, playing the male lead in his latest London success, "Conversation Piece."

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THE HUB

Offers

Strikingly Smart OUTERWEAR for THE YOUNGER SET

29/11 15/11

Evening Frock

Marocain Evening Frock. Attractive ruching on skirt, and on armholes. Front is finished with fagot stitching in silver thread. Sash tie at waist. Dainty shades and White. S.S.W. Fitting. Usually 29/11. HUB PRICE, each .. 15/11

29/11 19/11

Afternoon Frock

Smart Frock in All-Wool Marocain. Pleats back and front, also tucking in skirt. Bodice tucked with a novel neck finish, trimmed with lame. Green, Grey, Brown, Marine Blue. S.S.W. and S.W. Usually 29/11. HUB PRICE 19/11

55/ 39/11

Faced Velour

An attractive Coat in Face Velour. Very smartly trimmed back and sleeve. Cut on snug-fitting lines. Well-lined and cosy full collar of Nutria lamb, in Black, Brown and Navy. S.S.W. and S.W. Usually 55/-. HUB PRICE 39/11

59/11 39/11

Flecked Tweed

Smartly Cut Coat, of the newest Black and White flecked tweed. For smaller women. Fully lined, showing a scarf collar effect. Trimmed sleeve and belt at waist. S.S.W. and S.W. fittings. Usually 59/11. HUB PRICE 39/11

The HUB Limited
393-5-7 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

BANKING *Lore for* WOMEN

By A BANKER

How many women possess a clear understanding of cheques and know the meaning of payee, endorsement, crossing and order? The bank teller will answer, regretfully, that such enlightened women are in the minority. Even our menfolk often have a hazy notion of many details.

HERE is an opportunity, therefore, of scoring off the "superior sex" by mastering the simple explanations that are to follow concerning the more important points of cheque lore.

There are two distinct forms of cheques—bearer and order. The bearer kind is the easier to comprehend. The great majority of cheques are printed to read: "Pay ..... or Bearer."

When this blank space is filled in with the name of the payee (i.e., the person to whom the cheque is payable) and the word "Bearer" left intact the cheque does not require endorsement (i.e., signature on the back) by the payee. These bearer cheques have little formality attached to them. They could indeed be cashed by anybody, whether the payee or not.

Should the cheque form read: "Pay ....., or Order," it is an order one, and must be endorsed on the back by the payee. Generally speaking, the endorsement should be written exactly as the payee's name is given on the face of the cheque. There is one big exception specially concerning women which will be explained directly.

A most important point which is not sufficiently understood is that a bearer cheque becomes an order one by simply putting a line through the word "Bearer."

No initials are required. The simple line through the word makes it automatically an order cheque, consequently requiring the payee's endorsement.

If you have inadvertently ruled through the "Bearer" on one of your cheques, you can convert it back to a bearer cheque by writing "Bearer" above and initialling.

* * *

NOW as to those plaguey endorsements which often constitute such a worry.

The general rule is to endorse on the back exactly as written on the front. An order cheque payable to you, say, Winifred West, must be endorsed, "Winifred West." Suppose the name is spelt wrongly on the face, say, Winnifred West, then you must endorse in the same way.

Should, however, only one name such as "West" be written for the payee it is not sufficient to endorse just "West," you must write an ordinary signature such as "W. West."

The important exception mentioned above concerns what are known as courtesy titles, when an order cheque is made out to "Miss Agnes Jones," or "Mrs. Agnes Jones."

The courtesy title of "Miss", and "Mrs." must not be included in the endorsement. Thus, Miss Agnes Jones just signs "Agnes Jones."

The married woman does not get off so lightly. She omits the "Mrs." and the correct legal endorsement is "Agnes Jones, wife (or widow) of Tom Jones." Should she get a cheque payable to "Mrs. Tom Jones," the endorsement is the same—"Agnes Jones, wife (or widow) of Tom Jones."

These courtesy title endorsements are some of the trickiest to understand, but the above examples will cover the correct manner in which to deal with the most common.

Do you know why a teller will refuse to cash a cheque that has two parallel lines drawn across it?

It is because these lines (or "crossing," as they are called) mean that the cheque must be paid into a banking account, and that the drawer (the person who made out the cheque) does not wish it cashed at the bank.

The Best . . . Knitting Bargain

TWENTY exclusive designs for 6d. is the amazing value offered in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, now available at all leading stores and newsagents.

Copies may also be ordered from The Australian Women's Weekly. An extra 2d. should be added to cover postage.

DOWN WITH COLD CORNERS

—and out with those heaters that merely take the chill off the air or warm one spot and leave the rest of the room cold and cheerless. Flood your room with sunlike warmth; make the atmosphere as fresh and as bracing as the air on a spring morning; remove the cause of chills, cold and sore throats, etc., and do away with big heating bills.

In other words, instal a modern gas fire. This fire drives out cold corners, keeps the atmosphere in circulation, maintains a perfect system of ventilation, and is so cosy that it makes other room heaters seem only lukewarm.

Doctors recommend these hygienic fires; hospitals and nursing homes use them, and thousands of homes have installed them. They are made in sizes to suit every fireplace, and they are finished in captivating colors. Come and see them; they give a new meaning to the word "cosy" and they cost as little as 1¼d. an hour.

Concession Fixing Charges

20/- if existing house pipes are suitable.

FREE if gas is laid on to fireplace and existing house pipes are suitable.

Deposits from 10/-.

Instalments from 5/- a month.

At Your Service Always.

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:

PITT AND BARLOW STREETS (near Central Station)

Doctors recommend GAS FIRES

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

POLICEMAN: Have you a license to play? If not, you must accompany me!
STREET MUSICIAN: With pleasure — what will you sing?

"Shorry I'm late, m'dear, a couple of (hic) gunmen held me up."
"You microbe, you'd have toppled over if they hadn't. I can see that."

"I always do my hardest work before breakfast."
"What's that?"
"Getting up."

"Here, you, what's the idea?"
"It's all right, missus, he bit me first."

"You're kinder to dumb animals than you are to me."
"Well, you try being dumb."

HE: Has the editor seen my joke yet?
SHE: No, but he's trying hard.

CURLYPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Rub Curlypet on Baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlypet is antiseptic, too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube. 3/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 3817 T., G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlypet to you by return mail. CURLYPET

MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women have formed their scraggy, undeveloped and flabby breasts and throat into the firm, round, fresh, virginal loveliness of youth, as Miss A.L., (age 23), of Killara, Sydney, has done.

"I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything to try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen, and decided to try it. When I began my bust measured 27½ inches, and now, after four weeks, my bust is nearly 30 inches. I am absolutely delighted with Mamogen, it's marvellous. I am going on with it until my bust is 33, as it ought to be, because I am 5ft. 8in. tall."

If your breasts are undeveloped, scraggy or shapeless, send for a flask of Mamogen, and stroke this marvellous cream into your breasts each night with your fingers. Mamogen is prescribed by doctors to rejuvenate and beautify the breasts, and is prepared from the prescription of a famous specialist.

You can get large flasks of Mamogen for 10/- post free from W. JAMES ROGERS LTD., DEPT. 3, 355 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY; C. F. LLOYD & CO., Dept. 3, 343 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne; D. MACLEAN & CO., Dept. 3, Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped with full directions for use.***

CURE ADENOIDS and CATARRH
Without Operation

Did you know that every child at birth has FOUR tonsils, two in the throat which you can see, and two behind the nose, and they all guard the breathing passages during childhood, filtering out germs and bacteria which strive to enter the body? Gradually the nasal tonsils are dissolved and disappear, but if neglected colds and mouth breathing have allowed germs to inflame them they grow larger and swell, blocking the nose, and they are then called adenoids.

Symptoms of Adenoids are: Mouth breathing, frequent colds, weak chest, sore throat, and loss of energy. Adenoidal children are often backward at school, and first to catch epidemic diseases such as scarlet fever, whooping cough, and septic throat and ears.

Operations Not Necessary.—Specialists say that operations for tonsils and adenoids are not necessary, and if mothers will use a special nose and throat antiseptic like Dr. Brodie's Kanatox, the adenoids will dissolve away, leaving the breathing passages free from germs and disease.

Great Herbal Medicine.—DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX is a wonderful herbal medicine, containing some of the most ancient and powerful antiseptic oils known to medical science, and smeared or dropped into the nostrils each day, Kanatox surrounds and kills the colonies of bacteria that cause adenoids, catarrh tonsilitis, soothing and healing the tender and inflamed membrane of the nose and throat.

Dr. Brodie's Kanatox is the quite new and marvellous form of treatment for adenoids, catarrh, head noises, tonsilitis, hay fever, coughs and colds, and other diseases of the air passages. Get a flask of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox from your Chemist to-day. The large flasks of Kanatox are 10/-, the small flasks 3/6, with the special dropper in every flask, or pin a Postal Note with your name and address to this advertisement, post it to KANATOX LABORATORIES, Dept. 3, Box 3417T, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Kanatox will reach you by return mail, with full instructions for use.***

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

A WELL-KNOWN amateur gardener was showing a friend around his garden. He had done a bit of topiary work on his bushes, and when they reached the two pieces of hedge sculpture of which he was most proud, he pointed to them and said, "How do you like my Georgian urn?"

"Fine," said the visitor, politely. "Which is Georgie and which is Ern?"

WAITER: Your fish will be ready soon, sir.

Diner (who has waited half an hour): Oh, that's interesting. I say, waiter, what bait are you using?

BURGLAR: Don't shoot, sir!

Householder: On one condition. Tell me how you got in without waking my wife.

WIFE: Isn't it ridiculous! Mrs. Next-door has six hats, and I've got one.

Hubby: Absolutely—seven hats between two women!

THE SECRETARY: A gentleman has called for an interview. He wishes you to tell him the secret of your wonderful success in life, sir.

Managing Director: What is he—journalist or a detective?

TEACHER (to class): What is an octopus?

Small Boy (who has just commenced to take Latin): Please, sir, it's an eight-sided cat.

GREENGROCER: Any horse-radish, Madam?

Young Bride: No, thank you; we have a car.

Reduce Easily and Safely

Doctors Prescribe Youth-o-Form Tonic Reducing Capsules.

Dorothy Manners.
Height .. .. 64½"
Bust .. .. .. 33"
Hips .. .. .. 34"
Waist .. .. 25"

English and Australian Doctors are impressed with the formula of Youth-o-Form as the most effective, easiest and safest medicine for reducing ugly unhealthy fat, for Youth-o-Form contains no dangerous chemicals but is a scientifically balanced formula containing extracts of important glands combined with valuable herbal ingredients that not only reduce ugly fat, but are wonderful for High Blood Pressure, chronic headaches, rheumatism, indigestion and constipation, too.

WHY ARE YOU FAT?

Women are always asking themselves, "Why should I be fat—I don't overeat—I am most careful with my food?" Now Doctors say that excess fat is caused by faulty assimilation of the food, and not the amount of the food that is eaten; it is just that many men and women absorb every particle of fat from the food they eat and so steadily put on weight. That is why diet and exercise so often fail, and why Youth-o-Form Tonic Reducing Capsules are so effective.

COMPARE YOUR FIGURE WITH DOROTHY MANNERS

How do your measurements compare with those of Dorothy Manners? (See below picture.) Now, compare your weight with that of the average woman, which is given on the chart, and if ugly fat on your chin, bust, waist or hips is spoiling your health and figure and making you feel heavy and old, get a treatment of Youth-o-Form Tonic Reducing Capsules from your chemist and begin taking one capsule each day before or just after your biggest meal. You will be delighted with the splendid rejuvenating results from Youth-o-Form as the ugly rolls of fat disappear easily, naturally and permanently, just as this Sydney lady was who writes: "Youth-o-Form is just wonderful. By just taking one of those little capsules an hour before a meal I have reduced from 12st. 8lb. to 10st. 10lb. in a remarkably short time. My bust reduced from 42 inches to 36 inches, waist 42 to 34, hips 40 to 38, and I am delighted, too, that I can now take woman's size in frocks again after so many years. I did not trouble to diet, either, and I have never felt better in my life. Mrs. James L. ....."

Height	15-19		20-24		25-29		30-34		35-40	
ft. in	st.	lb.	st.	lb.	st.	lb.	st.	lb.	st.	lb.
4 11	7	12	8	1	8	4	8	7	8	10
5 0	8	0	8	3	8	6	8	9	8	12
5 1	8	2	8	5	8	8	8	11	9	0
5 2	8	5	8	8	8	10	8	13	9	3
5 3	8	8	8	11	8	13	9	2	9	5
5 4	8	11	9	0	9	3	9	6	9	10
5 5	9	0	9	3	9	6	9	10	10	0
5 6	9	4	9	7	9	10	10	0	10	4
5 7	9	8	9	11	10	0	10	4	10	8
5 8	9	12	10	1	10	4	10	8	10	12
5 9	10	1	10	5	10	8	10	12	11	2
5 10	10	5	10	9	10	12	11	1	11	5

Add 3lb. for every five years over forty.

If you are too fat or suffer from High Blood Pressure, chronic headaches, rheumatism, indigestion or constipation, go to your chemist and get Youth-o-Form to-day. You can get a ten-day carton of Youth-o-Form for 5/6, or the full six weeks' treatment for 20/-, which is sufficient to give you definite results.

If you prefer, a Postal Note with your name and address to ROGERS LTD., Dept. 3, 355 George St., Sydney; D. Maclean & Co., Dept. 3, Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; C. F. Lloyd & Co., Dept. 3, 343 Little Collins St., Melbourne; or Duncan Agencies, Dept. 3, Theatre Royal Bldgs., Hindley St., Adelaide; will bring your YOUTH-O-FORM by return mail.

YOUTH-O-FORM TONIC REDUCING CAPSULES

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WAY'S

the noted house for Gloves

Selected Quality **Fringed Nappa Gauntlets**, with strap and dome at wrist. Two and a half inch fringe. In the favoured shades of Dark Brown. You will appreciate the Quality and Value.
Usually 10/11.
Way's Special Selling .. 8/11

Smart Nappa Gloves, with large fancy gauntlet, trimmed contrast stitching and pipings. In Dark Brown shades. Good style with utility.
Usually 9/11.
Way's Special Selling ... 8/11

"Wearclean" Gloves, fine quality skins, suede finish. Elastic wrist, boulton thumb, gusseted fingers, pull-on gauntlet with narrow double fringe. In shades of Beaver or Pawn.
Usually 12/11.
Way's Special Selling 11/6

Dark Brown Nappa Gauntlets, with large cuffs, smartly tucked. Strap and dome at wrist. An ideal winter glove, and exceptional value.
Usually 13/11.
Way's Special Selling 12/6

Real Nappa Gauntlets, elastic at wrist, side gussets, contrast pipings and fancy stitched points. Perfect fitting, and splendid quality. The appearance of fine kid—the service of good nappa. In the wanted shades of Dark Brown.
Usually 14/11.
Way's Special Selling 13/11

Scotch Knit Wool Gloves, with fancy large gauntlets that are entirely new in design and knit. Quite dressy—so warm and serviceable. In Beige with Brown, Grey with Red, Black-White or White-Black.
Usually 6/11.
Way's Special Selling 5/11

Dependable Hosiery

Way's "Aristocrat" Pure Silk and Rayon Hose. Fully fashioned, panel heel, reinforced toe and heel. In all the new winter shades. A stocking that excels in appearance and service.
At Way's Only 4/11

Silk and Wool—or if you prefer—Fine **All-Wool Hose**, two excellent stockings that are popular favourites for winter wear. Fully fashioned. In the ten leading shades of the season.
At Way's Only 4/11

Silk and Wool or **All-Wool Hose**, a good fitting utility stocking, fine and soft. In Browns, Gunmetal or Black.
Usually 3/6
Way's Special Selling 2/6

Here is Outstanding Value in **All Wool** or **Silk and Wool Hose**, good appearance, good fit and good service. Wide range of shades, including Grey, Gunmetal, Browns and Black. Regular 3/11 Value.
Way's Special Selling 2/11

Way's "Shalimar" Pure Silk and Rayon Hose, the only fully guaranteed stocking. Reinforced toe and heel. Fully fashioned, panel heel. Twelve new and popular shades, also White and Black. An ideal winter stocking.
At Way's Only 5/11

Tennis Sox

Ladies' Cream Tennis Sox—Plain Silk and Lisle or All-Wool. Also a big assortment with fancy tops.
Way's Special Selling 1/11½ 2/3

Stockings for the Juniors

Maids' All-Wool Cashmere Stockings, narrow rib, fine appearance, good fitting. In Pawn, Brown, or Black. Sizes to fit shoes 10 to 4.
Way's Special Selling 1/11½ 2/6 2/11½

Make use of our Lay-by and Mail Orders

E. WAY & CO. LTD - 213-219 PITT ST. SYDNEY.

GREAT ORCHESTRA *Tunes Up*

Sir Hamilton Harty Popular

Like the rumble of thunder and the breath of a mighty wind, the great orchestra of 75 under the baton of Sir Hamilton Harty has been busy rehearsing in Melbourne for the opening of the fine broadcast season of symphony music which will be listened to by the whole of Australia.

THE season is the beginning of what is hoped to be a new era in Australian broadcasting. Sir Hamilton Harty is the first really important artist to be brought out by the commission under the new system.

People who have met him at the several receptions accorded by musical groups like him immensely. More important, perhaps, the 75 members of the orchestra he conducts on Saturday and on May 23, 26 and 30, also like him.

Beginning his first rehearsal, Sir Hamilton Harty took a quick glance at an orchestra he had never seen before. It looked both competent and complete.

"Where's 'second piccolo'?" he asked.

Someone explained that "second piccolo" was sick. Then began a very thorough tuning-up. First, the new conductor took his orchestra through Wagner's "Meistersingers" Overture—the opening item in Saturday night's programme. It is a work which the orchestra knows well and they played it well, adopting improvements suggested by Sir Hamilton.

At the end, he smiled. "I'm pleased with you," he said.

* * *

FROM the start he had everybody on his side. He made his musicians work and he made them laugh. "We'll try it differently," he remarked at one stage. "It doesn't sound so damned silly." When the 75 were dismissed after a three-hour session, they clapped him. One of them said: "Any musician would have been glad to give 'a fiver' for that experience!"

"I am delighted at the demonstration the orchestra gave of its powers," said Sir Hamilton Harty afterwards. "I anticipate that it will perform with exactness and faithfulness, giving full expression of feeling. I was most impressed by the fine spirit of the players and their willingness to follow my direction. I feel confident that they will follow my ideas faithfully. A feature of this orchestra is its splendid balance."

* * *

RECEPTIONS and preliminary rehearsals over, interest now centres in the works chosen for Saturday night's opening concert in Sir Hamilton Harty's season.

After "The Meistersingers" Overture we are to have Brahms' First Symphony. Then comes the serenade for strings, "Eine Kleine Nacht Musik," by Mozart.

Next we are to hear an intermezzo, "The Walk to the Paradise Gardens," from the opera, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," by Frederick Delius.

The concert is to close with the air and variations from Tschaikowsky's "Suite No. 3 in G."

MR. FRANK HUTCHENS, who gave a musical lecture-recital at David Jones' emporium on Monday evening.

MUSIC *Of the Week*

By ROBERT McCALL

Menuhin Now a Man

IT is wonderful news that J. C. Williamsons have completed arrangements for bringing Yehudi Menuhin to Australia next year. Even though he is so young he is regarded by many worthy critics as the finest living violinist.

However, the prospectus for the tour is a little misleading with its photograph of a boy prodigy in short trousers. It should be remembered that Yehudi is now about 17 years old and mentally a most mature young man.

Stralia in Sydney

AFTER appearing before the Commission's microphones in other States, Elsa Stralia is to begin a short radio season in Sydney with a 2BL programme on May 21.

Helmuth Hoffmann, the young German pianist who recently took up residence in Sydney, is to feature the virile Brahms Rhapsody in a session on May 20, from 2BL.

The Irish soprano, Laelia Finneburg, will sing for the A.B.C. on other occasions than the Harty concerts. She will collaborate, for instance, with Edward Goll, the Melbourne pianist, in a national programme on May 21.

Stevens-Pouishnoff Season

A RICH experience indeed was to hear last week in the Sydney Town Hall the magnificent singing of Horace Stevens in the title role of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The late Sir Edward Elgar described the Australian bass-baritone as the finest exponent of this beautiful music, an opinion with which the consensus of overseas judgment agrees. We have never heard more eloquent, less stereotyped vocalism in oratorio. Such arias as "It is Enough," and "Is Not His Word Like a Fire?" were so beautifully expressed that the audience could not restrain its applause.

This concert also marked the return of Ruth Portrate after several years abroad. She sang the soprano line with consistent emotional warmth and variety of nuance. The splendid singing of Robert Scott, tenor, and Virginia Bassetti, contralto, was well in keeping with the high standard set by Miss Portrate and Mr. Stevens. Other principals were Norman Hestelow, Herbert Cruikshank, Elsie Brown, Mary Neal and Master Ronald Newbury. The Royal Philharmonic Society's chorus and orchestra were admirably directed by Mr. Howard Carr.

Other Concerts

CHARLES NICIS, the Latvian tenor, can always be relied upon to provide an intriguing programme. Last week, for instance, in St. James' Hall, he sang some most interesting Armenian songs and other groups of Russian and Italian and English pieces. Alice Prowse joined him in several duets, while Miss Rathonye, besides providing an effective harp accompaniment, proved herself an accomplished soloist. Cedric Ashton was the talented solo and obbligato cellist of the evening, and Lute Drummond was the piano accompanist.

A young coloratura soprano of considerable gifts, Margaret Dreyer, was heard at the Conservatorium. Her voice was of sweet quality and easily produced. She sang arias from "Mignon," "Louise," and "Lucia." Supporting artists were Victor McMahon, flautist, and George White, violinist, the accompanist being G. Vern Barnett.

Lady, accept the loveliness that lies in a "matt" complexion

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EVEN . . .

KATHERINE HEPBURN

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Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

Readers who have been sending letters to the "So They Say" page for more than four weeks and who have not yet had letters published, should endorse their entries "New Writer."

CHOOSING A PARTNER

A GREAT deal of marital unhappiness could be avoided if people could be made to give more thought beforehand as to their mutual suitability. It should not be legal for persons to marry until they have known each other for a certain length of time, and when applying for a license they should be compelled to fill in a questionnaire to show that they know enough about each other to ensure a basis of mutual respect and sympathy on which to build their life's happiness.

£1 for this letter.

Miss V. Bineham, 1 Wylde St., Potts Point, N.S.W.

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DO NOT APOLOGISE

A FEW lines hoping, yet not expecting, this defamatory epistle to be printed. I herein accuse "So They Say" of incompetency.

To compete in any competition one expects the best to win: therefore in letter-writing should not spelling, legibility, punctuation marks, composition and subject be the main points of advantage?

When one reads a winner appearing under the heading of "A Remedy," 28/4/'34, one doubts the sincerity of the competition. From its length it hardly merits the title of letter, and the topic of same was positively ridiculous and idiotic. "Spanking husband and telling a policeman, etc.," reads like a "frighten the naughty child" story, and is an insult to the majority of readers, who, no doubt, prefer to read and write on subjects of interest that will in some way generally improve and uplift us.

Mrs. Ethel McKenzie, Esplanade, Wynnum, Brisbane.

Editor's Note: "So They Say" is not a competition. It is a page for self-expression, and through it we hope to give readers a chance to say what they like, how they like. Hence our reason for publishing this letter.

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STERILIZATION!

IF what a "doctor" had to say about feeble-mindedness (The Australian Women's Weekly, 28/4/'34), is scientific fact, is it not time something was done to make it compulsory for all aments to be sterilised?

Our law-makers have taken the necessary steps to protect the future generations of stock; so is it not more important that they do something to protect the mentality of future Australian citizens? It seems that there is only one sure means of doing so, and even then it would take generations to effect a big improvement. We know Rome was not built in a day, but if someone had not got on with the job—

What do other women think?

Mrs. L. J. Scott, S.R. and W.S. Com., Maffra, Vic.

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BARE LEGS UGLY

I DEPLORE the tendency of feminine youth to discard stockings, not on Mother Grundy's grounds, but because it is inappropriate and ugly.

The beauty of a woman's calf and ankle lies in the shape and moulding, not in the texture of the skin. A well-cut stocking improves the moulding by filling up the hollows, and flattening out the excrescences, which help the beauty, especially of the ankle, and of the knee, where there often is a harsh outline, owing to the tendons and bones close to the skin.

The stockingless practice foregoes these aids to beauty, and reveals veins, mottlings, and much more unsightliness. Moreover, if the practice is continued, it will make women's legs as hirsute as man's.

Mrs. L. E. Alleyne, 40 York St., South Perth, W.A.

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WHEN VISITING SICK

WHEN visiting your friends in hospital never bring white flowers. They see so much of white all round them. White-coated doctors and nurses and white sheets everywhere. Bring red roses and pink carnations. Give them plenty of color. A bunch of red-tipped gum-leaves cheers many a heart. And what about our lovely scented wild rose? A nurse told me a young girl had cried for hours after her friends had gone, just because they brought her a bunch of white lilies. They depressed her so.

Lilian Clint, Anthony St., Blacktown, N.S.W.

Those Hatless Men . . . Is it Untidy?

AS a member of the "Hatless Brigade" may I take up the cudgels in their defence, and say that I really do disagree with Miss Ley and her accusation of untidiness. I have never worn a hat in my life, winter or summer. I have several "hatless" friends and have noticed that they are very particular regarding appearance, especially that the hair should be kept neatly trimmed—a thing which the "hats" are not so careful about.

H. Henry, P.W. Dept., Hunter St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

No Hope

DOES Miss Ley honestly believe that the habits of her friends are governed either by their hats or the lack of them?

Almost any man can be charming to a charming young lady, but it is merely surface polish which soon rubs off on closer contact.

No, Miss Ley, if men's hats were glued to their heads their looks would perhaps be improved, but their natures, never.

Mrs. H. Read, McIntyre St., Bendigo, Vic.

Makes Wrinkles

I AGREE with the views expressed by Miss Valerie Ley on hatless men.

On looking at one of these individuals we see that his hair is bleached and his forehead a mass of wrinkles.

As Miss Ley mentioned, I also know some charming men who have spoilt themselves by this present-day custom. Their eyes appear to be dull and their hair dry and dead unless doped with oil or grease.

Further, imagine the plight of one of the stern sex on being caught in the rain.

Miss Roger, 9 Eddy St., Hamilton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Flash?

WHY should a man not go hatless if he is more comfortable that way? It is healthy, we are told, and it certainly has a good effect on the hair. Most people (men or women) who go hatless have curly and well-groomed hair. I would say they are more inclined to flashness than untidiness.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Academy St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

What Rights Have Foster Parents Adoption Case

AN interesting case was recently recorded of a lawsuit between a mother and foster parents of a baby girl. The facts as stated were that the mother, an unmarried girl, living in Queensland, signed over her 16-days-old infant to foster parents, renouncing all future claim to it, and stating that no claim should ever be made upon her for maintenance, etc.

The child, now a happy, well-cared-for child of 14 months, has been regained by the mother, who is now married to the child's father. But what of the foster parents, who have reared it and regarded it as their own? It seems a despicable thing to take the baby from them.

The Judge voiced his sympathy for the foster parents, but said he had no alternative.

Mrs. H. W. Hughes, Oakleigh, Cowra Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

Should Forget

THERE are two sides to this question. Although I am a mother, I'll try to give an unbiased opinion.

I think the mother has a prior claim, but once she has renounced that claim I think the law is unfair in giving her back the custody of her child, because the foster parents have, in the case cited at any rate, reared the baby over the hardest period of its life, and would not feel inclined to adopt another one, as they would always be afraid of losing it, too.

I certainly think when a mother gives her baby up willingly, she should forget she ever had one.

Mrs. McDougall, 36 Victoria St., Burwood, N.S.W.

Abide By It

WHILE sympathising with the natural mother, I think the foster parents should be shown more consideration.

The mother gave her baby up of her own free wish, knowing that it was to the baby's advantage to do so. The foster parents would not take such an important step without a lot of consideration.

When foster parents first entertain the idea of "adoption," it is through their love of children, and the knowledge that they can educate and give the little one "a chance in life." I think, having made the sacrifice, the natural mother should abide by it.

N. Gavin, 6 High St., Concord, N.S.W.

Those Radio Plays Blood-curdling Too many horrors

I ALSO am an advocate for more cheerful radio plays, Mrs. Haig (28/4/'34).

Think of the average mother's daily round, especially where there are two or three children. She has rather a strenuous time. Then during the course of the day one hears more than enough sad happenings that are real and quite near at hand. When evening comes, with its few hours of rest and relaxation, turn on the wireless and one hears moans, screams, and all the rest of the weird sounds that denote the "thriller," with the result that poor mother goes to bed more tired and weary than ever.

Hetty Brown, Ross St., New Mile End, S.A.

It's Murder

YES, Mrs. Haig, I will back you up (28/4/'34). I have often wondered why there is nearly always a murder or other crime—sometimes both—in the plays we hear over the radio. Surely they could be made interesting without these horrors. One evening recently, while listening-in to a play at dinner time, a girl was being choked by a man. The piercing screams were no doubt realistic, but not very entertaining. Both A and B class stations are offenders.

E. Maher, Maitland Av., S. Kensington, Sydney.

Wants Romance

SOMETHING needs to be done about these radio thrillers.

I say, let us have a light comedy or romance—something that will make us feel happy and go to bed to have a peaceful sleep, not a sleep disturbed by murderous characters haunting our dreams!

And those few who like murderous things—let them buy a book that is a thriller. I am sure they are in the minority!

Miss Ailsa Crawford, Burrumbuttock, via Albury, N.S.W.

MUCH TRAVELLED

HAVING read every issue of your paper, and enjoyed it so much, I conceived the idea of passing it on to a friend near Parramatta, and now when she reads it she sends it to friends of hers in England, and they, good people, send it once again on its travels to Scotland.

Can any other readers beat this?

Mrs. T. J. Rees, "Claremont," The Avenue, Lawson, N.S.W.

Kids Love It

WITH reference to Mrs. Haig's par (28/4/'34). I am a mother of children who listen-in to the "horrible" thrillers, and would like to give my point of view. Before I had a radio, my children used to look for their adventures outside of the home, and per medium of various boys' magazines, comics, etc., and it was a constant battle to keep them at home.

I have no difficulty now. They listen-in to the thrillers. It is only natural for children, who all love mystery and adventure, to want something to satisfy their love of same, and what better medium is there than the radio?

Mrs. E. Robinson, 46 Nelson Av., Belmore, N.S.W.

They're Fun

I DO not agree with Mrs. D. G. Haig's theory that these thrillers should be stopped. Do not the poor kiddies have enough "instructive" matter at school? I go so far as to say that the greater majority of kiddies enjoy these thrillers, especially real "boys."

We have at least eight local stations on the air, why not tune out, and get on to some other station? One is not forced to listen to any particular station, so there's positively no need to retire to bed scared stiff. Try retiring with the strains of some delightful music floating about your ears, don't spoil everyone's fun.

Mrs. H. Turner, 154 Hastings Parade, North Bondi, N.S.W.

JEWELS FOR MOODS

ARE you feeling romantic? Then you must wear rubies. Perhaps your mood is vivacious and sparkling—then emeralds should be your choice. Jewels have moods like real people and should be worn to suit one's mood—provided the jewels are available! In my opinion emeralds are vivacious, lively, and gay; diamonds sparkle with intelligence, life, fire, and dignity. They express power. Rubies exude romance; they have dangerous moods and hold the fire and passion of the south. Sapphires are for laughing moods, that "top of the world" feeling with a touch of poetry pervading the gaiety, and a background of tenderness. Pearls, according to myself, are pure poetry, for life's deeper moments, for those occasions when "soft" lights and sweet music predominate.

Mrs. E. Shephard, 14 Barker St., South Kensington, N.S.W.

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ARTISTS IN ECONOMY

SO far no housewife has ventured to claim any magic method of dealing with a budget of £3 a fortnight—the sum upon which thousands of women—wives of men on short time—are trying to buy food and clothes for a family. But even the reflection that our troubles are not solitary ones is sometimes helpful in hard times.

This problem we are all up against, and it is not altogether on our own account that we feel discontented. We are anxious to make life better in our little corner, and circumstances seem against us.

So the woman with a limited income is an artist in economics, and could teach the Treasury many things undreamed in its philosophy.

Mrs. O. Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

ETIQUETTE

DON'T TRY to be witty at another's expense, or ridicule any peculiarity in manner or dress.

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WHEN SHE SEES RED

WILL someone tell me why it is that during the hour from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. (the only free time which most business girls have), the city streets seem to be overcrowded with women who apparently have all day to make their purchases, and who seem to have no aim in life beyond strolling vaguely around, getting in the road of those who must crowd hours of shopping into an all-too-short sixty minutes.

What business girl has not felt positively murderous intentions towards those matrons who dawdle leisurely along the street—generally with about three small children holding hands, and effectively blocking further progress for the time being.

Miss B. Freeman, "Crewe," Penshurst Av., Neutral Bay.

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CRUEL WILLS

PEOPLE should beware of making queer, and sometimes unkind, conditions in wills. Have the dead any right to rule the conduct of the living? Leaving daughters money on condition that they never marry; houses on condition that they are never sold; sons money on condition that they do not marry a Catholic, or a Quaker, or a Gentile; money to a son or daughter on condition that he or she does not marry a particular person—should all be debarred by law. Such stipulations may sometimes be justified, but more often they involve an unwarrantable interference in the life of the person concerned, and would be better left out of wills.

Mrs. G. D. Dumas, 143 Payneham Rd., St. Peters, S.A.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

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DOWN *on* THE FARM

TOM WALLS *the Actor-Sportsman* AT HOME

THROUGH his films, Tom Walls is known the world over as actor and director. It was a picture in which he starred with Ralph Lynn, "Rookery Nook," an adaptation of one of their Aldwych stage successes, that put British films on the map as far as Australia was concerned. Other popular films in which he has lately been seen, or which are about to be released in the various capital cities, are "Leap Year," "Just Smith," "The Blarney Stone," and "Turkey Time."

MANY people, of course, are aware also of Walls' repute as a gentleman jockey and racehorse owner.

He did a lot of riding in different local events when he was in Australia as a young man. It is common knowledge, too, that for some years now, since good fortune has come to him, he has kept his own racing stable at Newmarket. There has hardly been a more popular win in the famous classic than the 1932 Derby, which his horse, April the 5th, won for him. It is said that he has in his stables another promising colt, Auf Wiedersehen, which may bring him further success on the turf.

TOM WALLS in his dining-room. The picture behind his head is of himself on "April the 5th," by A. J. Munnings, R.A.

THE WALLS FAMILY at home with three special pets. Buller, the Staffordshire bull terrier who is gazing up into his master's face, makes a screen appearance in "Leap Year."

Only a very few, however, out of the audiences that enjoy the sparkling comedies in which Walls appears on the screen have any idea how much country life and his family count with him. His interest in horses, which might easily, if he were just a racing man, be kept up without much personal contact, is not the only thing that binds him to the soil, and to peaceful domestic life in the country. You might get the impression, judging from a large number of parts he has played with great success, that Walls belongs to the city, that he is the sort of man who frequents big hotels for choice. Only the privileged few know Walls as the home-lover, breeder of dogs and horses, amateur gardener, and father of a stalwart young cavalryman. It is necessary to visit him in his own house in the country to see him where he says himself he really belongs, among his dogs, and cats, and horses, and sheep. There you will find him the typical squire, lord of his own domain, devoted to his wife, and very proud of his son, Tom Walls, junior.

* * *

HIS wife was Miss Hilda Edwards. She shares her husband's preferences, or, at any rate, indulges them. Their charming house is called The Looe, and it is at Ewell, in Surrey. Like Epsom Downs, it is easy enough to reach from London, but when you get there you are similarly removed from all sight or sound of city life. There Walls, in his scanty leisure, runs a farm, and keeps pigs and cattle, and sheep as well as breeding horses and dogs. It is quite a serious occupation, no idle hobby, though until recently, as long as he and Ralph Lynn were not only making films, but were appearing also every night in their stage production at the Aldwych Theatre, his time was very much curtailed. Still, the farm has always drawn him, and he shows the greatest keenness and technical knowledge in discussing problems of pig feed, of beasts for the market, and so on with his men.

* * *

THE dogs are more of a hobby, but both he and Mrs. Walls are very wrapped up in them. Her particular pet is a delightful Pekingese, while his inseparable companion is a Staffordshire bull terrier named Buller. This is a breed of which Walls is specially fond. It is rather different, as can easily be seen, from the ordinary pure white bull terrier, of which, as of many other breeds of dogs, the household owns specimens.

After seeing Tom Walls at home, busied with the multifarious activities of the farmer's life, beside his interest in dogs, and horses, and garden, one is left marvelling at his energy. Here is a man who crowds half a dozen whole-time occupations into days which provide him with no greater number of hours than anyone else. This is the full life, to be sure. And we may very well believe that in this case it brings content.—B.T.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . . no good.

★★ I AM SUZANNE

Lilian Harvey, Gene Raymond, Leslie Banks. (Fox).

THIS is the most imaginative musical and spectacular production we have had in Australia so far. Not only is the San Moritz number of the revue, with its bob-sled slide, and Lilian Harvey's entry on to the stage by way of a tight rope from the gallery, extremely well done. The introduction of the delightful puppets, both as stage entertainment, and as an integral part of the story, is very ingenious. Again, the symbolic use of them in Miss Harvey's dream, and in the final scenes is good, though the idea might have been more forcibly worked out. Then there is Leslie Banks' masterly portrayal of the cynical "Baron," who can so completely impose himself as entrepreneur.

Miss Harvey is being "groomed" to look like other stars, but she has not yet lost her identity. She still has that wistful air of a lost child, and when she dances round the ice man she is a positive sprite. The scene of the film is supposed to be Paris, but there is little indeed to indicate it. Not that that matters much. Gene Raymond is rather a stodgy young man to be descended from generations of puppeteers and so in love with his calling that he is half bemused into thinking his dolls more real than life. A player who is always in the picture is Georgia Caine as "Mama."—Plaza.

★ RED ENSIGN

Leslie Banks, Carol Goodner, Frank Vosper (Gaumont-British).

BRITISH films have been criticised before now for not dealing oftener with present-day actualities. Well, the main theme of this picture, the parlous condition of British merchant shipping, is actual enough. It is a problem that touches us nearly. The acting and the story's presentation are on a consistently high level. The tempo is slower than in the parallel type of film from Hollywood, but if that is a defect it is compensated by the reasonableness and restraint shown on the part of a man whose dearest ambitions are at stake and whose workmen depend upon him for their very livelihood. There is a minimum of personal violence and of high words throughout, though the position at times grows desperate. One is seized with the determination of the managing director (Leslie Banks) to carry through his programme for the regeneration not only of his own firm but of the trade at large. If at one stage, in order to counter the opposition on his own board as well as his adversaries outside, he suppresses the truth and later commits an illegal act, he gains our sympathy. And he does serve his term of punishment, though it is possibly somewhat slight. One is left stirred by the hope that these omens of shipping revival be favorable.—State.

★ HAPPY EVER AFTER

Jack Hulbert, Lilian Harvey, Sonnie Hale, Cicely Courtneidge. (Gaumont-British-Ufa).

ONE would expect an Erich Pommer production of these stars to go lilting along, and expectation is not disappointed here. The only pity is that we have had to wait for it until the stars have each been seen in subsequent productions in which they shine more brightly, and several later films have been built up on the technique of this one. It has to be admitted also that this picture, though it has charming passages, is a thought too leisurely and too protracted.

However, Jack Hulbert and Sonnie Hale are an engaging pair of Berlin window-cleaners, and Lilian Harvey, as a little girl from the country, who has set her heart on being a film star, is very droll, and is a vehicle for some delicate satire. Her dream journey in the Willies' railway coach mansion to Hollywood, and the nightmare of the studios when she gets there are witty conceptions. The about-face of the story's end is excellent, too. Cicely Courtneidge is in good vein as an attendant at a newspaper kiosk. Altogether this is a film one should not miss.—Lyceum.

★ SON OF A SAILOR

Joe E. Brown, Jean Muir, Thelma Todd (Warner Bros.)

G. B. SHAW has explained in "A Doctor's Dilemma" that ugliness can exercise as powerful a sway as beauty. When it is allied with Joe E. Brown's comicality it is in a class apart. There is something about the way his wide mouth works that reminds us of a ventriloquist's doll. In this film, answering to the name of "Handsome" Callahan, of the U.S. Navy, he adopts an exaggerated rolling gait, and, as soon as he begins to boast of his prowess as a boxer and a lady-killer we are pleasurably prepared for what follows. One of the picture's most diverting episodes is the match that he gets let in for against a real bruiser. But his inventive stories to various girls about a pair of baby's boots, which were almost as much of a mystery to us as to him, show another side of his talent. Later we see him at a stylish dinner party where the hoary jest of drinking from the finger bowl is introduced. And later still he tumbles from an aeroplane on to a ship that is used as a target for bombing practice. But always he comes up with the wide smile. And we laugh freely, too. (Simultaneous release at Arcadia, Australian, Broadway, and several suburban theatres).

★ MURDER IN TRINIDAD

Heather Angel, Nigel Bruce, Victor Jory. (Fox).

A HIGHLY-EFFICIENT organisation for the smuggling of Brazilian diamonds through Trinidad is represented in this film as baffling the local police force. In reply to a request from the Governor for expert assistance, an obtuse-looking detective (Nigel Bruce) is sent by Scotland Yard. However, he knows his business, and he finally unmasks the chief villain by a well-planned trick. The plot of this sleuth yarn is rather too involved, and the detective seems to make a number of lucky long shots.

But the camera work and direction are good. Bruce looks as if he might become a successful serialist in the company of "Charlie Chan" and "Philo Vance." His clumsy, almost shambling movements, and his attachment to a pet monkey with which he shares a penchant for peanuts are very individual traits, yet consistent with the character he has created. Heather Angel's part is unnecessarily obscure in motive. And is her fiance supposed to be an Englishman?—Capitol.

★ THREE ON A HONEY-MOON

Sally Eilers, Zasu Pitts, Charles Starrett. (Fox.)

IN this film sympathy is asked for a "poor little rich girl" whose only cross appears to be a stepmother she is perfectly able to stand up to, as far as we could see. But perhaps spoilt daughters of American millionaires do suffer unduly from the very novelty of not getting everything they fancy. At any rate, this one has to take to speed boat racing and aviation stunting and getting tipsy. Then she flings herself at the last minute on to a liner for a Mediterranean trip and, of course, meets her fate, or rather pursues it in spite of discouragement, in the shape of a rather wooden but personable second officer (Charles Starrett). Sally Eilers is a little too mature to play this headlong, madcap part. She looks as if she had more sense. The comic relief supplied by Zasu Pitts is very welcome, though it seems strange that a librarian in a Middle Western town, even if she had been saving up for this holiday for years, should be travelling first-class in slap-up style.—New support at Regent.

★ THE LAST ROUND-UP

Randolph Scott, Barbara Adams, Monte Blue (Paramount).

HERE is Zane Grey's "The Border Legion" in the form of a film. And a very good western it is, with much hard riding, some hard drinking, the crackle of gun shots and a raid at midnight on a silent town. Over all is the melancholy romance of the days that are no more. "There's no future in this business," sadly remarks the renegade solicitor who has joined the bandits. He is thinking how they used to wax rich on sticking up coaches carrying stores of gold, whereas now they have declined to cattle rustling.

He does not foresee that their successors are to levy toll on the cities with motor cars and machine guns, perhaps also to find later on that there is no future in that either. Monte Blue is a chivalrous bandit chief, and he is repaid in kind by Randolph Scott, who finds himself more or less by accident among the gang, and who rides away with the kidnapped girl to rejoin the peaceful citizenry once more when the bandit force has met its doom.—New Tivoli.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

Saturday, May 19, 1934. *A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.* Page One

Woman Speaks Her Mind About Radio

Henry is quite right. What I do not know about radio would fill a book. In fact, it would fill all the books ever written about radio. But what I DO know is what counts to me. My knowledge is small. . . but select.

HENRY has always been the radio expert of our house, and he has always accused me of being prejudiced against radio. Henry likes, as he says himself, "to be in the van of progress," and I am, more or less, content to struggle along in the rear, picking up the pieces and tidying up things a bit!

As a matter of fact, I did have a bit of a prejudice against radio, when Henry first started getting enthusiastic about it. But I had my reasons.

Those were the days when Henry used to sit for hours fiddling with weird bits of things that turned the breakfast-room into an amateur workshop. He was, he assured me, constructing a set of his own.

I know the nasty habits of some electrical things. I used to get nervy lest something or other in those confused wire entanglements should suddenly decide to do a little electrocuting act on its own. Though Henry exasperated me, I didn't want to lose him!

Which to Choose?

THEN there was the wireless pole to be erected in the back yard. What a time we had while that pole was being toted to its moorings, and how annoyed Henry became when I used it for anchorage for one end of the clothes line!

Came the day when Henry got his set—complete with battery which was always needing recharging. Also complete with earphones. Those earphones turned Henry from a loving husband into a fanatical listener-in.

Would he answer the phone or doorbell? Would he listen to my conversation? He would not. He'd merely emit infuriating grunts, silly smiles, or maddening remarks. Static he regarded as public enemy No. 1, but I had my own opinion of a more menacing public enemy.

THEN we got a more sociable wireless. Henry took off his earphones, and we had a hideous machine which shrieked defiance at all the rest of the furniture, and had a strange, swan-necked trumpet as its grotesque accompaniment. It looked like Gabriel's trumpet of doom, and made me most uneasy. It had other odd, twiddly bits, too.

I SAID to Henry: "Will the time ever come when you get a radio that doesn't shed its viscera all over the house?" And Henry said I was being vulgar and ignorant. One thing led to another. I would have told Henry to choose between his radio and me — only I thought he'd choose the radio.

A Pleasant Change

BUT those days are gone . . . glory be, and though I don't know any of the things Henry knows about a radio, I wouldn't be without one now, for worlds. Indeed, to be without a radio does, I hold, literally deprive one of worlds.

When Henry talks about a superhet, I have no idea what he means and, for all I know, a screen grid may be a new discovery about the way the Cro-Magnons cooked. When Henry opens up the machine and discourses on the valves, they look to me just like electric lights gone wrong, and he astounded me the other night by pointing out that the voice of the thing is inside it. I always thought the little dial that lights up when you switch on the plug, told the whole story! Henry's talk about photo-electric cells leaves me cold.

But I know my radio is now a beautiful, self-contained piece of furniture, which harmonises most soothingly with the rest of the furniture, and all I have to do is switch it on and twirl the dial, and heigho! the miracle works—the new world of radio is mine.

Troubles and Triumphs

IT'S true that, occasionally, it gets fractious, and the siren voice of an "Auntie" on station 2XY is interrupted by the blood-curdling details of a murder drama from 2MP, but what is a little tiff between friends? I rather enjoy hearing them fight it out . . . makes the place seem quite homely as long as they don't make a vulgar brawl of it!

It is true, too, that the programmes sometimes overstrain the radio's credulity or something . . . too many murders, I'm sure, get into its system, and it is better, then, to be kind, but firm, with it. There are also the crooners and soon, I fear, the Scat band will arrive.

But these are nothing to radio's triumphs. It has given a new color to life . . . introduced a fourth dimension into the daily routine.

I was listening the other night, for instance, to "The Curse of Pharaoh's Tomb." Now, if I'd been reading that, all the descriptive parts, about the shouting of the crowds and the "local color" generally, would have been left to my imagination.

☆ ☆ ☆

BUT the radio brought me the thin music of the Egyptian reed instrument, the wild Arabic shouting of the crowd of fanatics, the call of the Muezzin to prayer. . . bodying forth the whole situation in a manner which gave depth and color and sound. . . atmosphere. You couldn't get it in a book.

Henry tells me it's not forty years since Marconi began to experiment with this harnessing of the ether for our service. I shall never understand how he did it. I shall never master the mysteries of this smooth, shining wizard his genius has placed in my home. But, how grateful I am for it!

Literature, drama, news, music—radio brings them all to me. It has taken much of the monotony out of my housework, for it companions me as I do many a dull, routine piece of work.

Henry says I know nothing about radio. Well, I hope they don't start sessions for business men. He'd never be able to tear himself away from it long enough to earn the money to pay for our wireless license!

"LISTENING-IN"—a delightful photographic study of a woman absorbed in the world which radio brings to the home. What is "on the air" at the moment, one wonders, to account for the rapt interest of this lovely listener?
—Women's Weekly photo.

CLEVER IDEAS

HINTS FROM READERS

TO TAKE ink stains out of material, try ripe tomatoes. Spread tomatoes on stains, rub in well, then wash in tepid water. Use no soap.—**"Dodo."**

PINK IS a tragic color for vanishing in the wash, isn't it? But did you know that if you add a few drops of ordinary red ink or cochineal to the rinsing water the pink garments you are washing will take on a rosy hue once again? An excellent tip for freshening up the pink of collars and cuffs, blouses and undies. —**E. Hamey, 16 Gordon St., Burwood, N.S.W.**

THE BRISTLES of hair-brushes which have become soft with washing can be made stiff by dipping them into a strong solution of alum.—**Mrs. Clark, 53 Sturt St., South Kensington, N.S.W.**

SILK GLOVES will wear twice as long if washed frequently. Do not wear them more than once without washing out in a little tepid water and lux, and rinsing well.—**Irene Reeves, 103 Victoria St., Potts Point.**

WHEN OPENING a sardine or tongue tin, always insert a screw-driver or a steel in the top of the key provided with the tin. Place the tin on the table in such a position as to allow the key to overlap, then turn the screw-driver with a circular motion.—**"Bessy."**

ALWAYS keep a piece of soap handy when sewing stiff material, and occasionally pass the needle through it. You will find the needle will go through the material much easier after this has been done.—**LMO, North Sydney.**

A TEAR in heavy material may be easily mended invisibly. Cut a square of the same material from the lining or underside, where it will not be noticed, and fray out the edges to a depth of one inch. Apply the patch to the torn part, and tack into position. Work every thread of the frayed edges into the garment with a darning needle, and run through the material with invisible stitches. Do this with every thread, then trim neatly with scissors.—**Mrs. H. Jobe, 53 Delaware St., Reservoir N.19, Vic.**

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FARMER'S

35/-

(Above): Tortoise-shell and chromium. It holds both cigarettes and powder, and a nuggety pencil of French lipstick is at the end of the tassel.

27/6

(Below): Black enamel with marquisite inser. One flap conceals cigarettes—and on the other side a complete flap-jack.

MAIL ORDERS TO P.O. BOX 497AA SYDNEY. CARRIAGE EXTRA.

On One Side Your **COMPACT**

—And on the other a practical **CIGARETTE CASE**

25/-

(At right): Just for the sheer luxury of slipping into a Dressing Gown like this, Winter has its compensations. Of Imported Molleton in saxe, rose, autumn or tropical-fawn. S.W., W., O.S.

from **4/6**

"VICTOR" Shetland Vest; white or pink. S.W., 4/6 W., 4/9; O.S.4/11

from **4/6**

"VICTOR" Vest; soft, Shetland wool; pink. S.W., 4/6 W., 4/9; O.S.4/11

9/11

Pyjamas of British Twill Flannelette, in pink or lemon; S.W., W., O.S.

9/11

NIGHTDRESS of strong British Twill Flannelette; white, lemon, pink. S.W., W., O.S. 9/11 X.O.S 10/11

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Pretty Linen Coats for Cork Mats

. . . Decorated with Our Exclusive Transfer . . . to make Your Table look ever so smart, unusual and attractive!

THE beauty of these covers lies in the fact that they can be slipped on and off for washing. Or, if you do not wish to go to the trouble of making cases, you can embroider linen circular mats, using this transfer, which is absolutely exclusive, and costs 6d. for a set of seven.

THE materials required are some pieces of colored linen, one or two skeins of brightly-colored wool (or silk) and transfers. The idea is to place two pieces of material together, making a case the shape of the mat to be covered, and to buttonhole them decoratively all round.

Before this is done, iron off the transfer on to one side, and embroider.

The case should be cut ½in. larger all round than the mats to be covered.

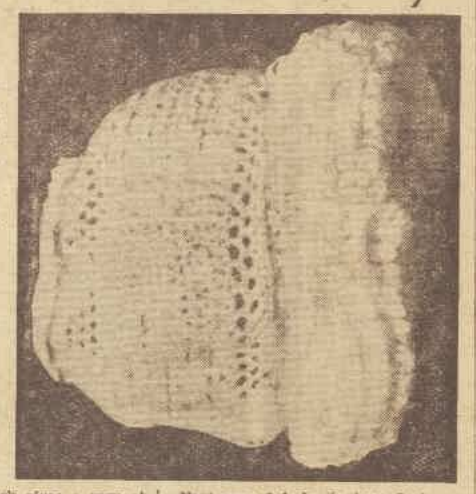
Having embroidered the centre, tack the two pieces firmly together and buttonhole stitch closely all round, using a double thickness of wool, and making each stitch about ½in. long.

Then, at the back, cut a slit right across the centre from side to side, into which the cork mat is to be slipped. Finish off the raw edges with buttonholing again, this time not quite so close, and taking much smaller stitches.

SEND for this exclusive transfer set. Price 6d.

Crochet a Fairy-Like Delicacy

To Frame Baby's Face



. . . You can make this woolly bonnet so easily with these expert directions.

THIS cosy little bonnet is delightfully unusual. The soft trimming round the face so effectively takes the place of swansdown which is not very suitable for tiny babes, as the long hairs are liable to come out. The lovely medallion, too, at the back gives a very attractive finish.

Materials: One skein Paton's 2-ply wool (cream), and a No. 2 steel crochet hook.

Directions: Chain 6, join. Work 18 treble in ring. Join. Work * 1 tr. in 1st tr., 2 tr. in next tr. Repeat from * all round. Repeat last round three times.

Next round: * 1 tr. in 1st tr., 3 ch., miss 1 tr. Repeat from * to end.

Next round: * 1 tr., in 1st space, 3 ch. Repeat from * to end.

Now work star stitch: 1st row, miss 1 ch. * insert hook in next st., draw wool through, repeat from * three times (when there will be 5 loops on hook), wool over and draw through the five loops. 1 ch. ** insert hook into small hole on top of star just made. Draw wool through, insert hook into front thread at the left of star. Draw wool through. Insert hook in chain of last row. Draw through and in next st. the same (there are now five loops on hook). Wool over, draw through all five stitches, 1 ch. Repeat from ** to end, join, 3 ch. turn.

2nd Row: Miss 1 ch., hook into next st., wool over and through. Insert into next ch., draw wool through. Insert hook into stitch before the 2nd star of previous row, draw through. Insert hook into half of star, draw through, wool over, and draw through 5 loops as before. 1 ch * insert hook into hole just made; draw through, finish the star in the same way as the 1st one, and repeat from * all along join.

Repeat 2nd row three times.

Next row: * 1 d.c. in star hole, 3 ch., repeat from * to end of round.

Next row: * 1 d.c. in loop, 3 ch., repeat from * to end of round.

Next row: * 1 d.c. in loop, 2 ch., repeat from * to end of round.

Work 1 round like 1st round of star pattern. Work 2nd round of pattern to within 2 inches of start. Turn, work 3 rows same as 2nd row of star pattern. Work pattern, decreasing in centre front by missing 1 star hole.

Next row: Work pattern, decreasing at 3 holes from centre on each side of centre.

Next row: 4 holes from beginning of row, and then again at 4 holes from the end. Work 1 row of pattern plain.

Next row: * 1 d.c. in hole of star, 3 ch., repeat from * to end.

Next row: * 1 d.c. in loop of 3 ch., 3 ch., repeat from * to end.

Next row: * 1 d.c. in loop, 2 ch., repeat from * to end.

Work 1st row of pattern once.

Work 2nd row of pattern twice.

Work patterns round bonnet, but slip stitch across middle of back. For the beading on next row, work * 1 tr. in hole of star, 3 ch. Repeat from * spacing evenly at centre back. Work 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in each loop of beading.

Flap of Bonnet: * Insert hook in d.c., twist hook to face to the right, wool 3 times over needle and index finger of left hand, once over hook alone. Take hook in right hand and pull all 4 loops through d.c. 1 ch. Repeat from * to end, d.c. all the way back, and repeat these 2 rows 3 times. Repeat 1st row once, and fasten off.

Sew flap in place.

Rose medallion for back of bonnet. The Rose: 6 ch., join, d.c. in ring, * 5 ch, 1 d.c. into ring. Repeat from * making 5 loops.

Under each loop work 1 d.c., 5 tr., 1 d.c. Join at back of rose, between petals. 4 ch. Join at back of petals. Make 5 loops behind the 5 petals in each loop. Work 1 d.c., 7 tr., 1 d.c. Work 5 ch. and join between each petal. 1 d.c., 9 tr., 1 d.c. in each loop. Join and fasten off.

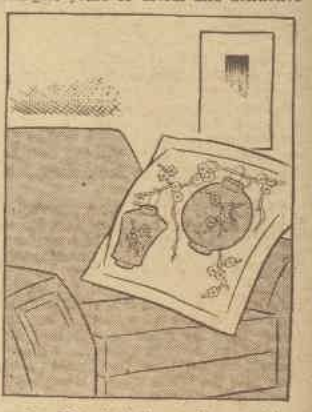
Leaves: Ch. 9, miss 1 ch., work 1 d.c. in each stitch down one side, 3 d.c. in last stitch, 5 d.c. in the first 5 stitches of other side, 3 ch. turn. 1 d.c. in each of the 7 stitches, and 3 d.c. in the centre stitch. Always work into the back stitch so as to form a rib. Work 5 stitches on the other side, 3 ch., turn. Keep on in this way until there are 3 points on each side of the centre point. Make 5 leaves and attach to rose. Sew to back of bonnet.

Gay Colored Chinese Lanterns

In applique fast bright color patches decorate this beautiful hemstitched Crash Cushion

THE color patches come in pretty contrasts, and all that you have to do is to embroider the charming design already traced for working.

These superb crash cushions measure 18 x 21 inches—a generous size, and will give years of useful and attractive service. Note that the applique patches contrast prettily and are fast in color. Price, 2/-, post free.



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A Bed-Time Story

A very interesting and practical story too, just now, since it tells all about Blankets!

WITH the coming of winter, the dominant thought in most minds is how to achieve warmth and comfort, and perhaps the most essential moment for these qualities is at night time, when one's rest so largely depends upon them.

Perhaps more than in any other part of the world one realises in Australia the wonderful benefit wool has been to mankind, and even the most hardened city-dweller has to admit that, to a great extent, the wealth of this country is derived from its output of wool.

About 10 per cent. of the fleeces shorn in Australia are bought by local manufacturers, and, after being subjected to many processes, become those commodities which are so necessary to health and well-being.

Infinite pains are taken to produce the best results. Upon arrival at the factories, the bales are opened, and sorted, and graded according to the quality of the wool, after which all grease and impurities are removed by the wool being passed through scouring bowls, and then dried by hot air to remove all moisture. That intended for

LOVELY aristocrats of the blanket world. Light and fleecy, these pastel-toned and ribbon-bound specimens are as luxurious to the eye as they are in warmth and comfort.

the heavier woollen goods, such as blankets and rugs, is then taken to the blending room, where various qualities of wool are mixed together by a process known as "willeying."

Machines, with huge steel teeth, thoroughly mix the material which then passes on to the carding room. From here the wool emerges in strands ready for spinning.

These strands are next twisted for strength, and then woven on great looms into the actual cloth. The finishing process is most elaborate, and all goods are once more scoured and tremendous care taken in examination for any fault.

So our blankets, soft and fleecy, come to us—in different classes, of course. Those less expensive are also less warm and heavier, while the purer variety have both lightness and warmth.

Remember This

BEFORE setting out to buy blankets the housewife should realise that they are not sold by weight. Heavy blankets are not necessarily good blankets, and heavy coverings are not conducive to refreshing sleep.

In a good blanket only long fibres are used. Along these fibres are innumerable little scales which overlap to form air pockets. Air is a poor conductor, so that the greater number of air holes the blanket contains the greater will be the resistance to cold.

In a good blanket the long fibres are brushed by a mechanical process into a thick nap.

It has been contended that one thick heavy blanket is as warm as two single blankets. This is a fallacy, of course, as the two blankets contain a layer of air between them which helps to keep the sleeper warm.

And another point: Do allow for plenty of tuck-in. Nothing is worse than a blanket which is too small to tuck in properly, and it is not pleasant to wake up on a chilly night to find one's toes completely exposed.

Some of the aristocracy of the blanket world which caught (and held) my eye when wandering through Farmer's the other day are dyed in pastel shades to match one's bedroom, and are finished with a binding of soft, satin ribbon. And, by the way, even the poor relation can be dyed when it becomes yellow from much washing.

A CHARMING SETTING for a charming girl—Irene Bentley, of Fox. Note the wide windows and the lovely arrangement of ivory taffeta curtains, bordered by silken velour, the comfy lounge, tall chrysanthemums in a pottery jug, the flat bowl of flowers on the hand-carved table. . . a room brimful of ideas.

To Clean Basket Chairs

SCRUBBING with a strong solution of salt and water will act as an excellent cleaner. First of all remove as much dust as possible from the chairs, then wash with the salt solution and dry, without rinsing, out of doors in a shady place. Very discolored basket chairs take on a new lease of life when painted in gay colors, but they need a great deal of paint to cover them.

A QUICKER CHEAPER and more ECONOMICAL way of cooking

NOW... EVERY WOMAN CAN OWN AN ELECTRIC RANGE

YOU live in an electrical age. You use electric light, an electric iron, an electric vacuum cleaner — NOW YOU WANT AN ELECTRIC RANGE!

You can buy an Electric Range on the easiest of terms. The details are given in this announcement. Read them carefully and see how electric cooking is now within reach of EVERY home on the City Council's supply.

You'll SAVE MONEY by cooking electrically. It costs less than a penny per person per day! You'll SAVE TIME — because the modern rapid-heating element has made electric cooking **fast**. Electric cooking means that **every** woman can cook perfectly! Electric cooking (which is practically automatic) needs very little supervision — yet food never gets spoiled! All the heat stays IN the range — none of it is wasted — none of it is radiated — so your kitchen stays cool. No more opening and shutting of oven doors to watch your cooking; electric heat never varies. No more fumes, smoke or fuss! Flameless, silent, easy, economical and **perfect** cooking — **at the simple turn of a switch!** Buy your Range **now!**

The ELECTRICITY DEPARTMENT offers you

1. Any Approved Electric Range on 15% deposit.
2. Three years in which to pay the balance.
3. Free installation (up to a cost of £6/-/—the average cost).
4. A Two Years' Guarantee.
5. REDUCED RATES for ALL Electricity used in your home.

How to get your Electric Range on Easy Terms: Call at the Town Hall Showrooms of the Electricity Department (or on your nearest Electrical Dealer) and obtain the simple details. The particulars will be mailed to you if you send in this Coupon to The Electricity Department, Town Hall, Sydney.

Cook by ELECTRICITY

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Make Your Own Covers!

Loose Covers are not only meant to cover old and shabby furniture . . . they also make very delightful protectors for new furniture

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

TUCKED cosily in a huge chair before a fire on a cold night is just glorious, according to pretty Heather Angel, of Fox. But, on the other hand, as mothers know, tiny feet, ever restless, soon spoil rich upholstery.

IT is often thought that loose covers should synchronise with spring — introduce freshness and charm after winter, but I think differently. Why not give color and pleasure to a living-room during winter months—since comfy chairs are used more. Cover up the old with garden brightness, or use them to protect the rich upholstery on your new chairs.

WITH the variety of lovely materials that may be bought quite cheaply nowadays the amateur can, with care, turn out loose covers as good as any that are really made by an expert.

The varied array of fabrics to be found in the shops is quite bewildering to many, but the points to remember when selecting one suitable for loose covers are these:

A 30 or 36 inch width fabric when figured cuts to better advantage than the wider 50-inch goods.

A closely-woven material will give more protection from the dust than the loosely-woven one. Glazed chintz is best of all for this purpose.

Cretonnes with big bold motifs are wonderful, but, of course, they are best suited to large rooms, and care must be taken in cutting so that a motif will come in the centre of both seat and back.

You must always make sure, too, that the floral pattern is up the right way, although you will find that an all-over design is easier to manage.

First of All, Measure

MEASURE the chair or chairs to be covered very accurately before buying material. Begin from floor up to the top of the back, down to the seat; allow generous tuck-in (about 6 inches generally) and continue across seat and down to floor in front. Then measure from floor at side up over arm and down to seat, and again allow for tuck-in.

If finishing cover of lower edge with a ruffle, allow at least three-quarters of a yard, and still more for box pleating.

You will find that the average easy chair consumes at least 6 yards of 30 or 36 inch material.

Since chairs vary so much, be very careful to measure accurately. And remember it is far better to err on the generous side than to fall short of material.

The Cutting

SOME amateurs who have turned out covers with quite a professional air make a pattern first in newspaper by placing a sheet over the outer and inner back, arms, and seat, and tucking it well into the corners and sides.

Others new to the task may follow this procedure and then place the pattern on a piece of any old material—allow for turnings, cut it out, pin up on the chair, following the diagrams (shown on this page) and these instructions. When you have fitted the pattern place it on the length of new material and cut the loose cover.

The Covering

NOW place the centre crease of the material on the wrong side to the centre back of the outside of the chair, selvedge way down, and pin well, making the bottom of the material (the cut edge) come just below the bottom of the chair (see diagram "A"). Laying the rest of the material over the top of the chairs so that it rests on the seat, mark with pins round the shape of the top of the chair, folding and clipping the material round the arms to make it give well.

Now press the material down between the back and the seat, as in diagram "B," and then take up the material right over the seat, pinning up a tuck at the edge before taking the material down to the bottom of the chair.

Next cut pieces of material for arms and lay-over (see diagram "C"), pinning it to the material on the chair. Smooth it well over, folding and clipping the material to make it fit.

Cut pieces for the sides of the chair and pin to the under-arm and back side-seam. Lastly, cut two strips of material to fit the front of the arms. Pin these to the cover, following round the shape of the chair itself.

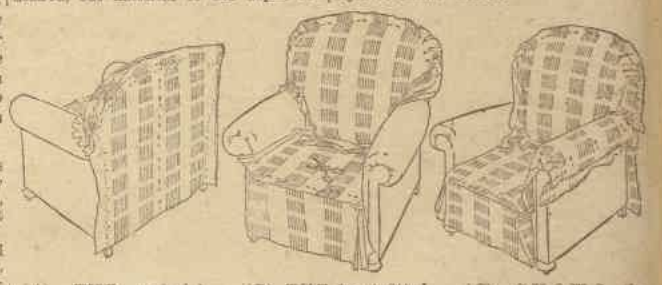
You now should have the whole cover fitted up very closely on the wrong side on the chair, with good turning allowed all round every seam. See that it is even in length all round the bottom.

If a gathered frill or box pleats are desired, cut material to the depth required and allow half as much again for frilling and more for box pleats.

* * *

SLIP the cover from the chair and stitch and pipe the seams round the front of the arms, across the front edge of the seat, and across the top edge of the back. To do this, cut pieces of the material on the cross, 1½ inches wide, and join in one long strip. Fold this over the piping cord and stitch firmly along. This forms the piped casing. Place this between the two right sides of the seams to be piped, and stitch. If you are adding a frill or pleats, stitch a piped casing between this and bottom of cover. Now overcast all seams and strengthen the corners.

If there is a chair cushion, cover this with the same material to match the style of chair.—E.E.G.



(A) THE material should be pinned and fitted to the outer back of the chair first. *(B) THE front fitted with tucks and notches round the arms.* *(C) SHOWS the material being fitted to the arms of the chair.*

Certainly—
Little Women can be smartly "Suited" at
MARK FOY'S

Attractive Style for the Misses, in new Season's Fancy Diagonals, well-cut and smartly tailored, novelty buttons of self material making an attractive finish to coat and sleeves. FOY'S VALUE 49/6
49/6

Smart two-piece Suit in novelty fleck wool material. Coat has a distinctive finish of stitched revers, and inverted box-pleat at back, chain belt, and tucked buttons add to its smartness. FOY'S VALUE 69/6
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Mark Foy's Ltd., Liverpool St., Sydney

A Flawless Skin comes from within

THE basis of all beauty is a well-regulated system—free from constipation, no accumulation of uric acid, an intestinal tract kept clean of poisons which affect the whole functioning of the body.

That is what a small dose of CARLISTA every day will do for you. You will feel the benefit from the very day you start this health-giving habit.

Who would not purchase abounding health at so low a price? There are 64 average doses in every jar of CARLISTA.

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2/3 LARGE JAR
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Write for Free Sample

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Dainty silks and filmy laces require careful handling. Scrubb's Ammonia will clean them *safely*, leaving them soft and bright. For woollens, too, it is most effective. It removes grease spots from clothes, lightens labour in the laundry, is most exhilarating added to your bath, and is safe to use for many toilet purposes in the nursery. Directions on every bottle. All good chemists and grocers stock it. *Avoid injurious imitations.* Insist on—

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

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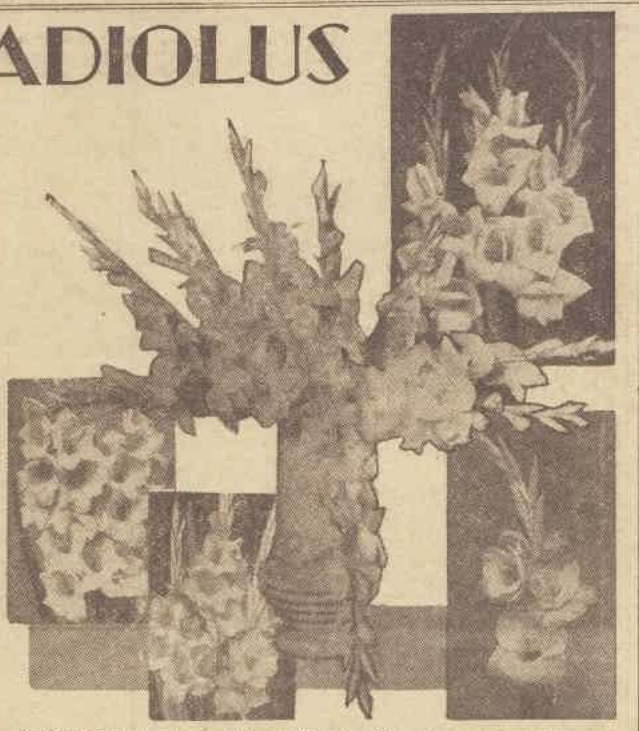
The GLADIOLUS Festival

Give these flowers of gladness a bed to themselves, and remember they are sun-lovers. . . . Says the Old Gardener.

Few flowers have made such rapid strides as the gladioli. They are invaluable in the garden at all times in beds and borders, and even more charming for interior decorations. The efforts of raisers have placed at the disposal of all gardeners a wealth of fine varieties—a survey of which is given by the Old Gardener in this exceptionally interesting article.



GLORIOUS specimens of the gladiolus family—some of them delicately tinted, some deep in color and richly shaded. In warm districts you can start planting now, and produce a festival of flowers when springtime comes round—if you follow the expert advice given on this page.

GOOD weather for the garden, this! What a lot of jobs we can do!

This week we will have a talk on growing gladioli. People to-day are taking more interest in their gardens, finding a real pleasure in its upkeep, but many of them have only a hazy idea on essential matters appertaining to the culture of the gladiolus.

Gladioli are sun-lovers, and must not be planted in the shade of trees, high buildings, or tall-growing plants. Give them a bed to themselves, well out in the middle of the lawn, or in some good sunny spot.

Have the Soil Right

THE soil should be rich and deep for preference. A piece of ground or bed that has been heavily manured for the previous crop is best. On no account use fresh manure. A sprinkling of superphosphate—1 oz. to the square yard—is advisable before planting. Fork lightly in. The soil, and especially the sub-soil should be moist at planting time, but remember the bed must be well drained. No land will grow good gladioli if it becomes sour. It is a good plan to give the bed a thorough watering the day previous to planting rather than to water after planting.

How to Plant

THE bulbs should be planted from three to four inches deep, according to the condition of the soil.

Deeper planting is necessary in light or sandy soil than in heavy or damp soil—that is, for large bulbs. Smaller ones, of course, do not plant so deep. Mass planting is very effective, keeping the colors separate.

Planting times vary according to climate conditions. Your friends living in the warmer climates can commence planting now. In the colder climates the planting is usually done in the middle of December up to the middle of January.

If you wish to grow gladioli for cut flowers the most convenient way, and the one of which I can speak from experience, is to plant a double row, say, six inches apart, on either side of a bed about 4ft. wide, allowing a space about 2ft. wide down the centre of the bed.

Do Not Over-Water

WHEN planting, see that they are planted firm, but keep the surface a few inches loose. Do not overwater. One thorough soaking a couple of days after planting should be sufficient until they have attained the height of six inches or one foot, unless, of course, the season is exceptionally dry. I have noticed people trying to grow gladioli by sprinkling them each day. This is a sorry mistake. A thorough soaking occasionally is much more beneficial than a continual sprinkle. Constant cultivation of the surface a few inches to break up the capillary action and imprison the moisture should be your object.

When the flowering spikes begin to form, then is the time for plenty of water.

A good mulching with well-decayed manure or leaf-mould will help to keep the moisture stored up in the soil, and also act as plant food.

When the spike begins to form and just before breaking out into flower, continual applications of liquid-manure will give longer flowering spikes, increase the size of the blooms, and also give a much richer color.

After flowering, and as the foliage commences to die or wither, the bulbs may be lifted and stored in a dry place until next planting season. Cut off the foliage a few inches above the bulb. On no account try to pull the old foliage from the bulb, otherwise the bulb will be ruined and useless.

Try These

WELL now, I must tell you the names of some of the good gladioli to grow:

Scarlini (red), Eleanor (cream), Black Pansy (brown), Olivar (lavender), Canberra (yellow), Longfellow (pink), Standard Gold (yellow), Comrade (salmon), Charlemagne (deep rose), Mother-of-Pearl (cream), Prince of Wales (salmon and cream), D. and E. Bennet (red), Lady Salmon (salmon), Tangerine (orange scarlet), Pasha (brilliant orange), Queen Mary (white tinted mauve and pink), Our Selection (orange scarlet), Emile Aubron (coppery bronze).

A selection from these will give you a splendid display of blooms and color.

Don't Forget—

The National Council of Women is giving the first of a series of luncheons at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on Tuesday, May 22.

Lady Game, who is State patron of the council, is to be the guest of honor on this occasion. Members of affiliated societies are invited to attend, and tickets may be had at the N.C.W. office, or (if previously arranged for), at the door.

☆ ☆ ☆

St. Anthony's, Clovelly, are holding a ball at Mark Foy's, on May 29.

☆ ☆ ☆

A celebration of the 42nd anniversary of the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Helensburgh, will take place on May 26 and 27.

Miss Mary Hickey, of Croydon, is joint publicity officer for the Model Business College Dance Committee, and one of the enthusiastic members who are organising a dance to be held at the Pompadour Ballroom on June 22, for the Rachel Forster Hospital.

Miss Hickey is helping to organise a bridge party to help defray the expenses of the dance.

☆ ☆ ☆

At Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, on May 19, the Cronulla Surf Life-Saving Club will hold their annual ball. Miss T. Brown is hon. secretary.

☆ ☆ ☆

To raise funds for the Chartres Ltd. Cot, at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, a ball will be held at Farmer's Oak Hall on June 7.

☆ ☆ ☆

An exhibition of work by women artists from all the States is being arranged. The exhibition will take place about the middle of July, in the Education Department Gallery, Sydney, and will be managed by Mr. John Young.

☆ ☆ ☆

New attractions will be a feature of this year's International Ball, to be held at David Jones' on June 6. In place of a pageant there will be this year a tableau followed by a march of the nations, and a figure portraying each country will appear within a large gold frame.

☆ ☆ ☆

To supplement the funds of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children, the Rotary Club of Sydney will hold a ball at David Jones on June 21.

☆ ☆ ☆

Miss Mary Hodgson is a member of the committee organising "The Alice in Wonderland Ball," to be held at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, on May 22, in aid of the Far West Children's Health Scheme.

☆ ☆ ☆

The booking plan is now open for the "Home Ball," which will be held this year at David Jones' on May 29.

☆ ☆ ☆

The nurses' Auxiliary of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, will hold their annual reunion at the hospital on May 19, at 8 p.m. The hon. secretary, Mrs. D. Pease, makes an appeal for new members, and all ex-trainees of "Crown Street" will be welcomed.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Bexley centre for St. Luke's Hospital will hold their annual ball at the Palais Grande, Rockdale, on June 12. Mrs. V. J. Doyle is president, and Mrs. P. J. Leaves hon. sec.

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Can you digest this?

Probably only professors can really understand this formula, so don't worry about it. Here's a much simpler and, for every day purposes, a much more useful one. Whenever you are confronted with rich foods like bacon, sausages, pork, cheese, etc., always take them with Mustard. Mustard takes away their richness, makes them easier to digest and enormously enhances their flavour. Thus we get the equation:

$$\frac{\text{Eggs}}{\text{Bacon}} + \text{Mustard} = \text{finer flavour} + \text{better digestion}$$

it's nicer with Mustard
– Keen's Mustard

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The new product

Kotex, with the New Patented* Equalizer, brings greater comfort. There is 20 to 30% greater protection in its downy cellulose filler—now. Protection is more adequate but less bulky. It has Phantomized ends, concealing completely all presence of protection. Mere rounded ends are not enough, they must be flattened and tapered.

An intimate explanation of the new Equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

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You wonder: will this give the same softness, the same absorbency as the Kotex I already trust and like so well? Yes! And the same disposability. It can be worn on either side with equal protection.

As soon as possible, stop at any Draper's or Chemist's Shop. Buy Kotex with Patented Equalizer. You've never spent so little money for such tremendous returns in comfort, in protection to health.

How shall I tell my daughter? *Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Miss Lilian Cheek, c/o G.P.O. Box 2589EE, Sydney, N.S.W.*

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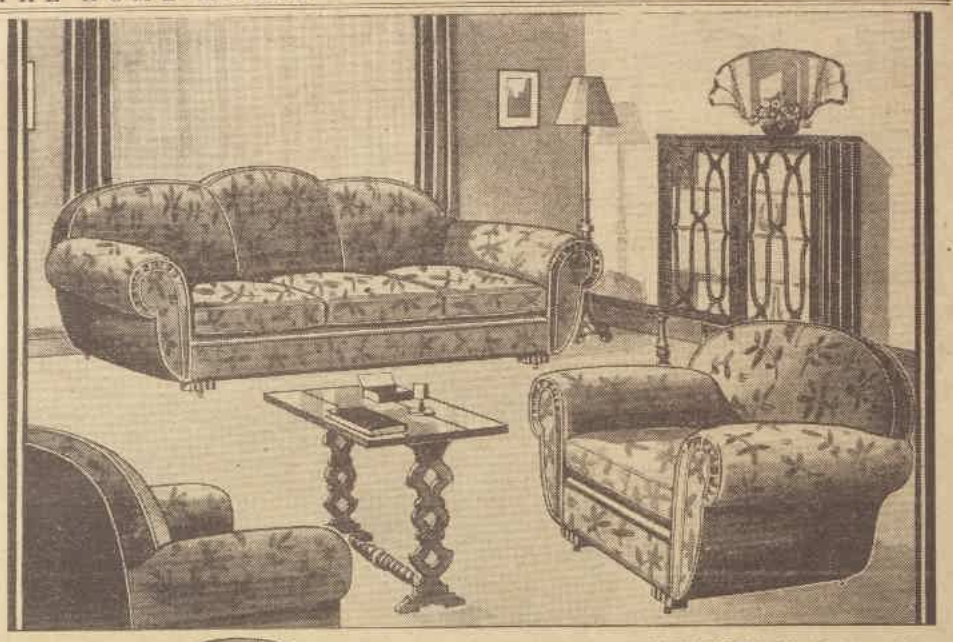

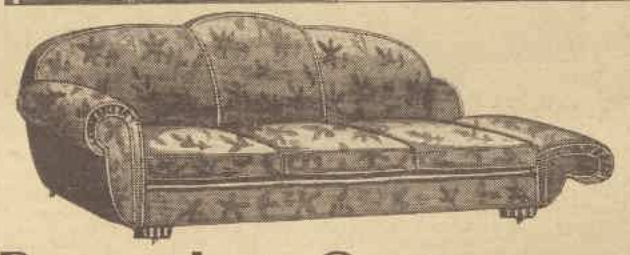

PRESENT-DAY designers have devoted the utmost thought and ingenuity in space-saving furniture to meet modern conditions. Here is shown the Grace Bros. Ambidexter Suite, upholstered in rich tapestry, which, with its ingenious adjustable-arm lounge, may become a comfortable bed or couch at a moment's notice.

Rugs that Capture Tradition & Beauty

Chinese rugs are unrivalled for their strength, beauty and novelty... Novel since they recapture the unique and traditional symbols of a past age in their perfect weave.

HUNDREDS of years ago, the art of carpet weaving was carried from Central Asia to Chinese Turkestan, and from there by way of Tibet was introduced into Kansu. These regions, peopled mostly by nomad tribes, used carpets in their tent-like dwellings in a twofold capacity—protection against the elements and as a decoration.

VARIOUS materials were used for the weaving of carpets according to the purpose for which the carpet was intended—sheep's wool, goat, camel, or yak hair. As the weavers' skill in their work increased, more costly materials came to be used in the making, and so silk thread was introduced.

During the last dynasty (1662-1722), the Emperor Kang-Hsi, desiring to further every branch of industry in the land invited painters to Peking, whose art he employed to enrich the designs for the porcelain and carpet-weaving industries.

Actually the designs of Chinese carpets are older than carpet-making itself in China, for they are taken from those used in silk weaving, whose origin is the same as that of the paintings found on old Chinese pottery. Silk designs can be traced back until lost in antiquity. Over 50 of the designs used during the period of the Sung Dynasty (A.D. 960-1279), are to be found embodied in modern Chinese carpets. Also many of the combinations of written characters signifying happiness, and groups of symbols signifying good luck, have been handed down through the years—and through the medium of the carpet-weaver's art, have found their way into many western homes.

Thanks to the tenacity with which the Chinese cling to all that is ancient, we still find these old designs on the weaving looms, lending to the Chinese carpet or rug a very special charm, not only on account of its antiquity of design, but also on account of its unique characteristics retained through centuries, thus making of each carpet a surviving evidence of an historical past.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Chinese carpets have not the variety of color of the Persian, they, nevertheless, possess on the whole great splendour of colors. The predominating ground color is yellow, blue, white, or black.

Here, on this page, are pictured three very interesting examples.

The circular rug features the Imperial dragon—symbolical of superiority and the warding off of evil. This specific design is similar to that used on Imperial gowns, also on the national flag. It is golden, on a black ground, with string-colored fringe.

The galleon design on the very attractive rug shown symbolises progress—going out into the world—a widening of interests. The colors include vivid reds and yellows, with black, white, and rich blues predominating.

The very beautiful rug reproduced at the foot of the page contains a wealth of interest. It portrays a god with his courtiers. The monkey, called Sun Shin Chai, was a disciple of one Tong Shen, who went to Tibet and preached to a tribe of monkeys. Sun Shin Chai followed his teachings, and came back with the disciple—so tradition has it. Behind the colorful figures on the ground can be seen flower-symbols of happiness.

These are just three among many wonderful examples recently imported from China by Grace Bros.

TWO COLORFUL examples in Chinese rugs now on display at Grace Bros.

THOSE WHO DELIGHT in symbolical art will be more than interested in these perfect examples of Chinese craftsmanship from Grace Bros. In the story above you will glean illuminating information about Chinese rugs and carpets in general, and in particular the one shown above, as well as the two others reproduced on this page.

—Photos by courtesy of Grace Bros.

Good food deserves good sauce —

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference!"

Cooler days will bring keener appetites, and this piquant Sauce will make your meals doubly enjoyable. Pick-Me-Up Sauce is a Genuine Worcester Sauce made in Australia. A delightful addition to hot or cold meats, fish and fowl, soups and stews, salads and savouries, with cheese, sandwiches, etc. Order a bottle from your grocer.

If you prefer a sweet fruit Sauce — try

LANCASHIRE RELISH

A delicious P.M.U. product.

HEADACHES

GIBB & BEEMAN'S 1934 DESIGN

Many persons who suffer constant headaches never think of ascribing the trouble to the right cause and take all kinds of drugs, without more than temporary relief, when all they require are properly adapted glasses.

We have had great success in relieving many such cases.

If you suffer from headaches, or pain in the eyes, you may save yourself further suffering by consulting us. You can rely on our most conscientious service, and moderate charges.

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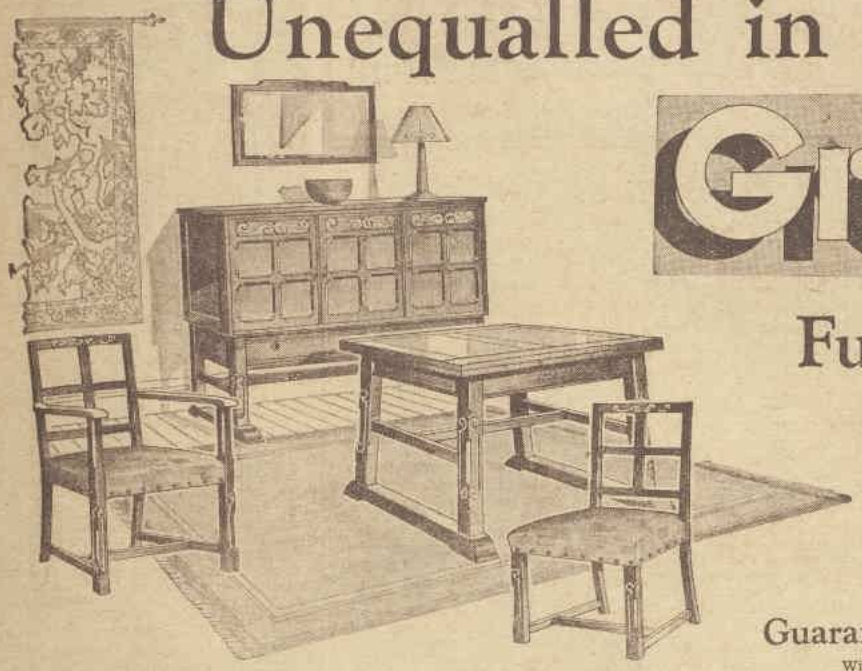

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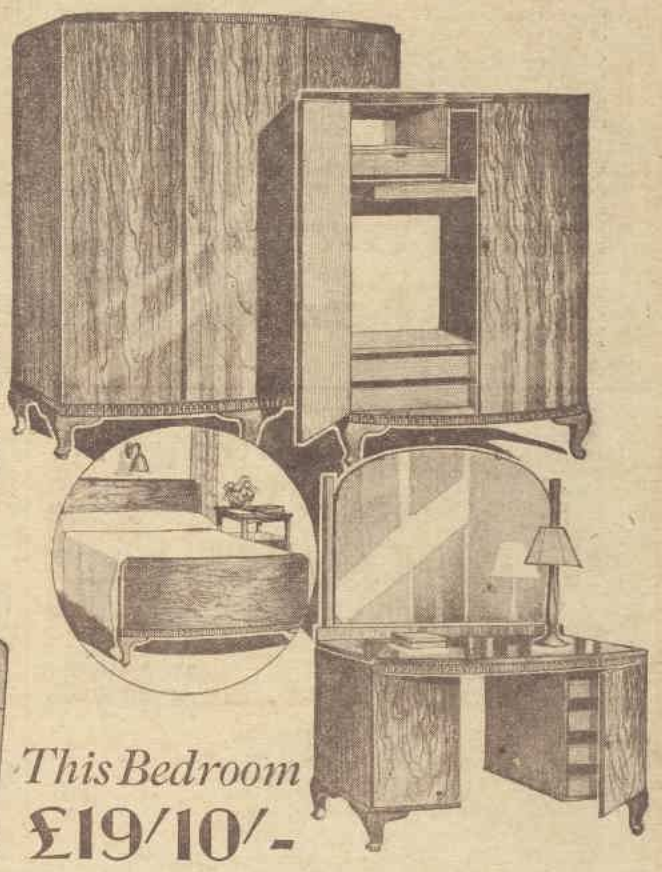

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With every article of furniture sold by Grace Bros., there is a comprehensive guarantee covering workmanship and materials. Your satisfaction is ensured, because any fault is repaired or replaced.

SIMPLE, STURDY BUFFET SUITE

£31/17/6

The "LEICESTER" DINING-ROOM SETTING is a very fine reproduction of an Old English Buffet Suite, constructed of figured Oak, finished with a fascinating old-world effect. There are six Chairs (including two Carvers), a fine drawleaf Table, which extends to 5ft. x 3ft., and an excellent buffet complete with Cutlery drawer. Call in to inspect. You will be charmed with the difference from ordinary settings.

Four Pieces

£17/10/-

No other value can compare with this "Challenge" Suite. It is substantial, comfortable, and attractive, with delightful two-tone effects. English velvet and tapestry are used to upholster the 6ft. settee (three cushions), the two fine chairs, and the walnut veneered footstool. Color range includes Maple, Grenadier, Bottle, Jade, Rust, Flame, Almond, Tan, French Blue, Mahogany, Electric, Putty, Pheasant, Taupe, Beaver and Black.

This Bedroom

£19/10/-

New Guaranteed!

THE "CURVED" SUITE, in full polished Queensland Walnut, is bow fronted. It consists of WARDROBE 4ft. 6in. wide, with three doors (two-third full hanging space, one-third has three sliding trays, three hat compartments, and shoe recess at bottom), on cabriole legs, with centre support as shown; DRESSING TABLE 3ft. 7in. wide has extra large mirror (3ft. wide by 2ft. 7in. high), curved top and side cupboards, fitted as pictured; LOUGHBOY is full man's size and quite new in the interior arrangement, 5ft. high by 3ft. 2in. wide, with half hanging space for suits, and pull-out two full-width sliding trays at bottom, hat cupboard, collar drawer, and trouser rack.

THE "CURVED" DOUBLE BEDSTEAD (inset) matches in every particular **£3/19/6**

SPECIAL!

Tallboy £6/19/6

It is full polished Queensland Walnut, on Cabriole legs, is 5ft. 10in. tall, 4ft. wide, 20in. deep, with two figured doors. One side of interior is long hanging space, the other is fitted with four sliding trays, two hat compartments, and shoe recess. The usual price is £12/19/6, but a special purchase permits us to sell the "Ideal" Tallboy at £6/19/6.

Removable Plate Glass Top

This new Tea Wagon gives you something extra at the same price. The figured Craftwood trays are well polished in Walnut finish. Special Price:

37/6

Hand Carved Period Suite £22/10/-

Magnificent in appearance, sturdy and comfortable, this carved back period suite is full value at the old price of £25. Now you can have it for less than that. Arms and back are cane. Loose cushions are provided for back and seat. The deep seat platform is fully sprung. Beautifully covered in period Tapestry with plain velvet two-toning. And Grace guaranteed!

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Why Doctors insist on a

LIQUID LAXATIVE

for children

If you have ever been a patient in any hospital you will know that laxatives are usually given in liquid form.

Doctors prefer a liquid laxative because the dose can be measured exactly to the patient's needs and its action is therefore under control.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learnt that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

Laxatives containing synthetic chemicals and mineral drugs should never be given to children. Give them a safe laxative, a gentle liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" is recommended.

"California Syrup of Figs" does not cause bowel strain to the most delicate system, and this is of the utmost importance to expectant mothers and to every child.

All mothers are urged to try gentle regulation of the bowels with "California Syrup of Figs". It is a delicious-tasting laxative of sure and easy action. No synthetic chemicals; just a natural vegetable laxative. All children love the wholesome fruity flavour.

IMPORTANT. *"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."*

2UW HIGHLIGHTS for READERS

Women's Weekly Sessions, 9.45 to 10 and 2 to 3 daily.

Conducted by Linda P. Littlejohn

Should Women Sit on Juries?

In several of the States of America and in England, women are eligible for jury service—but, so far, not in Australia. From time to time, deputations have asked that women also be permitted to share in this work of national service. It seems a normal and a reasonable request, and, in some cases, a most necessary adjustment.

IT has frequently happened, in assault cases, that young and innocent girls are forced to appear in a witness box, before a judge, jury, and very often an audience composed entirely of males. The latter eventuality occurs when the judge, referring to the unsavory nature of the case, asks the women to leave the court, which, of course, they should refuse to do, since they cannot be forced to do so.

How much easier and more sympathetic would the atmosphere be for the unfortunate girl if she saw a few women—kindred spirits—on the jury? Would it not give her confidence to see that there were at least some who would understand her predicament and her sensitiveness?

The argument against women jurors is that they must be protected from the revolting evidence which they might hear in a court room. But women have never been able to get away from the facts of life, and have never been as ignorant of them and of what they involve as some people would have us suppose. Court evidence is no more contaminating than life.

From 2UW, on Friday, at 11.15 a.m., Mrs. Littlejohn will describe the qualifications for jury service, and the experience of woman as jurors in other countries.

Travel Talks

THE Scandinavian countries are among the most progressive in the world. They were fortunate in that they were able to remain neutral during the war, and so escape the heavy burden of after-war depression. Stockholm is a very fine city, being gradually rebuilt with dignified and modern buildings, outstanding among which is the famous Town Hall, with its wonderful Golden Hall. The walls of this huge reception room are entirely covered with mosaics, mostly gold inlaid with figures of men and women famous in Swedish history. A beautiful table of Australian jacaranda stands in this room. Stockholm Town Council comprises 100 members, several of whom are women.

Mrs. Littlejohn spent some weeks in Stockholm, attending a Swedish Conference, and promises an interesting story to her listeners at 2UW, at 4 p.m., on Wednesday.

On Friday, at 2.10, Mrs. Patricia Linden, who has become a firm favorite with her "Peeping Into Palaces" series, will be heard again through the 2UW microphone, and on Monday, at 2.40 p.m., Mr. Speight continues his delightful series.

The Siegfried Idyll

IN the spring of 1869, on the shores of Lake Lucerne, a son was born to Richard Wagner, the famous composer, and named after Wagner's great symbolical hero, Siegfried. Shortly after this event Siegfried's mother was greeted on her birthday morning with a specially written and very beautiful piece of music—the "Siegfried Idyll."

At 10.15, on Sunday, Bruno Walther and the British Symphony Orchestra will be heard in "The Siegfried Idyll," by Richard Wagner.

At 3 p.m., Arthur Schnabel and the London Symphony Orchestra will play "Concerto No. 4 in G Major," by Beethoven, and at 6 p.m. the same orchestra will perform "Death and Transfiguration," by Richard Strauss.

Whose Money?

"WITH all my worldly goods I thee endow." Thus the man at the marriage ceremony, but, of course, he does not expect to be taken literally, for that would mean that a wife would be entitled to spend all her husband's money at will.

How far is a wife justified in purchasing what she considers necessities? To enlighten listeners on this knotty point will be the task of the well-known barrister who speaks on "Legal Pitfalls for Women" every Wednesday, at 2.10, from 2UW.

Poets of the Orient

SINCE Dorothea Vautier was first heard over the 2UW microphone in the special The Australian Women's Weekly sessions from 2 to 3 every afternoon, readers and listeners have enjoyed many excellent talks; talks that are at once entertaining and instructive.

Perhaps the quality that has contributed most, however, to the outstanding success of her sessions, is that of her softly modulated voice. The quality of an announcer's voice leads one to believe that announcers belong to the category of things "born and not made," for a microphone is disconcerting in the revelations it makes in one's speech. Dorothea Vautier would certainly be placed on the microphone's honor roll and, on Friday next, she will read extracts from "Poets of the Orient."

Man of Many Parts

FOR a very long time now, 2UW listeners have known Clifford Arnold. As pianist, accompanist, and announcer he is a radio personality. As a composer, his fame has not, as yet, been bruited abroad to the same extent. Tune-in to 2UW on Monday night at 8 o'clock, when Amy Ostinga and Vernon Sellars will, in a "Miniature Musicale," give just a sample of his work. Rumor hath it that he is, at present, composing a musical comedy, and the lilting, tuneful melodies on Monday night's programme will be served as an hors d'oeuvre to the more sumptuous fare that is promised for the future

BERYL BRYANT

"Safety is Best"

IN a quiet lane near Forbes St., in a crypt beneath a church is Bryant's Playhouse. Here most Saturday evenings those who really enjoy the legitimate theatre, those who wish to hear new plays that perhaps might not be a financial success for production purposes, but which should be produced for their theme, or their truth, or their beauty, may enjoy an evening's educational treat. Beryl Bryant is the moving spirit of this theatre.

Beryl Bryant will bring some of her clever pupils to the microphone at 2UW on Tuesday, the 22nd, at 2.40, when they will present a clever radio sketch entitled, "Safety is Best."

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED

Ugly hairs from face and chest guaranteed permanently and painlessly cured by Sister Louise, who is one of the very few genuine Electrolysis experts in Sydney. She has had years of experience in this work and has the latest equipment to aid her . . . also specialising in the Removal of Moles, Chiropody, Manicuring, Eyebrow Arching, Medical Massage, and the new Andrea Beauty Mask.

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1 BILE BEAN *—each night*

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SERVICE!

A special women's news service, latest fashions from Paris, Vienna, London and New York, interesting talks by prominent people, and a variety of fascinating competitions are among the numerous exclusive features that only The Australian Women's Weekly and 2UW can provide. Listen between 2 and 3 p.m. every day.

TO GET THE LATEST ANGLE ON EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS

Tune-in to

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ANOTHER FEATURE—BABIES' WOOLLIES!

This year's Lux Book is made still more valuable by the new feature—a section of dainty, cosy outfits in knitting and crochet for baby and the toddlers, specially designed for comfy fitting.

Clearly printed in large type, the instructions have been thoroughly checked by experts and are definitely errors-proof.

THE LATEST DESIGNS ARE ALL HERE . . .

KNITTED JUMPER IN FANCY RIB . . . LACY JUMPER WITH NEW SLEEVE . . . KNITTED COATEE IN OPEN PATTERN . . . CROCHET CAPE AND BERET . . . DAISY JUMPER IN CROCHET . . . KNITTED JUMPER IN ANGORA . . . ANGORA-TRIMMED DRESSING JACKET . . . EMBROIDERED WORK-BAG IN CROSS-STITCH . . . MAN'S SLEEVELESS PULLOVER . . . BABY'S OUTFIT IN CROCHET . . . BABY'S OUTFIT IN KNITTING . . . TODDLER'S KNITTED SUN SUIT . . . LITTLE BOY'S JERSEY WITH ELEPHANTS . . . CROCHET MAT IN TWO COLOURS . . . HANDKERCHIEF EDGINGS IN CROCHET . . .

The safe way to wash woollies is the LUX way

No matter how fragile the work in your hands, how delicate or vivid the colours, they will remain like new through months of wear if you wash them frequently in Lux. Creamy, feather-light bubbles of rich Lux suds remove all traces of dirt so gently, without rubbing or twisting, that every fibre dries as fluffy and elastic as before.

HOW TO GET YOUR LUX BOOK

To obtain your copy, all you need are the Washing Instruction Panels from two **LARGE** packets of Lux. Take these to: Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Or post the panels, with your name and address written in block letters, and 1d. stamp to cover the cost of postage on the Lux Book, to: Lux Department, Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4100WW, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

SEND WASHING INSTRUCTION PANELS *from* 2 LARGE PACKETS LUX

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER . . . IT'S SAFE IN LUX!!

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By Jane Anne Seymour

THERE'S the stimulus of strong excitement at Randwick on the big days, when new fashions are parading their form and you have to chisel your way to your pet bookmaker, but for a really happy outing, give me Randwick at a smaller meeting, when the tumult and the shouting have died down a bit, and friendship and gossip prevail over finery and gaping.

☆ ☆ ☆

THERE must be lots of others who agree with me, for everyone at Saturday's Tattersall's meeting was in the happiest of moods; who, indeed, could be so churlish as not to respond to the good cheer of such a golden day? So benign was the weather that few toted their fur wraps, though one pessimist wrapped herself in a large cape of smoked fox—a lovely and luxurious affair, but a little distrustful of the good cheer of the sunshine.

☆ ☆ ☆

BROWN was the most popular color, and the most perfectly-matched brown outfit was that of Mrs. Leon Lyons which, from her hat to her dainty shoes, was of the jolly friar tint.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. R. N. ASH, who was Dorothy Luscombe, was with Mrs. Guy Belisario. It is over a decade since last she was at Randwick.

"Sydney has stretched," she declared. The pair were very smart. Mrs. Ash's ivory bag gleamed against her gown of turquoise, and Mrs. Belisario was frocked in tabac camel cloth. When Mrs. Oliver Osborne joined them, she added another shade of blue to the group. Her pretty frock was finished with a collar of silver astrachan, which harmonised well with the famous hair and fair beauty of its wearer.

Mrs. Ash, by the way, is staying at the Australia at present, but is going on to her sister, Mrs. R. Samson, at Quirindi, before she returns to London.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. ELLIS FIELDING JONES, also in blue, was told for the thousandth time or thereabouts, by congratulating friends, that "she was born under a lucky star."

This time, the reference was to her having so soon recovered all the property which a burglar took unto himself for a brief while last week.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE gloves of the meeting were sported by Bettina Dowling Smith, who acquired them recently in Naples. Gauntleted, they were adorned with tiny polka dots matching the wearer's blue gown. Bettina is shortly returning to her Tamworth home.

☆ ☆ ☆

ANOTHER interesting racegoer was Mrs. H. W. Urquhart who, with her young son, Derek, is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bligh, at their home, Cranford, Edgecliff. Her home, nowadays, is in Colombo, the handsome bungalow and lovely garden being invariably pointed out to tourists by the best "men from Cook's."

Mrs. Urquhart remarked that the Colombo course boasts of six lifts to convey people to their boxes on the grandstand. Each box belongs to a member, and a "wallah" serves tea to the hostess and her guests. She also recalled that the architect of the Bombay racecourse was Sydney's Mr. Theo Marks.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. ALAN POTTER, who was Barbara Bowker, was eagerly welcomed back by many friends who have not seen her since her return from abroad. She was very elegant in black broadcloth with a smallish swagger cape, lined and collared with white satin. I heard several people commenting on the fact that, though not so tall, she is strikingly like her aunt, Mrs. George Vivers, who, not so long ago, was the reigning beauty of Sydney society.

☆ ☆ ☆

AMONG Sydney girls to be presented at the May Court will be Rosemary Shepherd. Sydney lads, too, are figuring in the brilliant life of London. Young Edward de Merault, formerly of Darling Pt., attended the King's levee on his appointment as 2nd Lieutenant of the 1st Lancs. Fusiliers. Mrs. de Merault went to London to be near her sons. Her younger son, Basil, is also going into the army.

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LATEST of Younger Sets is that of the Australian Flying Corps Association, formed last week with Thelma Goldthorp as president, and Kathleen Rathbone and T. Beeston as the vice-presidents.

The girls have for their object the assisting of the men's committee, which helps disabled returned flying men, and are at present working enthusiastically for the success of the annual ball to be held at the Pompadour Ballroom on June 6 next.

Mrs. Alvin Robbins is the publicity secretary.

☆ ☆ ☆

ALTHOUGH many parties are waiting to have their dates decided, already there is quite a long list of pre-wedding festivities arranged in honor of Phyllis Ingham

Mrs. James Mitchell (coat-hanger tea); Mrs. Frank Still (kitchen tea), Mrs. George Monte, Mrs. Bill Charlton, and Mrs. Eric Legge are among those entertaining in her honor.

☆ ☆ ☆

FOR her marriage to Fergus Munro at her home, Paolo Alto, Bellevue Hill, last week, May Crawford wore a very smart travelling Russian tunic suit of mist-blue, with turban to match, and her small bridesmaid, Janette Moulder, wore an old gold velvet frock with autumn tinted halo, and bouquet which brought out the lights in her copper hair delightfully.

Although now married, May has decided not to give up her Paolo Alto Kindergarten, whose good work the Government has recognised. On her return from her honeymoon, in her parents' absence, she and her husband will live in her old home, and she will continue there with the school.

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MISS ROSA MILLER, of Melbourne, is enjoying a holiday in Sydney as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. S. Miller, of Arden St., Coogee.

☆ ☆ ☆

TO say "au revoir to Mrs. Harry Osborne, who left for a trip to Japan with Lady Braddon on Tuesday, Mrs. Archie Ramsay gave a delightful tea at the Queen's Club. The drawing-room looked charming with bowls of Radiance roses grouped about.

Amongst those present were Mrs. Bevan and her daughter Ann, Mrs. Ross Gore, Mrs. Roystone Davey, Mrs. John Richmond, Mrs. Tom Houston, Mrs. D. S. Sullivan, Mrs. Henry Bray, and the Misses Austin, Mrs. Satchell, Miss Beresford Grant, Mrs. Hugh McMaster, Mrs. David Aitken, Mrs. John Harris, and Mrs. Richardson Clark.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. FRASER McDONALD, of Gladswood Gardens, has decided on a trip to London. Of course she has sadly missed the company of her daughter, Pauline, since the latter's marriage to Mr. Dick Allen.

She will arrive in London before the season is over, so the holiday should provide her with many pleasant distractions.

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FEW of those at the opening of the Glaciarium on Thursday afternoon—and a goodly proportion were men—were unable to skate. Mr. R. H. Swainson learnt the art abroad. He formerly lived in Manchester, England, where for many years there existed the only glaciarium in England. Duchesses, Earls, and other scions of fashionable London used to come to Manchester to polish up their skating before the Switzerland season.

Other well-poised skaters were Jill Rutherford, who, even when skating quite alone, lost none of her grace, Naomi Williams, Beatrice Fawsitt, Alison Bluett, and Alan Flashman. Rosemary Budge, who, like many of her young Doone friends, frequently spends her after-school hours at the Glaciarium, was, with Elise, among the many onlookers.

☆ ☆ ☆

AFTER a week of rain, and with dancers at Cranbrook greatly dependent on fine weather so that the lawns and courtyards may be available, it was a very happy General and Mrs. Iven Mackay who welcomed guests at the annual dance at the school on Thursday, one of the warmest nights for weeks.

Professor Harvey Sutton and Dr. E. Ludowici were among those dancers whom one always expects to find at Cranbrook however the boys may fluctuate. Other prominent Cranbrookians were Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Westgarth, Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Stephen, Mr. and Mrs. John Maund, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Swainson—he full of energy in spite of an afternoon's skating, and Mrs. Swainson very efficiently managing a section of the refreshment problems.

The girls, who always seem to look particularly pretty at Cranbrook, included Ruth Allen in a backless cherry-colored satin frock, Helen Hertz, looking very regal in a formal bugled gown, Kitty Mackay, the swimmer, in pale blue, and Elizabeth Robinson in softly-falling frilled lemon georgette.

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MRS. JIM McMASTER is down from Kurrajong, and staying at the Queen's Club.

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AS they are returning to Charters Towers in little more than a week, the newly-married Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Aarons are seeing as much of their friends as they possibly can.

On Saturday they were present at a party given by Miss E. Saunders, of Longueville, at which Miss B. Jenkins, Miss M. Aarons, Miss E. Johnson, and Dr. J. Rainbow were also present. On Monday they gave a dinner-party themselves at Blackstone, Elizabeth Bay.

☆ ☆ ☆

ISLANDERS are trekking homeward now. The Hon. Arthur Bunting and his family—Meg, Betty and Bob—gave a farewell party at the Astor last Monday, before leaving for Samarai by the Macdhui. Major and Mrs. Kinloch, who have been staying at the Metropole, are returning to Salamaua. Mrs. Kinloch is a charming Englishwoman. Before leaving she and her husband took a trip to Mt. Victoria and Jenolan, and Mrs. Kinloch was especially interested in the caves, as this was the first time she had seen them.

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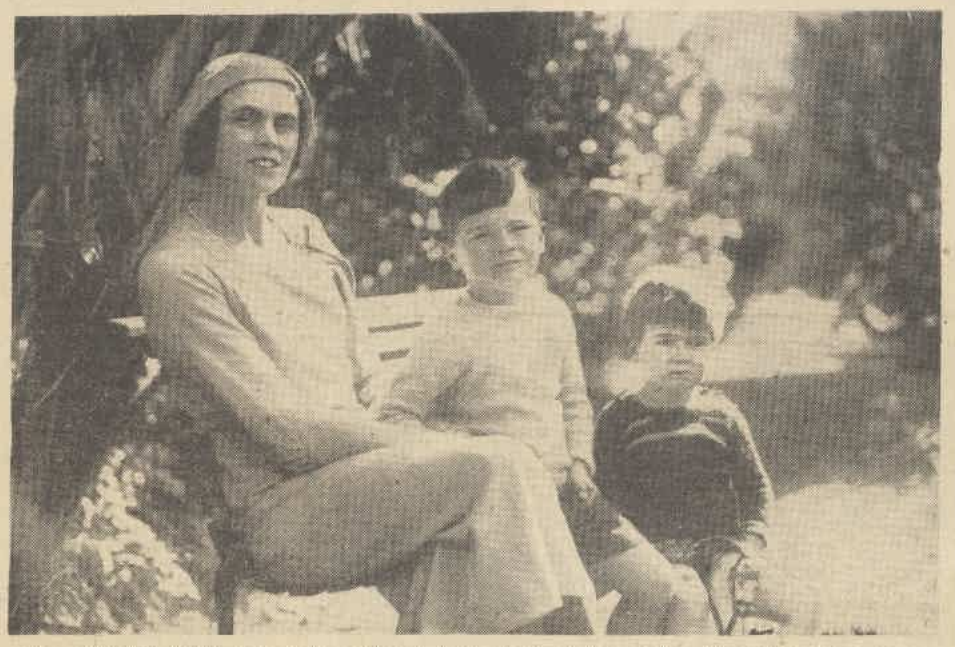
MRS. BURTON DIBBS has gone to Queensland to stay with her bachelor son, George, who has a station there. Afterwards, she intends going on to England, to stay with a married son, James.



MRS. RANDEL-FORD, wife of Rear-Admiral Randel-Ford, photographed in the garden of her home, Wentworth Rd., Vaucluse, with her sons, John and David.

—Women's Weekly photo.

MRS. KEITH WILLIAMS' niece, Joan Blomfield, daughter of Dr. Blomfield, of Cessnock, is in Sydney having her voice trained under Maestro Fossati. She is staying with relatives at Warrawee.

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MISS "SUSIE" WILLIAMS, in blue georgette, and Una Pitzhardinge (senior student), in beige trained satin, carrying bouquets, received the guests in the entrance hall of the Women's College on Thursday on the occasion of the annual dance. Dancing took place, as usual, in the dining-hall, to an orchestra playing from the musicians' gallery, and supper was held in the various students' rooms.

Those present included Freda Marshall, in vieux-rose trained velvet, who, with Doris Selby, wearing a trained black velvet gown, entertained a party in "the cottage," Dr. Heather Dowling, in a formal frock of huntsmen's green, Dr. Anderson, Ella Windeyer, in floral chiffon, Marcia Stokes (old S.C.E.G.G.S. girl), who was the youthful belle of the ball, in white chiffon, Margaret MacCallum, Marjorie Simpson, Bill Loftus, Hugh Barry, the Rhodes scholar, George Salier, and Ian Vickery.

TWELVE Greencaks Ave., Darling Point, has seen two very cheery parties in the last few days. Last week Mrs. Herbert Ross entertained Mesdames Len Bartlett, C. Mitchell, Harry Horne, Bill Chapman, H. B. Christmas, J. Plomley and J. Balfe at a party given in honor of Mrs. Cyril Lowther, who was up from Singleton for a short holiday.

On Sunday evening Mrs. Ross gave a cocktail party to celebrate the engagement of Win Cox to Surgeon-Commander Slater, which was announced on Thursday. Guests at this party included Mrs. Cyril Lowther, Mrs. Eric Traill and Dr. Traill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dennis, Mr. J. Mark, Miss Ann Archer, and Bonnie Howgate.

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MRS. JOHN GUNNING and her sons, David and Pat, have gone to Muswellbrook, where they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Parkinson at their station, Murilla.

☆ ☆ ☆

AMONG the music-lovers at the Pouishnoff - Stevens concert on Saturday was Mrs. Herbert Harris, who went specially to hear Bach's "Chaconne." Last time she heard it she was with her cousin, Lady Henniker Heaton, at an Albert Hall concert.

Memories of the Town Hall as she knew it in former days caused her to take along a large fur coat, so she was happily surprised to find that a couple of years or so ago Hugo Larsen had persuaded the authorities to install sufficient radiators to take the chill off the air.

Lady (Ben) Fuller, Miss Mary Fairfax, Vinia de Loitte, Irene Edwards, and Mrs. Lawrence Godfrey Smith were among the well-known people I noted enjoying the concert.

☆ ☆ ☆

ONE of the bright parties of the week which served the double function of being a friendly reunion and a help to a good cause was the bridge party arranged by Mrs. St. Vincent Welch in aid of the Neutral Bay-Cremorne branch of the Church of England Homes.

The party was held at Corsica, Mrs. St. Vincent Welch's home, which is named after the island where her late husband's people lived for many centuries. Among the players were Mesdames H. G. Pratten, Wilshire, H. Harris, George Hyde, Keene Farrell, Reg. Manning, Wood, Lance, and Catchlove.

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A CROWD of picture lovers attended the opening of Gordon Esling's exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries. Mrs. Rodney Dangar opened the show with a brief, appropriate speech. A conspicuous figure in the assembly was the Abyssinian, Prince Miolungoo Whennai, who is, I hear, a great patron of the arts. One of the younger artists, Donald Friend, has been given the commission to paint his portrait.

The last 20. minutes . . .

Enjoy the full luxury of those last stolen minutes . . . sleep under downy-soft Challenge Blankets. The deep fleece makes them extra cosy. Pull them up to your chin . . . tuck them in all round . . . Challenge Blankets have ample length and width. They shut out the cold. Challenge Blankets are guaranteed by the retailers who sell them. They are odourless . . . free from filling.

CHALLENGE BLANKETS

IN ALL NEEDED SIZES AND QUALITIES

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HERE'S a recipe given by a leading chemist, that will enable people to make the best family cough remedy, and at the same time save much money. Everybody knows that good cough and influenza remedy consists of two main sections:

The first section is the undiluted medicinal ingredients; and the second is, of course, the necessary water and sweetening. The preparation of the medicinal ingredients requires trained knowledge, but the water and sweetening can be added in the home just as easily as in the pharmacy. And you save a lot of money by doing so. Now, prove these facts by trying this HEENZO recipe. Into a jug put four tablespoonfuls of sugar, three of either treacle or honey, two of vinegar, and a large breakfast-cupful of warm water. Stir till dissolved, and when the syrup is quite cold, pour into a large bottle, and then add a two shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO, obtained from your chemist or store. By doing this you will have a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the best ready-mixed cough remedy that, if purchased in the usual way, would cost up to £1. An outstanding feature about HEENZO is the fact that it is a safe remedy for babies as well as adults, and over 12,000 people have written letters proclaiming it the best remedy they have ever used for quickly banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and influenza.

HEENZO HOMES ARE HEALTHIEST

"STOP IT WITH HEENZO"

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

on matters of everyday concern to women.

How do you acquire your friends? Do you STEAL them?

"A woman I know steals all my friends," writes Nina, "then leaves me out in the cold. Ought I to refuse to introduce her? I myself am slow at making friends."

ONE of the predominant qualities in friendship is a certain curious naive possessiveness, as though the soul of one human being yearned to acquire for its very own the lovable traits and gestures of another.

That possessiveness seems inherent in human nature, especially feminine nature. Little girls at school manifest it even in the kindergarten, and, if you wander into any big playground you will

THE ORIGINAL friend is left out in the cold.

see tiny creatures walking about with their arms round each other, "Me and my little friend" written all over their baby faces.

But sometimes they walk about in threes, and the tiny girl in the middle is nearly being torn in two directions by the possessive adoration of the little girls on each side of her.

"You like me best, Joan, don't you?" you will hear one infant lisping. "No, you like me best, don't you, Joan?" lisps the other, and in their voices there is an intensity that seems to you strangely out of keeping with the little child that walks so stolidly along within the charmed circle of her little friends' loving arms.

* * *

YES, friendship begins early and lingers late.

Friendship, indeed, is the last of life's bright attributes, to let us go in the end and abandon us to fate. So is it any wonder that we should cling to our friendships, and feel a little piqued when we are put aside for others whom we have unwarily introduced.

An old song that used to be on everyone's lips warned us not to. But it was just a coster song, and we ignored it.

"Never introduce your donah to your pal,
For the odds are ten to one he'll shake your gal"

said the song.

Simple, homely phrases! Never introduce your donah to your pal! Crude, unlettered phrases. But what a deep, what a cosmic truth they contained, as millions of people all over the world have regretfully experienced in the loves or friendships of their lives.

* * *

IT really is one of the strangest things in human intercourse, this sudden cross attraction of the newcomer striking athwart an established friendship.

Two people are attracted to each other and become friends. Then a third person is introduced and the attention of one of the friends suddenly wanders. Then it weakens. And finally, the original friend is left out in the cold, shut away by what looks like a bigger friendship.

Why does this happen so often, so very often?

Because maybe the third person came into an atmosphere that was a little exhausted, though nobody suspected that fact.

And the newcomer, bringing in fresh new qualities and fresh new combinations pumped up the exhausted air to the other's comfort in some mental and spiritual way perhaps, and friendship blossomed there and then between the two who had never met before.

* * *

TO those who, like "Nina," are slow at making friendships, here's a word of advice.

You have every right to keep your friends to yourself, if that is the way you are made. Everyone isn't.

Some like to share friends, and run the risk of losing them to others. Or they will come out in the open and fight over friends.

But often the deepest natures are timid in their expressiveness, and to those timid ones I say emphatically, keep your eye open when some dashing, pushing third person comes sailing along into your friendship with a band playing, and all flags flying in the manner of pushing folk, and quietly, gently, sweetly push them back, and keep your treasured friends to yourself without letting even yourself know what you are doing.

For we all have to look after our own heart's ease, haven't we? That is one of the laws of nature, and it behoves us to obey it, for our own sakes, and the sake of our happiness.

MAUD WINS MORE THAN A MATCH

..by "STEVE"

Keep your skin healthy, too, with Lifebuoy!

Read this letter from a constant user:—

"I have been going to write several times as I think everyone should use Lifebuoy Soap for health reasons. I am speaking from many years of experience as I have five children and not one of them has ever had any skin trouble, and I have used Lifebuoy Soap for all of them since they were tiny babies. My mother used Lifebuoy Soap so far back as I can recollect—we all think it absolutely on its own for every day use, it is so refreshing and it keeps the skin so healthy."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. Cox,
Hermes Road,
Flemington.

A LEVER PRODUCT

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents noticed by you may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark the envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true and original. Payment will be remitted immediately after publication.

Fell Out and In

SOME friends were recently rowing close together in two boats on Cockle Creek (N.S.W.), when one of the girls suddenly stood up. Just as she did the boat passed under a limb of a tree hanging well down. It struck her on the chest, causing her to overbalance and topple towards the water.

As she fell the second boat shot forward and, instead of landing in the water, she subsided rather ungracefully (but very thankfully) into the bow of the second boat.—**"Buttee."**

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Bakehouse Wedding

A WEDDING which took place recently in our district caused quite a stir. A young couple, for sentimental reasons, were married in a bakehouse. The bakehouse which has been in disuse for years has for more than a year served as a place of worship, the young couple being two of the earliest members of the congregation.

Local residents turned out in great numbers to witness the unique ceremony.—**C.T.**

Returned to Sender

WHEN travelling by motor launch for a picnic to the Barnard Islands, outside Innisfail (N.Q.), a friend of mine lost a small leather bag overboard containing her lunch. Approximately two weeks later a deep-sea fisherman, when working near the islands, hooked a 12ft. tiger shark, and when it was cut open the leather bag was found inside its stomach! The bag was scarcely scratched, and a glass jar of peanut paste inside it was not even broken!

Some time previously the same fisherman had caught a shark with a bottle of whisky inside it.—**"Cal."**

○ ○ ○

Error by Intent

RECENTLY when surfing my brother was severely snubbed by a beautiful blonde when he attempted to speak to her as she was entering the water. She evidently did not hear what he said, for she just looked disdainfully at him and dived in. When my brother's friends teased him about his unpopularity he said: "I only tried to tell the little idiot she was wearing her wristlet watch."—**A.J.**

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Captain James Moir, A.D.C., flew to Wagga for a game of golf?

Betty Ross-Core is taking her entire trousseau to England, including her wedding-gown, which is a gift?

Barbara Ramsay is receiving much sympathy for some torn ligaments, which keep her from tennis?

Mr. Martin McIlrath has bought a country property and has just returned after spending a few weeks there?

Everything O.K.

WHEN Oliver King, founder of the Music Club Movement, initials a letter, it is, of course, O.K.!

Office Rehearsal

BEFORE she left for a holiday at Scone last week, Mrs. George Dale booked the Savoy Theatre for two nights in July, and made other final arrangements for the production of her three-act play.

Her daughter, Phillipa, will play an important part, and, as the cast must have somewhere central to rehearse, rehearsals will probably be held in Mr. Dale's office.

In Mothers' Footsteps

MANY Sydney graduates are mothers of graduate sons, but comparatively few have graduate daughters. Dr. Alice Newton-Tabrett and Dr. Alice, junior, Mrs. Martin McIlrath and daughter Dr. Muriel, Mrs. G. A. Wood and daughter Evanne (both B.A.), Mrs. A. J. Turner, B.A., and Helen Turner, B.Arch., almost complete the list.

An addition to the ranks was made last week when Mary Stuckey received the degree of B.A. Mary is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. S. Stuckey, of Mosman, and granddaughter of Rev. Robert Dey. Mrs. Stuckey was formerly Lottie Dey.

New Zealand Visitors

QUITE a number of well-known New Zealanders are in Sydney at present, and there should be many friendly reunions at the Empire Day reception of the New Zealand Women's Association, when the Misses Jessie and Bertha Forbes and Mr. John Forbes (daughters and son of Mr. G. W. Forbes, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, and Mrs. Forbes will be guests of honor.

The reception is at the Arts Club at 2.30 p.m. on May 24.

Brushing-up French

ON Tuesday Mrs. A. Glen entertained at her Darling Point home in honor of daughter Joyce, who returned in the Ormonde from abroad. Peggy Hyde, of Newcastle, who returned in the same ship, and Joyce, both visited Paris and adopted a sensible plan for brushing-up their French.

The girls entered a French family for a time. This popular method of perfecting oneself in French has also been followed by Joan Maund.

A Cheer for "Giff!"

I HEARD, some years ago, Major "Steve" Roberts tell, with keen relish, of a surprise he received at the Dardanelles. When the boats were taking landing parties ashore in the midst of shot and shell, he leaned over the side of his boat and roared at one of them, "Who's in charge of that boat?"

A quiet little English voice piped up, "Naval officer in charge here, sir!" and the Major looked down on the veriest of striplings.

"There was no doubt he was in charge, either," said the Major, "and before the day was over we Australian officers all felt that no words could over-praise the gallantry of those sixteen and seventeen-year-old lads of the English Navy, who did so bravely a job to make the most hardened man quail."

The major's praise came back to me vividly at the Arts Club's luncheon to Commander Gifford, when the guest of honor, in a delightfully witty speech, remarked that he was sent to sea at fifteen at five hours' notice, and eighteen months later was in command of a boat which was detailed to bring off the wounded from the landing-place.

At that moment, I wanted to take off my hat to "Giff."

Good at Contract Bridge

NEWS of Mrs. Herbert Douglass reports that she had a very pleasant trip and was especially delighted at winning the tournament prize for contract bridge when Jack Crawford was her partner.

In the Mountains

WITH the advent of the school holidays the mountains are very popular. Mrs. Harvey Sutton and her family, and Mrs. M. J. Slattery with her six children and her car, are swelling the numbers at Leura. At Springwood Mrs. Howard Bullock is holidaying with her fair-haired young daughter and two dark-headed little sons.

From Melbourne

AMONG Melbourne visitors to this city are Mr. and Mrs. Russell Grimwade. Mr. Grimwade was the generous donor to the nation of Captain Cook's cottage. Mrs. Clive Teece entertained at her home in Drumalbyn Rd., Bellevue Hill, last week, in honor of the visitors.

Other guests included Sir Philip and Lady Street, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Street, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Manning, Mrs. David Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Bowie, Mrs. A. E. Andrews, Miss Una Clift, Mr. and Mrs. Telford Simpson, Mrs. E. V. Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Mrs. H. Heath Green, Mrs. H. Giblin, Professor and Mrs. Osborn, Mrs. Kingsley-Newell, and Mrs. Hughes.

Elizabeth Teece, by the way, is now a graduate.

Equal Shares

ALWAYS original, Mrs. Greg McGirr ensured a happy time for all on Mother's Day by letting her husband take half the family—the elder half—and the car to their station home past Parkes for the holidays. She herself is at home in North Sydney with the remainder.

As the McGirrs have eight children, both parents will have plenty of family company in the holidays.

Lucky Thirteen

THIRTEEN young guests have been bidden by Mrs. Hector Clayton, of Edgecliff Rd., to celebrate the thirteenth birthday of her daughter, Kathleen.

Thrilling games such as "Murder After Dark" and "Sardines" are on the programme, and altogether a lucky thirteen are assured of a memorable party.

Wedding Plans

A FORMER S.C.E.G.G.S girl, Una Cook, daughter of the late Mr. A. Cook and of Mrs Cook, of Drummoyne, is making arrangements for her marriage to Mr. Gordon Utz, son of the late Mr. A. Utz and Mrs. Utz, of Clifton Gardens, at St. Philip's on June 27. The bridesmaids will be Marjorie Cook, Ailsa Scholer, and Ena Millard.

Miss Millard is at present holidaying in China, but will return on June 13, and has already planned a pre-wedding party for the bride for June 23.

Other parties already fixed are those to be given by Mr. Keith Cuttle, on June 9, by Mrs. W. Deavis, on June 7, and by the bridegroom's sisters, Mrs. A. Wilkinson and Mrs. J. Alison, on June 20.

For Moree Races

IN the whirl of picnic races in the North-West the meeting at Moree is looked upon as the most important. Mrs. Geoffrey Manchee is looking forward to attending it with her husband and her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hill, of Terlings.

Mr. Philip Hill, with his English bride, will also be present. This will be Mrs. Philip Hill's first experience of Australian picnic races, as before her recent marriage she lived at Oxford, England.

Long-Distance Engagement

ELIZABETH DRAKE-BROCKMAN, the daughter of the Allan Drake-Brockmans, of Perth, who is as charming as she is pretty, announced her engagement almost as soon as she reached home.

Having stayed in Adelaide for a time before visiting Melbourne, Elizabeth must have been on the jaunt for about three months. Just before she set out on her travels she met an attractive visitor to Perth. He rejoices in the name of Lisle Tym, and is chief engineer of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company in Persia. The wooing was short and sweet, and the engagement was finalised by cable—the man in the case having returned to duty.

A Girl of Enterprise

ELIZABETH is noted for her enterprise and always has some job on the go in Perth. The last one was a post in a book shop, and I hear that at one time she punched the time-clock at the Perth Public Library.

September will see her setting sail for England—presumably in search of trousseau treasures—and after that she will go straight to Persia, so the wedding-bells will ring before the end of the year

Mary Drake-Brockman, Judge and Mrs. Drake-Brockman's daughter, who is really very like her cousin, has been invited to accompany her as bridesmaid. Perth to Persia may not be too far for a bride to travel, but from Melbourne to Persia seems rather a large order for a bridesmaid.

Mary is in Sydney at present. Before her return she intends staying for some time with Mrs. C. W. T. Elsworth, of Bethungra.

In and Out of Society .·. By WEP

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The Australian Women's Weekly knitting book contains twenty exclusive designs for 6d. Buy your copy now, or write to this office enclosing 8d. in stamps to cover postage.

WITH an extended shoulder to conform to the newest fashion notions, a scarf tying cosily round the neck and the merest touch of hand embroidery, this jumper is very attractive.

Ladies' Knitted Jumper

Material required: 4oz. Lincoln Mills "super," 3-ply shade No. 600 (grey), 4oz. shade No. 205 (blue), 1 pair No. 12 needles, 1 pair No. 10 needles.

Measurements: Bust, 32in.; length from shoulder to lower edge, 18in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 20½in.

FRONT

With blue wool and No. 12 needles cast on 110 stitches and knit in a rib of k 2 p 2 for 3 inches.

At the beginning of the next row make 1 stitch in the first and every 8th st., making 124 sts. in all.

Now with grey wool and No. 10 needles knit one plain row.

1st Row: K 2 p 2 to end.
Next Row: K 2 p 2 to end.
Next Row: P 2 k 2 to end.
Next Row: P 2 k 2 to end.

These four rows are repeated in grey wool throughout the jumper, making a double moss stitch. Continue until the work measures 12½ inches from lower edge.

Now begin the armholes. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of the next 2 rows, then 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Continue without decreasing until the work measures 15½ inches.

Join in blue wool and k 48 sts.

Continue knitting in garter stitch only on these 48 sts. for 1½ inches.

At beginning of next row at the neck edge cast off 12 sts., knit to end.

Next Row: Knit.
Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., k to end.
Next Row: Knit.
Next Row: Cast off 1 st., k to end.
Next Row: At shoulder edge cast off 6 sts., k to end.

Continue knitting, still casting off 1 st. at neck edge, and 6 sts. at shoulder until stitches are finished.

Knit the other half of neck in the same way.

BACK

The back is worked in the same way as the front until you join in the blue wool. Continue in garter stitch straight across for 2 inches. Now at beginning of every row cast off 6 sts. until there are only 48 sts. left. Cast off.

CUFFS

With blue wool and No. 12 needles cast on 70 sts., and knit in rib of k 2 p 2 for 10 inches. Cast off.

Make another one the same.

TOP OF SLEEVE

This is worked from the side seam.

With grey wool and No. 10 needles cast on 80 sts. and work in double moss stitch for six rows.

At the beginning of the next and every other row cast on 2 sts. until there are 112 stitches in all.

Join in blue wool and work in garter stitch for 4 inches.

Join in grey wool and work in double moss stitch, decreasing 2 sts. at shoulder edge every row, until there are 80 sts.

Work six rows without decreasing.

Make another sleeve in the same way.

TIE

With blue wool and No. 10 needles cast on 2 sts. Now at the beginning and end of every row make 1 stitch until there are 38 stitches, still working in double moss. Continue without increasing for 11 rows.

At the beginning and end of next and every 12th row k 2 tog. until there are 18 sts. on needle. Continue without decreasing for 14 inches.

Now at beginning and end of next and every 12th row cast on 1 st. until there are 38 sts., then at beginning and end of every row k 2 tog. until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

BATTLESHIP GREY and marine blue are the suggested colors for this delightful jumper, but the design lends itself to countless contrasts.

TO MAKE UP

Press all work lightly on wrong side. Stitch cuff to top portion of sleeve. Join shoulder seams and side seams, then join in sleeves. Stitch tie to neck.

The ornamentation on the shoulder and sleeves, shown in the illustration, is carried out by using grey wool in long tack stitches drawn through the blue knitting, and can be designed to give various ornaments to suit the knitter's taste.

TO JOIN WOOL

For 4-ply wool, knit to within 3 inches of the end of your wool. Unravel it and break off two of the four strands. Repeat at the end of the new ball and wind the two ends together.

For 3-ply, take one strand from one end and two from the other, and wind together.

For 2-ply, leave about 2 inches and start the new ball, leaving the same amount. When the work is finished darn both ends neatly into the work.

CLOSING DATE in *Big Competition* is EXTENDED

Entries Will Be Received Until the End of June

The severe cold of the past few weeks has served to emphasise, even more strongly, the importance of knitted woollen garments. Readers intending to enter our big £250 knitting contest have accordingly seized their knitting needles, procured their wool, and are now knitting feverishly.

IN response to numerous requests received from readers in every State, it has been decided to keep this big, popular competition open until June 30. This will give readers over a month in which to knit their entries, and, incidentally, five more issues from which to cut the requisite four consecutively-dated coupons.

SECTION 1.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize £10
2nd Prize .. .. £15 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
3rd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 32 Prizes valued at £60.

This Section will be open only to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. (Shades in marl wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme). Knitting, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize £20
2nd Prize .. .. £15 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
3rd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £60.

This Section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used, and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring, with directions, the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.

Man's Cardigan or Pull-over

1st Prize £20
2nd Prize .. £7/10/- 3rd Prize .. £2/10/-
10 Prizes of .. 10/-
Total of 13 Prizes valued at £35.

SECTION 4.

Baby's Outfit

1st Prize £10
2nd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £20.

To comprise not less than three garments, including a frock or coat.

SECTION 5.

Pull-over or Cardigan for Children Between 8 and 14 Years of Age

1st Prize £20
2nd Prize .. .. £5 10 Prizes of .. 10/-
Total of 12 Prizes valued at £30.

These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants can evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.

Best Outlay of 5/-

1st Prize £15
2nd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £25.

Best Outlay of approximately 5/-. The Judges will award the prizes in this Section to the garment or garments which, made from the stipulated outlay, represent, in their finished state, the best value for the money. Any garment, or garments, will be eligible for entry in this Section. Sets of berets and scarves, ladies' lingerie, men's socks and ties, big-me-tights or dressing jackets; an endless variety of garments may be evolved by the enterprising knitter for 5/-. The market value of the garments, together with the standard of the knitting, will be the guiding factor in judging this Section.

SECTION 7.

Lady's Singlet

1st Prize £15
2nd Prize .. .. £5 20 Prizes of .. 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £25.

Artistry of design will be regarded as a special feature in this Section. Fine lace stitches, touches of hand embroidery, or appliqué can be used.

CONDITIONS WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Entry Coupon on inside back cover.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High Blood Pressure Every Year Kills More People Than Does Cancer, for High Blood Pressure Destroys the Arteries and Heart.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follow:—

1. Chronic headaches.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flushes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART

If you suffer in this way, act quickly and st once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time unless you get attention quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level. Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** occasionally after meals. Mentholds, being a most powerful herbal antiseptic medicine, in convenient form, which neutralise and expel the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieve the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal. For the average case a three months' treatment with **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** is sufficient for this purpose.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure, for **Mentholds** sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tone up your stomach, liver, and kidneys and make you feel young and vigorous.

If you suffer from any of these symptoms go to your chemist to-day, and get a flask of **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** and take one **Menthold** at meal time. You can get large flasks of **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 6/6, or smaller flasks for 3/6 from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

FREE DIET CHART

In every flask of **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send in to **MENTHOID LABORATORIES, Dept. 3, Box 3817T, G.P.O., Sydney;** your **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed.

Be sure and get genuine **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.★★★

A GAY NEW ADVENTURE IN FACIAL LOVELINESS..

NEVER BEFORE HAS MAKE-UP HAD SUCH FASCINATING POWER!

NOW—the pliant, subtle, dewy freshness of perfect girlhood's skin—*for women of all ages.* An end to the hard, artificial look that comes from ordinary commercial toilet articles. Instead, magic creams, lotions, powders, lip and cheek colours that connive with Nature to take away the dull, maturing effect of time, climate, wrong diet and the result of using inferior make-up in the past.

The Kathleen Court Beauty Aids represent the most complete and most scientific range ever offered in Australia at reasonable prices. The quality of each article is the highest possible for its purpose—no harmful soap in the creams; no poisonous dyes in the rouge and lip colours; no burning alkali in the soap and shampoos. Where the product can be made to perfection locally it is—where it can be made better abroad, it is so made. *Six modern factories, in two hemispheres, combine to produce this, the most successful series of beauty aids offered during the last ten years. Quality and Value tell.*

A SPECIAL BEAUTY METHOD FOR PRESENT SEASON'S NEEDS:

At night, apply a little Kathleen Court Cold Cream, wiping off lightly. Next morning a "beauty wash," using Paris Facial Treatment Soap, then a dash of the Kathleen Court Astringent Skin Tonic. When dry, apply Facial Youth Day Cream, Golden Youth or Rare Tulip Face Powder, Rose Petal or Seventeen Rouge and one of the thrilling new Kathleen Court Lipsticks. To make the hair rich, lustrous and wavy, use Hennafoam Shampoo; if starting to turn grey—a little Glandof Scalp Stimulant will restore its youth. You may not need all these preparations at once, though, if you do, the total cost is the lowest known in any country for such exquisite quality. Only high-class Chemists and Stores can supply you. If in any difficulty write personally to Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney, or A.M.P. Chambers, Wellington, N.Z.

Every Mirror tells its Story!

Kathleen Court
AIDS TO BEAUTY

KNITTERS . . . Please Note!

Included among the twenty attractive designs in The Australian Women's Weekly knitting book is that of a man's tailored cardigan. Directions for this cardigan were purchased from overseas. As these directions have proved unsatisfactory to some of our readers, Gerda, our knitting expert, has compiled fresh directions.

Knitters know from past experience that Gerda's directions are always reliable and easy to follow. Those who intend making the cardigan are advised, therefore, to write in for a copy of Gerda's directions, which will be forwarded by return mail.

THE GLACIARIUM

RAILWAY SQUARE.

SEASON NOW IN FULL SWING

ADMISSION: Saturday, 2/6; Week Days, 2/; Children 1/. School Students' Vacation Concession Tickets now available for Day Sessions, Price 7/6 for duration of holidays.

Gala Night — Next Saturday, May 19
WELCOME HOME TO AUSTRALIA TO
WORLD CHAMPIONS
SADIE CAMBRIDGE AND ALBERT ENDERS.

ICE SKATING

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601310

Our FASHION *Service* and FREE *Pattern!*

OUR free pattern this week portrays a striking model. The skirt is in a panel design that is very slimming, and the sleeves are important.

The pattern is cut to fit a size 36-inch bust.

Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. All turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.

Use free pattern coupon on inside back cover.

SOME essentially practical patterns are featured below. For the household where the needs of the folk at school are important they should be an item in the sewing room. They represent the type of garment for which growing children occasion a steady demand.

The patterns are designed to give economical use of material and to achieve a definitely tailored finish in the completed garments.

MEN'S PYJAMAS

WW564.—A cosy model for men's pyjamas, fashioned with a high neck. Sleeves are in the two-piece style. Pattern supplied in three sizes: 36, 40 and 44 inches chest measurements. Material required, 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

STRIKING BLOUSE

WW559.—Striking blouse featuring two materials. Comfortable collar fits well up to the neck. Material for 36-inch bust, 2½ yards, 36 inches wide; contrast, ⅓ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

TINY FROCK

WW566.—A tiny girl will be thrilled with this frock, which slips over the head and fastens in front of the neck. Pattern is for a child 2–4 years. Material required, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide; contrast, ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

GIRL'S COSTUME

WW561. — Every girl's wardrobe needs a cosy winter costume. This model features inverted pleats in the skirt and a double-breasted coat. Pattern for a girl 10–12 years. Material, 2 yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

AFTERNOON FROCK

WW562.—Chic afternoon frock of black marocain relieved with a contrast of white. Skirt has a shaped seam continuing from the waist to the right side. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 yards, 36 inches wide; contrast, ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WITH A DASHING BOW

WW563.—Brown wool marocain with a dashing bow of gold lame. Fancy sleeves join the deep shoulder yoke. Piece skirt is shaped from the side seams. Material for 36-inch bust, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide; contrast, ¼ yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

All these patterns may be obtained on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated from

The Australian Women's Weekly—

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.

BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 238 Collins St.

NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt St.

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

BOY'S SHIRTWAIST

WW565.—The correct style for a boy's cambric shirt. It is made with a yoke at the back. Turn-down collar is attached to a collar-band. Material for 14 years, 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 4 to 14 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

GIRL'S BLAZER

WW566.—Girl's blazer in navy blue flannel with white braid pipings. The school monogram may be worked on the top pocket. Material for 8 years, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 2 to 8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

BLOUSE AND TUNIC

WW567.—This is the regulation uniform for every school or college. Blouse has a high neck and long sleeves. The tunic features three box pleats back and front. Material for 14 years: Blouse, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Tunic, 2 yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes: 10 to 14 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FIT—
of course you're FIT!

You had your glass of Schumann's this morning

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores

Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601311

The World's Future Champions

Champions of to-morrow are the young stalwarts of to-day, kept in sound, healthy condition by SAUNDERS' PURE MALT EXTRACT. The growing child needs something definite to build upon, and SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT is laying the foundation of lifelong health for multitudes of children. And they love this pure energy-food. In fact, they prefer it, spread on bread or biscuit to either jam or honey.

FOR GROWING CHILDREN, NURSING MOTHERS AND INVALIDS.

Obtainable at all chemists, grocers and stores.

SAUNDERS MALT EXTRACT

Made by W. SAUNDERS & SON PTY. LTD., Abbotsford, Melbourne, Vic.

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

REGULAR Habits Will Safeguard Baby's Health

By . . . Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the world-famous authority on Baby Welfare.

Functional disorders frequently cause distress to babies of very tender age, and everything depends on how they are dealt with in their early stages.

One of the commonest troubles that arise is constipation, and in the following article the mother will learn to both remedy and prevent this disorder.

CONSTIPATION is a condition in which the motions are abnormally hard and dry; usually they are small and infrequent, but they may also be bulky and formed. In other cases several motions are passed daily, but they are small, dry, and marble-like; this indicates serious constipation, and it is practically certain that poisonous waste material is being retained in the intestines.

It should always be kept in mind that a constipated baby is on the verge of diarrhoea.

Some normal, breast-fed babies pass infrequent motions which are, however, normal in color and consistency. Such a baby is not actually constipated, and he needs no enema provided these normal motions are passed not less than thirty-six hourly.

Let us deal first with the measures to be taken in the case of a breast-fed baby. A constipated mother often means a constipated baby, so the mother should always attend to her own health first.

The nursing mother should have a laxative diet containing some of the following every day: "Wholemeal bread, porridge and brown scones, oatcake (this is preferable to porridge), spinach, asparagus, lettuce, French beans, raw fruits of all kinds, foods high in fat-content (such as butter, cream, eggs, and fat meats). She should take a glass of water on waking, with a raw apple. If an aperient is necessary, use liquid extract of cascara, but take only the least amount needed. Cascara is a tonic aperient and not a purgative, consequently it does not have harmful effects. Five to ten drops three times daily in water after meals are better than one dose of thirty drops. If a large initial dose is necessary, thirty drops should be the maximum. Gradually reduce the doses until they are no longer needed.

There is nothing better for constipation than a good swim daily, but this is unfortunately not feasible for all. Failing a swim, at least two miles of active walking should be taken daily and a cold bath or shower regularly every morning.

If baby's condition does not improve in spite of the regularity of the mother, the remedies for constipation in the artificially-fed baby should be given fair trials in the order in which they will be given in next week's issue.

Give baby access to fresh air day and night, also plenty of exercise.

Do not over-clothe baby, as nothing enfeebles him so much as coddling in over-heated rooms.

* * *

A BABY who is normally strong can be "held out" at the end of the first week; it is necessary to support his back well against your chest and to hold his thighs firmly. Don't continue the lesson for more than a few moments at first, to obviate injury, fright, and exhaustion.

Make sure that baby's food is correct in proportion and amount. Too little food and too little fluid may cause constipation, but artificially fed babies are usually constipated in the first month.

Constipated babies should be given extra fluid in the form of warm boiled water. A few teaspoons to an ounce or more may be given between meals when baby is awake. This is good whether baby is naturally or artificially fed.

* * *

SKILFUL massage of the abdomen continued over a good period tones and braces up the muscles of the bowel and of the abdominal wall; a perfectly normal motion will often occur almost immediately baby is held out after five minutes or so of really deep massage of the abdomen.

Unfortunately, few mothers do this correctly, being afraid to apply sufficient pressure or being unable to avoid arousing the resistance of the muscles. Any mothercraft nurse will explain the correct procedure.

The object of the massage is to reach and brace up the bowel muscles behind the great muscles which form the wall of the abdomen. Therefore, the manipulation must be done not only on the surface, but deeply and firmly, following the course of the bowel in the direction of the onward-moving contents. If this pressure is exerted suddenly, jerkily, or continuously, without allowing for breathing, baby struggles and resists at once, and the abdomen becomes hard; so begin right. Lay baby on your knees comfortably, then stroke the abdomen very gently in the right direction with your warmed and oiled hand. As baby becomes used to the movements press deeper, with a circular movement from right to left.

Press if possible with each intake of baby's breath, when his abdomen naturally tends to relax.

Follow this massage by a few moments' exercising of baby's legs, alternately stretching them out and pressing them back against the abdomen. Baby should then be "held out." Continue the treatment every day.

STUART SPIERS, son of Mrs. Spiers, of Artarmon, Sydney, aged three years nine months. Stuart has been a Truby King baby from birth.
—Paramount studios.

Here is the Competition you like!

THERE IS NO CATCH! There is no guesswork! If you add up the figures correctly you have a fair and equal chance to win £100 cash quickly, because every entry is carefully checked by reputable judges, in the presence of the Press.

IF you get the CORRECT answer you MUST WIN A PRIZE!

Get to work NOW. Ten people have already won £100 each in past Figure Skill Competitions, which are conducted in aid of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children.

Mr. R. Jamieson, of Myall Street, Merrylands, who won £1,000 with his *Free Share*, received as a consolation prize in a Figure Skill Competition conducted in aid of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children.

ADD THEM UP!

1st Prize, £100 Cash
2nd Prize, £20 Cash
10 Prizes . . . . £1 Each
10 Prizes . . . 10/- Each

and a Special Prize for EVERY Correct Entry Received . . .

Six shown by 6
Nine . . 9

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Print by hand or write out by hand all figures shown in this drawing, but do not include the £100 under the elephant's feet. All figures are single, e.g. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There are no double figures or noughts or ones, and there are no figures in the ball under the elephant's feet.
2. Add up the figures and *forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing the additions* (so we can check them), along with the coupon containing your name and address.
3. All entries will be judged on 5th JUNE by the Directors of The Weston Company, Ltd., and the Advertising Manager of the "Australian Woman's Mirror," in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £100 cash will be paid to the person sending in the correct or nearest correct solution of this Figure Skill Competition. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prizes will be awarded for general neatness of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution, and so on until all the prizes are distributed.
4. School-teachers, commercial artists and draughtsmen and first or second prize winners in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are debarred from entering.
5. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition.
6. One person may forward any number of entries on plain paper, provided each entry is accompanied by A POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME & ADDRESS.
7. Send all entries in the same envelope.

ADDITIONAL COPIES of this Competition may be obtained FREE by writing to the address on the coupon and enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.

*SPECIAL CASH PRIZES FOR YOUNG & OLD

£10/10/- A special prize of £10/10/- cash will be paid to the best correct, or nearest correct, entry submitted by entrants over 60 years of age. Competitors over 60 years please state age on coupon.

£5 EACH BEST BOY AND GIRL UNDER 16

Two special cash prizes of £5 will be paid to the boy and girl sending in the best entry. Competitors, who must be under 16 years of age, please state age on coupon.

CLOSING DATE

This Competition will close at mid-day on the 5th June, by which time all entries MUST BE RECEIVED.

RESULTS

Results will be posted to every competitor immediately after the judging. Main prize-winners notified by wire on the 6th June.

Entrance Fee 1/- (postal note) and self-stamped, addressed envelope for results must be sent.

Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, c/o Hon. Secretary "Figure Skill" Competition, Box 4120WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

*Age. The total of all figures in the above drawing is

ENCLOSED IS A POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND MY PAPER SHOWING THE ABOVE NUMBERS ADDED UP, together with *A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING MY NAME AND ADDRESS.* I certify that this is my own work and I am eligible to compete in accordance with the conditions, and I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and legally binding.

NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

TOWN ____________ STATE ____________

Please write plainly and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

ICEBERGS

Continued from Page 7

"A MAN named Twining. Hostess introduced him just as a waltz was beginning. I think he would have asked me, but a group of girls came along just then, and one called, 'Ah, there, Twiny!' so he went off with her. That same girl and her mother came the day I did, and the hostess introduced us. A Mrs. and a Miss Jardine." Cherry showed him how they had acknowledged the introduction—the one with a cool nod, the other a haughty stare. Then they had abruptly gone away. "So," finished Cherry, "I never went back to the ballroom, and those are the only people I've met."

"Won't I be somewhat of a broken reed?"

She shook her head. "You'll be someone to talk to," she said.

"Why have you stuck it out so long? If you went home and told your mother ——"

"That's the one thing I wouldn't do," she declared, firmly. "It would break her heart. She's set so much store by this holiday. Oh, no; I'd rather die than go home."

They had turned in at the drive to the Imperial and now stopped. The driver and Cherry helped him down, and, holding one leg very stiffly, he was able to walk up the steps, assisted only by the girl, upon whom he leaned heavily. There was a slow walk to the desk, and lorgnettes aplenty were turned upon them. To Cherry's surprise, her companion was undisturbed, seemed unaware of their scrutiny.

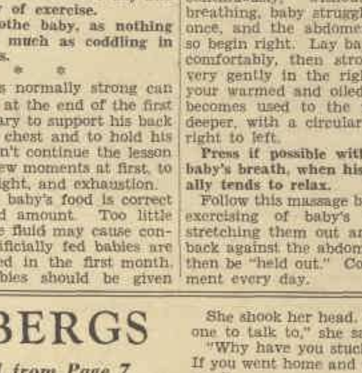
She supported the young man to the desk, and he asked for a room.

Please turn to Page 28

Our Weekly Crossword

CLUES ACROSS

1. This time.
7. Decay.
9. Roam.
10. Engineer's degree.
12. Concluded.
13. Light.
15. Enlist.
17. Rod.
18. Physician.
19. Short reply.
20. Short for "wave."
21. Army rank.
22. Person.
23. "A merry old soul was he!"
25. Donkey.
26. Place (abb.)
27. —— haw.
28. Overcoat.
30. Man's name.
32. Add D to get a complete poem.
34. Plant.
35. Girl's name.
36. Speak.
37. Actor's assistant.



CLUES DOWN

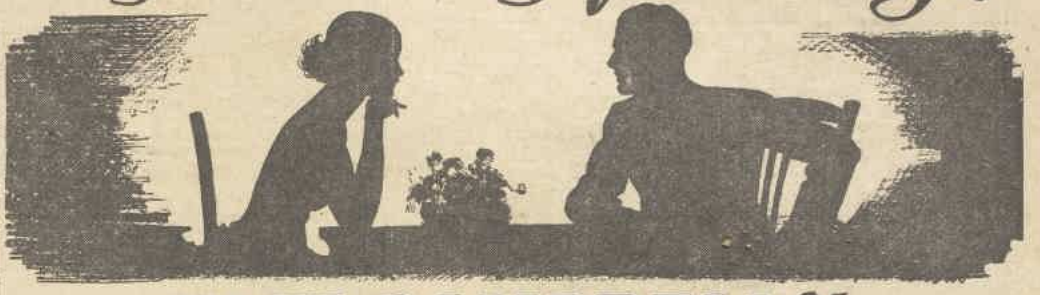
1. Expert.
2. Favorite name of dog.
3. Level.
4. Indented, as a saw.
5. Fastens.
6. Money-holder.
7. Man's name.
8. Pertaining to heat.
11. Chief - Lieutenant (abb.)
14. Spoil.
16. Unit.
18. Titled woman.
20. Small meat pies.
21. Sufficient.
22. Written matter.
24. Over (poet.).
25. Change.
26. Instruct.
28. Second-hand.
29. Trees.
31. Hesitation.
33. River in Switzerland.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS: Manna, banal, any, may, ore, ne, ed, smy, bee, gnu, etude, bream, ko, on, front, abets, run, alb, tee, om, rr, sos, men, use, tress, wares.

DOWN: Manse, anent, ny, am, by, no, arena, ledum, ace, Yukon, be, eb, genet, don, rub, frost, rumor, ta, ab, terse, aerus, lle, se, ms, nw, ur.

Are you discussing furnishing?



W·W·CAMPBELLS'
will give you
2 YEARS TO PAY!

W. W. Campbells' new "50 Pay Way" gives real credit to all young people and others about to furnish. This liberal scheme applies to all general furnishing orders (except "perishables") of £50 and over. Using this amount as an example, each fortnightly payment will be only 20/- (equal to 10/- a week). You make 2 payments as a deposit, and the remaining 48 payments fortnightly. Call and make your own selection.

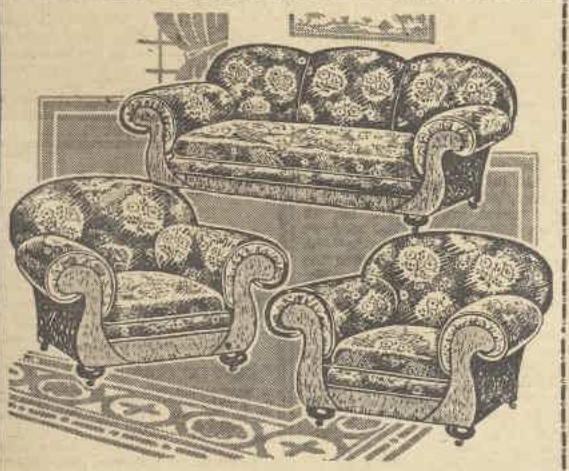
This unusual offer only applies to Metropolitan orders. It is a straightforward and new scheme and is backed by W. W. Campbells' 50-year reputation for honest trading.

You may buy whatever Furniture and Floor-coverings you require, be it ever so little, on W. W. Campbells' Warehouse Easy Terms—the easiest terms in Sydney.

Here is a Dining Room Set in Fully Polished Figured and Quartered Maple Veneer. It comprises 4ft. 6in. Sideboard, 5ft. x 3ft. Refectory Table, and four Upholstered Chairs (two only in illustration). This Week's Cash Price, £12/17/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

12/6 DEPOSIT 3/6 WEEKLY



Here is a beautiful three-piece Lounge Suite upholstered in the best quality Genoa Velvet. All Lounge Suites carry our Full Guarantee. This Week's Cash Price is £16/16/-.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

16/6 DEPOSIT 3/9 WEEKLY

4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted, handsome appearance. This Week's Cash Price, 92/6.

Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails, and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.

Oak Cot Complete with genuine Kapok Mattress and Pillow. This Week's Cash Price, 29/9.

The Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable Wire Mattress. This Week's Cash Price, 34/6.

(Kapok Mattress, pure JAPARA, is 26/9 extra.)

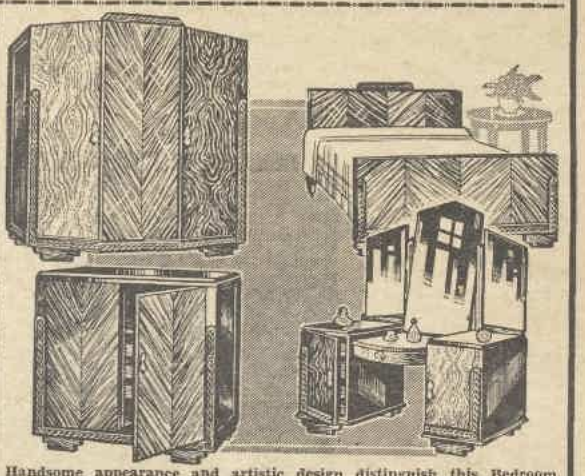
OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

Why Be Without a Quality Radio?

You can secure a 1934 5-Valve "CAMBRON" SUPERHET, as illustrated, for £15/19/6 Cash — or —

17/6 DEPOSIT 4/- WEEKLY

New 6-volt Valves. Amplion Speaker, Giving Glorious Tone. Local and Interstate Reception. 12 Months' Guarantee.
Free Delivery, Free Service, Free Installation. Backed by a Firm with 50 Years' Trading.



Handsome appearance and artistic design distinguish this Bedroom Suite in fully polished Herringbone Veneered Walnut. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe and Double Loughboy (4ft. 6in. x 3ft. 6in.) are fully fitted. 3ft. 7in. Dressing Table (with trays) has three frameless Reflex Mirrors. You should inspect this remarkable Suite without delay. This Week's Cash Price, £18/18/-. (Bedstead Extra.)

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

18/6 DEPOSIT 4/6 WEEKLY

GENUINE LINOLEUM
TWO YARDS WIDE
5/3, 5/11, 7/6 PER YARD

IMITATION LINOLEUM
TWO YARDS WIDE
3/3, 4/3, 4/11 PER YARD

WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS
BRITISH AXMINSTER CARPETS

	9ft. x 6ft.	9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.
Usual Value:	£4/10/-	£5/12/6	£6/15/-	£7/17/6
NOW AT—	£3/10/-	£4/7/6	£5/5/-	£6/2/6

AT 249 Clarence St. One Door from Market St.

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No Headache Now in Five Minutes

A Discovery that's Bringing Faster Relief to Millions

Here is quicker relief from pain—the *fastest* safe relief, it is said, ever known. This is due to a scientific discovery by which BAYER Aspirin starts "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass here tells the story. A Bayer tablet starts to disintegrate or dissolve—go to work—almost instantly. This means quick relief from pain—fewer lost hours from headache, neuritis, rheumatism. And *safe* relief. For genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart.

All Chemists sell boxes of 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. If you want Bayer Aspirin's *quick relief* always say "BAYER" and insist because "Bayer" means "Better."

Does Not Harm the Heart

ICEBERGS

Continued from Page 26

"NOT a thing left," volunteered the clerk, looking in amazement from Cherry to her companion.

"Won't you please find some sort of room he can have?" she pleaded. "He can't go around looking for another place while he is unable to walk. Please see if you can't take care of him for the rest of the week. Only five days. Won't you please try, Mr. Hoskins?"

The awful fear of having to relinquish the one thing that would make bearable the rest of her stay made Cherry eloquent. For all his pomposity, Hoskins was in a sense human, and the girl's eyes as she looked up at him held an imploring look that was flattering. "It's been so lonesome for me here," she threw in, "the Landays not coming and all."

Magical name! Hoskins gave a fairly good impersonation of a man starting a heavy intellect to work.

"There's a room," he began impressively, "away up near the servants' quarters. It is usually kept for a linen room. But once in a while, when we've been very crowded, we've put a cot in there. If your friend——"

"That'll suit me fine," cut in the youth. "How do I go up, and when do I come down to eat?"

"Just a moment," commanded Hoskins. "Your baggage?"

"Haven't any. It—it evidently hasn't got here yet."

Frank incredulity settled in Hoskins' eyes. Cherry's own were imploringly upon him. "Then I'll have to ask you for some—er—security. Without any baggage——"

"Certainly." The youth put his hand in his pocket, fumbled around, withdrew it.

"Sorry," he explained. "I don't seem——"

Something soft and thick was pushed into his hand at the side where Cherry stood. He stopped speaking, and held out to the clerk a little wad of money.

"Will that do?" he asked.

"How much?"—from Hoskins.

"Really, I haven't the faintest idea," came the bored answer.

Hoskins bent upon him a puzzled scrutiny. Cherry threw herself into the gap. "He isn't himself," she said, hastily. "Usually he's—he's lots different from this. But he's all shaken up from his fall." Then she added quickly: "But he'll be all right after to-night, after he's had a rest and something to eat."

"You haven't registered," Hoskins reminded, as the porter came to assist the new guest to his room.

"That's so," replied he, easily. "But perhaps Miss—er—perhaps this young lady will do it for me. She's developed an amazing knack for helping me to-day."

Hoskins was not a man with whom a penniless stranger could take liberties of a facetious nature. Cherry realised that.

"His hands are shaken from the fall. I don't think he could hold a pen." She took the pen then stopped abruptly. What was his name? But Hoskins' eyes were on her. She hesitated only a second, then wrote the first name that came to her—that of the hero in the book she had just been reading.

"John Carstairs, New York."

That is how he went down on the register. He looked on over Cherry's shoulder, and something like a grin came to his distorted face. Cherry hoped he wouldn't be disposed toward facetiousness now. Hoskins wouldn't stand it. But that gentleman was already delivering himself in tones that could be heard throughout the lobby for the benefit of an imposing-looking group that had just come in:

"I'm sorry not to have a better room for your friend, Miss Mercer, but we haven't a thing left. The last suite we had was taken to-day, taken by"—he paused for full effect, then rolled the name around on his tongue—"by Mr. J. Wellington Crabtree, of—of—the West."

JOHN CARSTAIRS did not come down that evening. While Cherry was eating her dinner at the little table which she shared with a lady with an expansive glittering bosom, a note was brought to her.

"Dear Miss Mercer,—I got a full look in the mirror, and speedily decided you'd be a lot better off if I didn't start playing the kidnapee until to-morrow. I've got a compress on my eye now. My bad leg is tenderly propped up in front of me, and food had been brought me. Pippa passes! God's in his Heaven! All's well in the linen room!

"Faithfully,

"JOHN CARSTAIRS, New York.

"P.S.—When we meet to-morrow, better call me Jack. I think old Donner and Blitzen at the desk is suspicious. What's your first name? How much money was in that roll? You're a brick!"

Cherry wrote back:—

"Glad you're comfortable. Be more respectful to Hoskins. My name is Cherry.

"There was twenty-five dollars in that roll, spending money for my vacation. You're the first thing I've seen to spend it on.

"You're awfully sarcastic and quite impatient and cross, but nobody can say you aren't game!"

The two days that followed were Cherry's first light-hearted ones at the Imperial. John Carstairs was gay and droll, and he made her laugh a great deal. Yet, as Thursday wore on, a vague feeling of anxiety came over her. She began to be troubled by the irresponsibility of John.

Here he was, without money or baggage, falling in with her plan as though that was what he had originally started out to do. Apparently he had not a care in the world.

After dinner they wandered down toward the golf course, and Cherry's misgivings got the better of her.

"John, what do you do for a living?"

"Oh, a little of everything. Jack of all trades is the classic nomenclature."

"Don't you think you ought to be serious about something? Especially about your work?"

"Why, child, my work is the only thing I am serious about."

"Yet you don't know what it is!"

"I do, too." He paused a moment, and Cherry noted the pause. "I'm a mechanic, Cherry," he told her finally. "And a darned good one, too, if I do say it myself."

Please turn to Page 30

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savouries.★★★

CERTAIN RELIEF from LUNG and CHEST TROUBLES

The most remarkable results which "Asthona" has already achieved in even the most severe cases of lung and chest trouble, are proof enough of the splendid relief it will bring to you.

Just think—by taking this harmless remedy regularly—you will reduce coughing fits—night sweats and haemorrhages . . . you will rid your lungs of the mucus and will drive out all signs of lung weakness. Once again you will enjoy perfect health . . . eating heartily . . . sleeping soundly and exercising without undue fatigue. Send for "Asthona" at once.

Equally good for asthma, bronchitis and catarrh!

This is what one thankful user of "Asthona" writes:—

5 Eden Terrace, Auckland.
9/6/'26.

Dear Sirs,—

When I first entered the Shelters my doctor said that the disease being so far advanced he held little, if any, hope of my recovery. I decided to give "Asthona" a trial, and have never looked back since. After six months' treatment, to my amazement and delight, my doctor informed me that my lungs were perfectly healed, that he found absolutely no trace whatever of T.B. If this letter will induce some other sufferer to give "Asthona" a fair trial, it will not have been written in vain.

(Sgd.) A.D.M.

To Secure

ASTHONA

Cut out and post this advertisement, with your name and address and postal note for 12/-, to

THE PAUL PTY.,
FERRY BUILDINGS, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

The Latest Scientific Wonder Proves a Boon to Women & Children

CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST

is impregnated with the ultra-violet ray by the most up-to-date Scientific Methods in the World. For that run down feeling women will find Cenovis Yeast possesses all the necessary tonic properties, as it carries a strong Vitamin D content which keeps the digestive organs functioning normally.

You owe it to yourself to keep CENOVIS MEDICINAL YEAST in the House.

Cenovis Irradiated Medicinal Yeast prevents Colds and all pulmonary complaints, Indigestion, Ulcers of the Stomach, Tiredness, Constipation, and Piles. Also has wonderful healing properties when applied externally to wounds and other sores.

GROWING CHILDREN

need Irradiated Yeast for the prevention of rickets and bone troubles. Cenovis Yeast also ensures a healthy growth of teeth.

CENOVIS YEAST COMPANY
6a ELIZABETH STREET,
MELBOURNE, C.1.
PHONE, CENTRAL 7899.

PEOPLE IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA may obtain wholesale and retail supplies from MR. HAROLD A. HALL, GAWLER PLACE, ADELAIDE.

QUEENSLANDERS may obtain supplies from MESSRS. D. McLEAN AND CO., FERRY HOUSE, ELIZABETH STREET, BRISBANE.

Full wholesale stocks of both Medicinal and Baking Yeast may be obtained from these distributors at Melbourne prices.

Other State distributors will be appointed in due course.

NEW SEASON'S DRIED FRUITS

Currants, Sultanas and Raisins

Are Now Available Secure Your Supplies

Make Every Day a Dried Fruits Day.

Processed and Packed under Government Supervision.

THE NEW SUNSHINE COO KERY BOOK

has been so popular with Housewives that it has been necessary to have further supplies printed. These are now available. Send for your copy FREE from—

THE VICTORIAN DRIED FRUITS BOARD
623 Collins Street
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The Postage on this Coupon if forwarded in an UNSEALED envelope is ONE PENNY.
Please send me a FREE Cookery Book.
NAME (MRS. or MISS) BLOCK LETTERS .....
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Latest American Aid for the

DEAF

SUPER-EAR
NO BATTERIES
NO CORDS
NO NOISE
WORN WITH LIGHT HEAD BAND.
Absolutely new Acoustical Principle.
Write for Particulars. 7 Days' Trial.
E. ESDAILE & SONS
Scientific Instrument Makers and Opticians,
42 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY

The Time Tested Remedy for
COUGHS AND COLDS

Renowned for its efficacy, this universally-endorsed remedy has no equal as a treatment for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Throat and Chest affections. Safe and sure for all ages. 1/-, 2/-, and 3/-.

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

W3-34

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By Evelyn

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

HEADS UP ... *for Youth and Beauty!*

Remember, you are as young as your chin!

Few, very few, of us realise that on those hard-worked muscles round the jaw and throat the whole structure and shape of the face depend.

HOW beauty depends on the chin line! And how incipient double chins and sagging jaw muscles drag down faces and give their owners a heavy, middle-aged look long before their time!

Double and triple chins should be dispensed with, for they are nothing but disfigurements to physical loveliness.

Consider this: Chins are not meant to become double. When they do, we have only ourselves to blame, for at some time we have been guilty of gross neglect. The trouble may be due to three causes: lack of exercise, wrong diet, and need for massage.

Over-indulgence in starches, rich sauces, or sugar "goes to the chin."

It is equally true that any diet regime will first of all remove a tendency to double chin, so that the woman who wants to lift her chin must banish starchy foods, sugars, and sauces, and replace them with fruit, saccharine (obtainable at any chemist, and a wonderful substitute for sugar), and green vegetables. Yet proper exercise must accompany dieting.

* * *

INCORRECT posture, also, can be blamed for many a double chin, although in this case a heaviness under the chin is more characteristic than actual chins. However, when incorrect posture encourages heaviness under the chin, a few additional pounds gained generally develops this heaviness into dreaded "doubles." Excess fat, you know, loves nothing better than loose, flabby muscles to attach itself to.

If you hold your head erect, the muscles under the chin cannot become loose and saggy.

Sitting forward, reading, or writing, or sewing is bad. The shoulders poke forward, the chin is pushed down toward the chest, which in the process of time gives an ugly, heavy under-chin line even when the contour of the throat is normally firm and youthful.

When you sit down, push your body far back into the chair until the upper part of the body is at right angles with the thighs. The spine should press gently against the back of the chair.

When bending forward, bend from the hips, that is what they are for, keeping the upper part of the body erect and the shoulders pushed back.

* * *

EXERCISE is a wonderful thing for wearing down a double chin. Turn the head in a circular motion, keeping it well down on shoulders and chest and as far back as you turn.

Grinding is the better word to use.

CORRECT posture has a lot to do with a lovely throat-line—so heads up for beauty. This is a rather attractive study of Katherine Hepburn, don't you think?

JUDITH ALLEN (Paramount) illustrates a method of massaging the neck, working upward from the base of the throat to the chin, using a nourishing cream.

THIS simple exercise of "lifting" the chin is very helpful.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

EXTRA INCHES will slip away from the hip-line if you do this pedalling exercise a few times each morning. Lie flat on the floor, bring the legs up straight and stiff, and then work them as though pedalling a bicycle.

Follow this by turning side to side—not hurriedly—and then up and down.

Placing the hands, as shown in the bottom picture, firmly under the chin and lifting upwards is also good.

* * *

TO stir up sluggish muscles and disperse fatty tissues under the chin, brisk tapping should be done with the backs of the fingers from loose wrists. See, however, that the chin is well covered with cream, to avoid stretching the skin.

Another way: With firm, gripping movements the fingers should press and smooth the skin upwards and outwards to the base of the ears. Then with the pads of thumbs alone, and the ends of the fingers on the back of the neck, deep rotary movements should be made under the chin.

* * *

CHIN-STRAPS are advised by beauty specialists for those who cannot undertake self-massage. A chin-strap should be worn on alternate nights with a skin food, or, better still, ten minutes daily, morning or evening, when dressing or undressing. This latter is preferable to all-night wear.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: I have a family of five, all with ravenous appetites. I am concerned not so much with the problem of how to satisfy their appetites as with what best to give them in order to make them strong and keep them well.

DURING adolescence girls often crave certain kinds of foods such as highly flavored foods and sweets. Such vagaries of appetite should be controlled. The insistent craving for food on the part of boys also leads to the consumption of quantities which are too large for one meal.

Care should be exercised in selecting menus for young people. The dishes should not be specially difficult to digest, and fried foods, pork, and made-over dishes should be avoided.

It is always wise to encourage the drinking of milk, especially when an excessive craving for tea or coffee is manifest.

Parents often have difficulty making children eat cereals for breakfast. When this is the case the addition of dates or some stewed fruit may make the dish more attractive.

For girls who seem to have a small appetite, a breakfast dish consisting of toast made from whole wheat bread, and served with hot milk or cream, may serve as a pleasing substitute for cereal.

Our young folks usually like fruit, and they should be given goodly quantities of this, as fruit helps to build the body and is an excellent digestive regulator.

* * *

CHILDREN, also, often do not like salads. It makes a great deal of difference, however, if these salads are daintily prepared and consist of crisp, fresh, or cooked vegetables to which fresh fruit or eggs have been added. They should not, though, be served with too rich or too highly-seasoned a dressing.

Meats should be eaten only in moderate amounts, not more than two to four ounces a day. Strong condiments should never be given to children and young people. As meat substitutes, such foods as cheese, macaroni, and rice are valuable.

Hot breads of all kinds should be used but sparingly. In any case, the best bread for adolescents is that which has plenty of crust and comparatively little soft centre. Baking powder biscuits, waffles, and griddle cakes are not well borne by children under fourteen, nor should they be encouraged after that. If these articles are taken they should not be made a meal of, but should be employed as a dessert or as an adjunct to more substantial food.

As far as desserts are concerned, custards and blancmanges as well as bread and cereal pudding combine high food value with ease of digestion. They are particularly useful in boys whose demand for food is great.

Pastry, both for boys and girls, should be used very sparingly. If cake is given it should never be a rich one. Cookies, plain or sponge cake are very desirable and they can be made more palatable by the addition of a little chocolate or a few nuts or raisins.

Weekly Diet Hint

YOUR children all crave candy, and it is good for them. The same, in fact, may be said for adults. Candy supplies sugar which is readily oxidised in the system. Never, however, should candy be eaten between meals. At the very end of a meal, to "top it off," so to speak, it is ideal. Candy often is an excellent substitute for the craving for tobacco or alcohol. In such cases it may be eaten more freely.

LATEST from *Paris:* *Finger-tip BEAUTY.*

THE newest form of nail make-up in Paris is to paint the varnish tapering into a point right over the white of the nail-top, and a similar point across the half-moon at the bottom. This makes the finger-tips look much narrower than they really are, and gives that flattering tapering effect to the hand in general.

Some like the varnish painted right over the whites of the nail-tops, and this at the moment is fashionable.

MISS CONNIE HOBBS, the charming theatrical artiste, appearing in a revival of "Sally," at the Arcadia Theatre, Chatswood, is another of the popular theatrical artistes who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

—Photo Raymond Sawyer.

Worthwhile Beauty Recommendations

By NANETTE

"HAIR CONTROL." Is your hair difficult to control, and does the wave go out quickly? Well a little Hollywood Hair Dressing will soon correct this and you will be able to retain your waves longer and easily dress your hair any way you want to. Used regularly, Hollywood Hair Dressing will stop dandruff, falling hair and will increase growth. Your chemist can get it for you.

"TOO FAT." Your trouble can be easily overcome by taking clynol berries. These little berries have a wonderful power in helping to reduce superfluous fat, and they can be taken without fear of adversely affecting the health; in fact, they improve the general health and reduce excessive fat in a natural manner. Get some from your chemist to-day.

"HEALTHY COMPLEXION." This can only be attained by using a non-clogging cream which also has power to harmlessly remove freckles, moth-patches, sallowness, roughness, etc. Such a cream exists in the wonderfully popular mercolized wax, which, applied to the skin at night, removes surface skin imperfections in a harmless, natural manner. A complexion treated to a course of mercolized wax is a complexion to be proud of and you should try this out at once. Splendid for sunburn, windchap and skin roughness of face, neck, hands or arms.

"PREMATURELY AGED LOOKING." Grey hairs make the most youthful person look ten years older, and should not be tolerated in these days, as a youthful appearance is a very valuable asset, you know that. What you probably do not know is how to effectively and harmlessly get rid of these grey hairs. It was a secret once, but now most people know that tammalite lotion is the one truly effective remedy for grey hairs. It harmlessly restores them to their natural colour, and not being a dye can be used with greatest confidence. Does not stain the scalp or pillowslips, and no one can detect it.

"SHAMPOOING." The correct shampoo for the average head of hair is undoubtedly stallax. Delightfully perfumed, these stallax granules cleanse the scalp and leave hair beautifully bright and wavy.

It's worth while asking your chemist or store for

The New Dearborn Indelible Lipsticks

BRIL-BLOND, MANDARIN, TANGO, VERMIL, BRUNA

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"Flu"? Right Now You Need

DOUBLE "D" Eucalyptus Extract

Let Double "D" fight your 'Flu, Coughs, Colds or Sore Throats in a new economical way. Double "D" will attack 'Flu and Cold germs both externally and internally in three definite ways, alleviating inflammation and bringing relief within a few hours.

HOW TO BREAK UP 'FLU OVERNIGHT

As soon as you feel a Cold or attack of 'Flu coming on, purchase a bottle of Double "D" Eucalyptus Extract, and do these three things:

First, rub throat, chest, and back thoroughly—being strong it will quickly penetrate, and bring wonderful relief.

Next, take three drops of Double "D" on a lump of sugar—being double distilled and free from Phellandrene, it is safe for anyone to take.

Then add a teaspoonful of Double "D" to a jug of hot water and inhale. Do these three things before retiring, and you will break-up a Cold or 'Flu overnight.

You can safely rely upon Double "D" for internal and external use, as every drop is double distilled, thus ensuring that all impurities are removed, leaving only a clear, strong, sweet-smelling Eucalyptus Extract, guaranteed to conform in every way to the new British Pharmacopoeia standard.

Don't be caught unawares—buy your bottle of Double "D" to-day, and be prepared.

£10/10/-

IN PRIZES

DOUBLE "D" COMPETITION CLOSES SOON

How many words do you know which contain "Double 'D'" such as Ladder, Riddle, Paddle. Make out a list—You may win a Prize. All words must be English Dictionary words (do not use plurals). Each Entry must be accompanied by a green wrapper from a bottle of Double "D" Eucalyptus, the pure, strong Eucalyptus.

PRIZES: FIRST PRIZE, £5/5/.

20 additional Prizes of a N.S.W. Lottery Ticket, or cash equal to the purchase price of same will be awarded to the 20 next best entries.

All entries must be posted prior to MAY 31, 1934, and will be judged by a Director of The Sheldon Drug Co. Ltd. His decision shall be final. In the event of a tie, prize-money will be divided. Address to Dept. W., Double "D" Competition, G.P.O., Box 201D., Sydney.

SMALL SIZE, 9d. | Always ask for and see that you get the genuine Double "D" Eucalyptus. | LARGE SIZE 1/3

DOUBLE "D" Eucalyptus Extract

One bright thing after another—*that's*

Brasso

LIQUID METAL POLISH

Made in Australia by the makers of RECKITT'S BLUE

A MECHANIC!

Involuntarily Cherry's thoughts flashed to her mother's plans for her. "Dear Mother, I am engaged to a mechanic." She wondered how her mother would receive a letter like that, if she would consider it an accomplishment of the purpose for which she had planned this holiday. Cherry decided she would not.

"How'd you come to be that?" she asked, by way of saying something.

"Born in me, I guess. Got most of my practical training, though, in the army."

"What'd you do in the army?"

"Mechanic," he replied, laconically.

Friday morning he took her for a ride. Down in the village he had seen for hire a motor cycle with sidecar. "Just because my limp won't let me walk much is no reason why you should miss your outing," he told her, and left her on the porch while he rode down on the bus to bring up the motor cycle.

As she sat there waiting for him, she caught a conversation going on beside her. Mrs. Orr, the hostess at the hotel, was talking with a group that included the Jardines and Mr. Twining, the youth with whom Cherry had almost danced.

"Never saw a year with so few men," commented Mrs. Jardine.

"It's quality, not quantity, that counts," contributed Twining.

"Right," agreed Miss Jardine, and smiled at him as brightly as if he had uttered a great witticism.

"Probably wouldn't look at him at home," Cherry told herself. "But here a man's a man."

"But to-morrow ought to put a different complexion on things." The hostess was speaking. "Quantity—there'll be two or three men at least in the party; and an abundance of quality—Mr. Crabtree is reputed to be the richest young bachelor in the West."

"Oh, of course none of us can compete with Crabtree," complained Twining. Miss Jardine smiled at him again.

"We're making the big ball to-morrow night an aviation dance on his account," said Mrs. Orr. "An American ace—but everybody knows his record—not a typical rich man's son."

"As if he needed to be anything with all his money!" chimed in Mrs. Jardine, and Cherry's dislike for her mounted.

A handsome motor car drove up and took away a laughing picnic party. Those in the Jardine group commented upon the make and beauty of the car. Two more followed it in rapid succession, and were speedily noted and appraised as they sped down the drive.

Immediately in their wake, and with more noise, it seemed to Cherry, than she had ever heard even a motor cycle make, came John Carstairs with his side-seat car. It wasn't a good-looking motor cycle at best, and showed signs of considerable wear. The eyes of all the porch crowd were on it as it swept up in the wake of the magnificent cars.

Cherry flushed. The contrast between John's equipage and these others was comically apparent. And as she walked primly down the porch steps, she was aware that the amused eyes of the Jardine contingent were upon her. She caught distinctly a remark ending: "seems to have staked her claim."

"Madame, the Rolls," John announced with a low bow and an elaborate flourish.

"Thought I wouldn't be able to get it," he continued, in tones perfectly audible to the highly interested watchers. "Couple of fellows wanted it, but I grabbed it and they scorned to hit a cripple." He smiled behind the court-plaster.

THAT afternoon there were show stunts by an aviator. All the hotel colony came to the field for the event. Cherry and John Carstairs walked down that way shortly after the hour when the flight was to have started. A man came hurrying out, looking worried.

"McWalters gone up yet?" asked John.

"Can't go up," answered the man. "Something wrong with the plane. Got to go to the village for more help."

John Carstairs' glance quickened; his easy-going attitude dropped from him like a cloak.

"Let me have a look at it. I've had a lot of experience with such things."

"We need the most expert help we can get, and quick as we can get it," said the man, doubtfully. "But go on in if you think you can help," he continued, while he himself hopped into a little car and headed for the village.

They went inside. Cherry was given a seat in the side-lines and John limped out into the field. McWalters turned, and from where she sat Cherry saw him start with surprise, and then his hand and John Carstairs' met in a hearty clasp. After that the men worked for twenty minutes, and then, amid lusty cheering, McWalters got away to a beautiful start and the afternoon was on. A vague feeling of injustice settled on Cherry, that all the applause was for the ace and none for the man who had made the flight possible.

Smudgy and greasy, John made his way back across the field.

"Let's stay and watch McWalters' stunts," he told her, while machinists from around the tool-box eyed him with respectful interest. "A fine fellow, McWalters," commented John. "I was his machinist when I first went in the service."

All the way back to the hotel John talked nothing but engines and motors. Cherry didn't understand half of it, but that didn't seem to bother John. They passed Mrs. Jardine and her daughter, the latter walking with Twiny. They might not have existed, so far as John Carstairs was concerned. And as they stepped to their half of the roadway, John was saying in loud tones to Cherry:

"Didn't I tell you I was a darned good mechanic, Cherry? Didn't I?" His face was flushed and held an odd look of pride.

Miss Jardine heard, recognised the star mechanic of the day, decided he was not the sort one knows, and passed up the walk beside the bored-appearing Twiny.

After dinner they strolled out again to their favorite bench beside the first tee. On the way down the walk they had to step aside for a small pyramid of trunks just dumped by the driver—the same driver who had brought John to the Imperial. The trunks were fast being carried in by the porters.

"'J. Wellington Crabtree,'" Cherry read aloud. "What a mouthful of name!"

"Poor devil!" agreed John.

"He's the guest of honor to-morrow night." She repeated what she had heard in the morning. "He's not only a famous ace, but a famous bachelor and very, very eligible, Mrs. Orr said. That's why the big ball is to be given for him to-morrow night."

"Because he's a famous bachelor or because he's a famous ace?"

"I think, John"—Cherry's face was solemn and she stopped short where she stood and emphasised her remarks with little nods of her head—"it's because he's rich—awfully rich."

"There, there, don't get all heated up against Crabtree just because of those people. He's probably the Crabtree I knew in the army. Not a half-bad sort, really. Only, he was Jack Crabtree then—no J. Wellington. That's his family's doings. And speaking of riches, Cherry," he went on quickly, "that reminds me; I've wired for some money. Don't let me forget to-morrow to give you back your note."

"You don't need to. I've got my ticket home."

HE smiled, and an indescribable feeling of panic came over Cherry. His smile was a thing to rejoice over. And after to-morrow she wouldn't see it again.

"You've been awfully good to me," she faltered. "I don't know how I'd have finished this holiday without you. I—I'll remember it always."

They were walking back to the hotel now. The moonlight was entrancing, the air balmy. Couples passed up and down, arm in arm; waltz music drifted out from the hotel. An utter content fell upon Cherry. But suddenly, as they mounted the steps, romance fled from her mind and reality entered with a thump.

"You can't dance to-morrow night," she gasped. "You—you haven't any evening clothes!"

He laughed at her concern. "Don't let that trouble you," he reassured. "I'll borrow some from the waiters. Decent fellow, one of those waiters, working his way through college and all that. He'll lend me his, I know, if I ask him."

All Saturday morning they guarded his bad leg, carefully conserving it for the evening. Preparations for the dance were going on all around them. It was to be the gala night of the season.

"We can thank J. Wellington Crabtree for to-night," gaily said Cherry to John as they sat on the piazza after luncheon.

"Then we'll give him a vote of thanks and call him a good old scout," declared John.

"By the way, I don't think he's arrived yet. I don't see anyone around who might be he."

"Oh, he's not so distinguished-looking," said John, in tones that drew Cherry's searching glance. Could it be that John was jealous of the guest of honor? She hastened to reassure him.

"For my part, I don't care whether he ever comes or not. But I just wouldn't have been able to stand it here to-day without you, John Carstairs. Everybody so happy and busy and looking forward to to-night."

"You'd be looking forward to to-night, too."

"Yes—to being a wallflower, to sitting alone and looking on, my feet aching to dance, my heart aching with lonesomeness."

And John smiled the smile that was the worst heartache of all.

"What're you going to do to-morrow when I go?" she asked wistfully.

"To-morrow? Oh, to-morrow's another day. I—I hope to-morrow to have an appointment with my girl."

His girl! The day went black for Cherry. His girl! The death of joy, the end of dreams!

She strove to say something, but no words came. She merely sat looking at John.

"I'll tell you all about it to-night," said he, unaware of the havoc he had wrought.

"Yes, do," answered she, in her voice much of the icy quality affected by the ladies at the Imperial. Shortly afterwards she excused herself, thought she'd lie down for a while. Immediately John rose.

"And I think I'll go to my linen-room," he said, "to pack."

"To pack!" Cherry cried, then laughed in spite of herself. He had nothing to pack.

As they approached the desk, a tall, good-looking young man stood registering. He was accompanied by another, apparently a valet. Several porters stood obsequiously about, laden with bags. Hoskins' face wore a rapt look; his manner had a touch of grandeur as he handed the young man the pen.

"J. Wellington Crabtree," Cherry thought, and turned to tell John Carstairs. But that gentleman had disappeared.

She waited, irresolute. Not a sign of him anywhere.

THE orchestra was beginning to play just as she came down. Suppressed excitement everywhere. Even the Jardines seemed caught by it. Miss Jardine's features were—for them—lit up, and her mother wore a pleasantly preoccupied air. It seemed years since the night Cherry had been introduced to them.

Mrs. Orr, in passing, nodded to Miss Jardine. "Hope you'll have the first dance with him," she said.

A table for two was set conspicuously in the centre of the dining-room. Dinner was half over, and yet it remained unoccupied. Soft eyes, and hard, feverish glances and calculating ones, were turned upon it. Then suddenly he came—the young man Cherry had seen registering.

"Yes, looks as if he could have a good time even here among the icebergs," mused Cherry.

"Crabtree's cousin. Secretary of his or something. Always travels with him." A man at a table back of Cherry was speaking.

"Where's Crabtree?" asked another.

"Got here late, I hear, and dining in his room."

Cherry could see nothing of John Carstairs—not that she was expecting to. She did hope he would get something to eat, and wondered how long it took waiters to get through their work and out of their clothes.

One window of the ballroom opened upon the most secluded corner of the piazza. It was here Cherry had promised to wait for John. She herself had suggested it. "I'll see how the clothes fit him," she thought. "I don't want him to be a laughing-stock before these people."

Please turn to Page 33

A Wrinkle in Time . . .

Flour absorbs all odors, so keep it closely covered.

HOST BOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty. ***

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CONSIDER *the* POSSIBILITIES *of the* STOCK-POT!

Clear Soups are a stimulant ... thick soups are a nourishing food!

By MARGARET SHEPHERD
Instructor to Leading Hospitals.

OF course, there is a wide difference between "clear" soups, which are served as a stimulant before dinner to prepare the stomach for the more solid dishes to follow, and "thick" soups.

The latter nourishing and satisfying dish is beloved of the peasants throughout the Continent and served in every country cottage and farmhouse. This thick soup is my subject to-day.

ALL the legumes with which we are familiar—I refer to the dried beans, lentils and peas—are favored by the Europeans for the bases of their soups. Their high protein contents make them an important muscle and tissue builder. The lentil is the least used, but the most valuable of the legumes.

It is necessary to wash these dried products very thoroughly in several waters and to soak them for twenty-four hours in sufficient cold water to cover, in order to restore some of the water lost in the drying process.

They should then be cooked long and slowly until soft enough to rub through a sieve; **on no account should bicarbonate of soda be used to soften them—it destroys all the vitamins.**

If these soups are served for luncheon or for an evening meal with croutons, small squares of toast or wholemeal bread and butter, followed by stewed fruit or a baked apple, they form a well-balanced meal during the cold weather.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

Two cups large black beans, 1 large onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 5 or 6 celery stalks, 5 or 6 cloves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, ½ bay leaf, 1-8 teaspoon black pepper, ½ teaspoon thyme and dry mustard, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons browned flour, thin slices lemon.

Wash the beans and soak for 24 hours in 2 quarts of cold water. Fry the finely chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter; add to the soaked beans, with the celery cut into small pieces, cloves, peppercorns, bay leaf, thyme, mustard, and pepper. Cook gently for 3 or 4 hours until beans are tender. Strain, rubbing the beans through the sieve.

Put three tablespoons butter in a saucepan and cook until browned (not burnt). Add the browned flour, mix well; then add the bean puree, slowly. Stir till it boils and thickens; simmer slowly for 10 minutes. Serve with thin slices of lemon in each plate.

FIRST AND LAST SOUP

One pound cabbage (the heart), 2 carrots, 2 parsnips, 2 sweet potatoes, 3 large onions, 1 cup lentils or dried peas, 4 potatoes, a small bunch herbs.

If you have a smoked tongue or a piece of ham to cook, make this delightful and satisfying soup. It improves the meat

Put the meat on to boil for one hour, then put in the saucepan the cabbage, washed and cut into pieces, the carrots and parsnips, scraped, and the sweet potatoes peeled and cut into pieces, the onions peeled and sliced, also the lentils, which have been washed and soaked overnight, and herbs. See that there is sufficient water to well cover it, and simmer gently until the meat is cooked. Take it out and prepare in the usual way. Remove the herbs. Rub the remainder through a sieve; add pepper to taste; reheat and serve. It is not necessary to add salt, as the meat will have supplied it. If soup is too thick it may be thinned with water or milk. If the tongue is a pickled one, wash in several waters before cooking.

BRETON SOUP

Four large onions, 2 carrots, 3 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, 2 pints water.

Finely chop the onions; cut the washed and scraped carrots into very small dice. Put the butter into a saucepan. When hot, add the onions and saute until brown; then add the carrots. Cook lightly, adding the salt and sugar. Pour over them the water or stock and boil steadily for two hours, replacing the liquid when it boils away.

Cut some thin slices of wholemeal bread (one for each plate), sprinkle it with cheese, and place in the oven, or under the gas grill, until the cheese has melted. Put one slice on each plate and pour the soup over it. Allow it to stand in a warm spot for 10 minutes before serving.

RUSSIAN LENTIL SOUP

One cup lentils, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 small onion, 3 tablespoons flour, 1lb. or 1 tin tomatoes, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, bay leaf, 1 stalk of finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

SOUPS are not only a dish that contains health-giving properties, but one that can be served in an appetising way as the main feature of a luncheon or light evening meal.

Soak the lentils for 24 hours. Cover with four cups of water and simmer slowly, until soft enough to rub through a sieve, then run the cooked or tinned tomatoes through the sieve.

Cut the onion into small pieces and fry in butter until soft (not brown). Add the flour and cook to a smooth paste; then slowly stir in the lentil pulp and tomato juice; season with sugar, salt, pepper, celery, and bay leaf; simmer slowly until celery is soft. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with sippets of toasted wholemeal bread.

HOTCH POTCH SOUP

Two necks mutton, 2 onions, 2 or 3 stalks celery, 1 tablespoon barley, nutmeg, salt, pepper, 1 bunch spinach, ½lb. green peas, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Wash the necks of mutton; cut away all the outside pieces of fat; cut across several times. Put into a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover and 1 dessertspoon salt. Add the onion, celery, and leek, cut into small pieces; simmer for 2 hours. Boil 1 tablespoon barley in water with 1 dessertspoon butter for a short time. Wash and cut the spinach finely. Put into a saucepan with ½ cup water and boil 15 minutes; strain; add 1 tablespoon butter, a little nutmeg, salt, and cream; cook and stir for another 10 minutes. Strain the meat stock; remove the fat; add the barley and peas; boil 15 minutes. Then add the cooked spinach, lastly the chopped parsley, salt, and pepper, to taste. Serve very hot.

ESAU'S POTTAGE

A cup and a half lentils, 1½ cups rice, 1 cup olive oil, 3 onions, 1 heaped dessertspoon salt.

Soak the lentils in boiling water overnight. Next day strain the water off; add fresh cold water and bring to the boil. Simmer slowly for 1 hour, or until soft enough to rub through a sieve. Add the washed rice to the lentil puree and the liquid in which they were cooked. Fry the finely sliced onions in olive oil. Add to the rice, etc., with sufficient water to prevent rice burning. Add the salt and strips of onion fried a golden brown in oil. When finished this soup should be the consistency of thin porridge.

All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

BEST RECIPES

Dates for a Delicious Pudding

Dishes "to set before a king" were included in our recipe competition this week. Puddings and soups and breakfast dishes in recipes that would be warming and welcome on winter days.

SEND the recipe for that wholesome, nourishing dish that is so popular with your family during the chilly months.

Remember, there is £1 every week, and three consolation prizes for the best recipes received.

This week's prize winners are:—

DELICIOUS DATE PUDDING

One cup sugar, ¼lb. butter, 2 eggs, ½lb. flour, 1lb. dates, 12 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 large tablespoon cocoa.

Beat butter, sugar, and eggs, then add in this order: Half the milk, the dates (stoned), half the flour, and the remainder of the milk. Lastly add the rest of the flour with the rising and cocoa stirred into it. Mix well, bake in large shallow dish 20 minutes in a good oven. Serve with custard.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Walley, 44 Kitchener Av., Dulwich, S.A.

RAISIN SURPRISES

Three cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2-3 cup butter or other shortening, ½ cup (firmly packed) brown sugar, 1 egg (well beaten), 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1-3 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together till light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla, then add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition till smooth. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll ¼-inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with round biscuit cutter and place one teaspoon raisin filling on a circle and place another circle on top, pressing edges together. Bake in hot oven 6 to 8 minutes. Make 4 dozen.

Raisin Filling: 2 cups chopped raisins, 2-3 cup sugar, 2-3 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter.

Cook raisins, sugar, and water 6 to 8 minutes, or until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, add lemon and butter. Figs or dates may be substituted for raisins.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. E. Plunkett, Box 56, Lalbert, Vic.

POLISH LEG OF MUTTON
(A National Dish)

Remove all fat from a leg of mutton and, with a sharp-pointed knife, stab to the bone all over it. Insert in these openings small pieces of fat bacon and garlic. Place leg in baking dish and pour in a little water. Prepare a few carrots, parsnips, onions, and turnips (any root vegetables in season), and put around the leg of mutton. Smear exposed part of joint with dripping. Sprinkle over a little pepper and salt and bake. Dish up on a large dish, surrounding the joint with the vegetables, and pour over all the liquid in the baking dish.

In Poland this joint is cooked in an earthenware dish and sent to the table just as it comes from the oven. Delicious hot, and makes excellent sandwiches cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. E. Jolliffe, Lingalong, Goulagong, N.S.W.

BREAKFAST DISH
(Six Persons)

A cup and a half flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ cup dripping (rubbed through the flour), pinch of salt, and enough water to make a stiff dough. Line a pie dish with the paste, and add the following: 6 rashers bacon, 1 sheep's kidney (previously stewed and chopped), 2 onions (fried), ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 4 eggs (well beaten and poured over the mixture).

Spread paste over the top and bake in fairly hot oven until nicely brown. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Stella Purdon, Elimbah, N.C.L., Qld.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?★★★

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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 8

ON Tuesday life seemed determined to stage an anti-climax. It was a grey, warm day filled not with purple passion but with petty annoyances. Jenny started the morning badly by burning the toast, she kept it up at the shop by breaking a vase, giving a customer wrong change, failing to get her usual table at lunch, making a ladder in her stocking, and ended up the day being detained by Madame.

"We shall have to work late, Jenny. Lady Miriam Lake has ordered a three-foot laurel wreath for Toni Gerrard's first night. Now we've got to treat all the leaves—it's going to be a long job. It's costing Lady Miriam a pretty penny but she can afford it, and if she thinks Toni Gerrard is worth it—— Silly women will do anything."

"Yes," said Jenny solemnly, feeling that Madame had hit upon a great truth.

They settled to work in the little room at the back of the shop, and Madame took up her narration. "I hear the beautiful Beaumont is out of the cast. Quelle femme. Why, Toni would do better with Lady Miriam even—if he could escape the other."

Jenny stood for a moment holding the frame for the wreath. She looked across at Madame. "If you want someone—love them" she said slowly; "it's no escape to lose them. It doesn't matter whether they're good enough for you or not."

Madame chuckled. "You take it from a Frenchwoman, Jenny, one who knows, Toni isn't in love with that blonde. Just propinquity and habit. Only difference was that she was cleverer than the others. She wouldn't let him get off without the ring."

"Yes," said Jenny, smiling to herself a little. "Christine was fond of wedding rings."

CHAPTER XI.

TONI awoke on the Monday morning unable to decide whether the major ache was in his heart, his head, or his temper. The sun shone on the coverlet of an unfamiliar bed, and he lay for some moments trying to disentangle his thoughts.

Many ideas pressed themselves forward for consideration, but one thing only was simple, certain, and calling for immediate action. He had promised Dixon that he would report for work early on Monday morning, and out of the week-end nightmare of drink and disillusion this duty was comparatively easy to fulfil. He clung to it as something solid. His world had crashed about his ears, but from the ruins he must at least extricate his public popularity and his means of livelihood.

He rang savagely for Fletcher, holding his finger for a long time on the bell.

"Yes, sir. Hot or cold bath, sir? Will you take a cup of tea?" Fletcher was ready to be lenient with a master who so rarely had a "morning after" temper—one who rarely had a temper at all. He did not know that Toni had abdicated his princedom and was no longer to be classed among the good fellows.

"I'll have a cold bath—yes—quick—why didn't you bring me some tea, you fool. Get the things packed and the car out. We've got to be in town by ten."

"I'm sorry, sir, I didn't know."

"Then why didn't you ask?"

Fletcher was much too well trained to retort that Mr. Gerrard had been in no fit condition to answer, so he merely went on with dignity with the ritual of the bath, turning on the cold tap, laying down the bath mat, draping the ample bath-towel on the back of the chair, adding a dash of Eau de Cologne to the water, putting the talcum powder to hand. The ceremony accomplished, he held his master's dressing-gown invitingly open, but Toni pushed past him and banged the bathroom door with violence.

The stinging water roused Toni to a more active sense of his grievances. They had all let him down. They had put him in an absurd position and then they disappeared and left him to tell the world. And what the devil could he tell the world? He turned on the shower and stood gasping for breath. All those gaping idiots in the house this very minute, from the kitchen up, working, or sleeping, or dressing, or breakfasting, they all knew the truth. They would all be ready to spread this funny story. Even Fletcher must know something. He could afford to be patient and polite because in his heart he was one up on his master. Jenny had seen to it that he should look a fool. He hurried into his clothes, his jaws set, with his blue eyes cold. Let them laugh. They'd always found him amusing—paid him to be amusing, well now he was handing them the best laugh in his career, the funniest act in his repertoire, free, gratis, and for nothing. The only person who didn't think he was amusing was Jenny. Now even she would have to admit that he was a riot.

He would have to see people—to explain—that was the worst of the whole business. He came defiantly downstairs. As he approached the dining-room he saw that Trotter Delaney and Rex Wheeler were the only occupants.

Young Delaney's voice floated across the hall. "Tell me, Rex, did you see and hear what I saw and heard last night, or was it all the jolly old imagination. Believe me I was so blind that this morning I couldn't be sure."

"You didn't see or hear a thing," said Rex firmly.

"Morning," said Toni, coming into the room. The two men looked up embarrassed. "Look here, I've got to go up to town for a rehearsal. Will you explain and apologise to the others?"

"Of course," said Rex.

"Lovely day," Toni went on; "no need for anyone to hurry away." He had a dim idea that the longer he could keep them there the slower the story would travel to town. "Well, I must get going."

Rex got up. "I'll see you off."

When they were out of earshot Rex laid a detaining hand on Toni's arm. "I say, couldn't we keep all this quiet."

"What a hope!"

"We could pull the lovely woman's reputation stuff."

"The lovely woman won't wait to hear. London won't be too pleasant for her."

"But there's yourself to consider. Couldn't we try?"

Toni shook his head. His voice was bitter. "Quite useless. Much too good a story. Too many hearers. Twenty people will tell forty, they in their turn will tell eighty—a snowball—rolling up to be a Christmas present for yours truly."

"Of course you can't see it now, Toni, old man, but some day you'll realise you've had a lucky escape."

"But I do see it now," said Toni grimly. "Any man who escapes any woman should be damned glad, and, believe me, there isn't a thing to choose between them."

"That's the spirit," said Rex with an attempt at heartiness. "By the way, who was the little girl—the one with the revelations?"

A difficult question to answer. Toni looked thoughtfully ahead. "Jenny?—why she was—she was just another disappointment. Well, I must get going."

"Right. I'll wrestle with them here and I'll be at the show on Wednesday night."

"Splendid." Toni smiled his brilliant, heart-breaking smile because it is difficult suddenly to divest oneself of a habit of thirty years' standing. "We'll paralyse 'em."

Toni drove to town at an average speed of fifty-five. The morning was lovely, the sun shining and the air very clear after the rain. Toni was conscious that his mind was waking. Hitherto he had been possessed by a mere confusion of emotions. Now he could think enough to give a name to what he felt. He was savagely amused to find that his uppermost sensation was one of anger. He should be, he thought, grieving over the loss of the lovely Christine, over the prospect of a life empty of her presence, over the fact that she loved another. He wasn't. He suddenly discovered that he didn't love her at all. He felt nothing fine or heroic. No kinship with the world's great lovers. He merely felt a bitter resentment that she had made a fool of him. That was what rankled. He was honest enough to confess it to himself. If he could have lost Christine romantically, with no hurt to his dignity, he would have enjoyed a certain sentimental melancholy. She had made a fool of him—and he was a fool to mind being made a fool of—and that seemed a vicious circle from which there was no escape.

And Jenny—she had betrayed him, too; had made quite certain that he should be a laughing stock. Jenny would appreciate what she had done. She knew that it hurt more to slip on a banana peel than to crash off the Eiffel Tower. But, somehow, when he could stop being angry for a second, he knew that there was another emotion lying in wait. A lifetime without Jenny looked pretty bleak. If only he weren't angry with her, she would obviously be the person to whom he should go for sympathy and help. That, he thought, was the supreme absurdity. Well, he wouldn't ask anything of Jenny ever again. To strengthen his resolution he had to tell himself so rather firmly several times. His mind toyed with the idea of how nice it would be—if he weren't so angry—to have lunch with Jenny and tell her all about it! Which was the most absurd idea of all, because she knew all about it; had brought the whole thing to pass, in the most public manner possible. Furious—he hooted violently at a harmless Baby Austin and passed at top speed—furious was too mild a word.

To be concluded.

Game

You are gone:
Even the winds are still in the suddenly empty night,
Fearful lest they extinguish the flame that you fanned alight.
And all your laughter's silent, and the score of your songs is sung;
Only the echo lingers on gossamer of shadows hung.

You are gone:
And when I wept you laughed at me, and tilted up my chin.
You said . . . "It's only a game; there are plenty more to begin.
So don't let the end be doleful, laugh, my dear, and forget."
See, I am cold in the moonlight. . . . but I am laughing yet.
—Margaret O'Neill.

YES! You actually have TWO SKINS!

Each skin needs a *different* care if you are to avoid *Wrinkles* —correct *Dryness*

YOUR SKIN is really two skins—an Under and an Outer Skin. Lines and wrinkles have their cause in one skin. Dryness and chapping have their cause in the other skin!

The following is the different care each skin needs.

The Under Skin needs an oil-rich cream. When you are young, tiny glands in this skin pour out beauty oils. These oils keep your skin full and smooth. But soon these glands fail! Your Under Skin shrinks. Your Outer Skin falls into folds, begins to form into dreaded lines and wrinkles.

To stop these you must help the Under Skin. That is what Pond's Cold Cream is for. It penetrates way down, carrying its rich oils to the starving tissues. This cream, which goes so deep, is an amazingly thorough cleanser. It frees your pores of every bit of dirt. Leaves your skin refreshed, glowingly lovely.

The Outer Skin must have a Greaseless Cream. In this skin are active moisture cells to counteract *Dryness*. Exposure whips this natural moisture out of it, leaving your skin coarsened, chapped. A wonderful substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream restores this lost moisture. A single application smooths away every trace of roughness!

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base. You'll find your make-up clings for hours. Remains fresh and clear and radiant.

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, of Washington, has started her Pond's régime. Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

Try this Famous Two-Skin Treatment

1. Every night cleanse and firm your Under Skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off. Repeat, patting it in vigorously.

2. Next, smooth your Outer Skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave it on all night.

3. Every morning, and during the day as needed, another Cold Cream cleansing. Follow with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then make-up.

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ICEBERGS

Continued from Page 30

THE orchestra was tuning up. Gay voices floated out through the windows. Rich perfumes mingled with the natural fragrance of the night. Then the first strains of music. Ecstasy rose in Cherry's heart. She wished John would hurry.

And suddenly there he was! Cherry quickly made the mental notation that the waiter, whoever he was, must have been out of the ordinary, for the evening clothes were perfection. And the court-plaster was removed from John's face—the long scratches had faded into tiny lines. She had not thought he could look so handsome. That wretched other girl!

She rose, eager to go in, but John laid a detaining hand on her arm and drew her back into the shadows.

He surveyed her musingly, a peculiar look in his eyes. "Tell me, Cherry," he said, finally, "have I acquitted myself well? How do you think I've played the part?"

"The part? What part?"

"Why, the kidnapee, of course."

She smiled—sadly.

"You've been a dear, John." Her voice choked. "Without you I'd have died."

"Then you'd do it all over again? The kidnapping and nursing and all?"

She nodded and hoped he wouldn't make her talk. He continued:—

"Because, if you're willing, I want to make it a permanent thing, Cherry—only on a fifty-fifty basis. Will you, dear?"

"What do you mean?"

"I to do the kidnapping and you the nursing—for always," he went on. "Do you think you could care enough?"

There was no hint of mockery now in his eyes, nothing but dead serious earnest. Still, Cherry must be sure.

"You mean?"

"I LOVE you. I want you to take care of me always. Say it isn't too big a job. Say you'll do it, dear."

His strong, firm hands reached for hers, but she quickly withdrew her own.

"What about that girl?" she asked, stonily.

"Girl? What girl?" he asked, perplexed.

"The girl you were going to see to-morrow."

"O-o-h!" He smiled his winning smile. "Perhaps I was a little premature about that," he said, "but from something you said I'd begun to hope that by to-morrow I'd have a girl. Shall I, Cherry?"

"Y-yes," said Cherry. "On-only I don't know your name—or—anything about you——"

"I'll tell you," began John, and tried to draw her head to his shoulder.

"No! No!" Cherry held him back. "I—I don't know who you are—and I"—her voice swelled tremulously—"and I don't care either."

A dance was ending. Cherry, her heart beating high, stood with John at the long open window. Dimly she was conscious of seeing Miss Jardine go by on the arm of Twiny.

"The next dance will be ours," John said, "but I'll have to leave you for a few minutes first." He placed a chair for her just beside the window, and with a backward glance was gone.

She waited—waited a little longer. Finally she began to worry. John's few minutes were such long ones. She looked in through the window.

People were crowding around someone—polite-looking, interested groups.

"Crabtree's arrived." It was a voice inside the window, the same young man who had sat at the table opposite her at dinner. He was talking to a girl. "I'll introduce him as soon as we can get near him. Everybody wants to meet him."

CHERRY couldn't help contrasting J. Wellington Crabtree's reception with the one accorded herself—or the one bestowed upon John Carstairs. Poor John, everybody had looked right through him just as they had through herself. Prominently among the crowd fluttered Mrs. Jardine and her daughter, accompanied by the blase Twiny.

"She'll drop you, Twiny, for Mr. Crabtree if she gets a chance. She's hoping for the first dance with him," said Cherry to herself, and wondered why John didn't come.

Finally the orchestra struck up—even the music had been stilled that introductions might be unhampered. The crowd thinned around the edges and began to disintegrate into couples. Where was John? He had promised she should have every dance.

Just then the groups surrounding the lion fell back and the soft-eyed maidens registered a look of disappointment. Cherry wondered what had happened, and stepped in through the window. She strained for a look at Mr. Crabtree.

And as the groups opened, as the crowd separated to let him pass, she saw him—J. Wellington Crabtree, alias John Carstairs.

Cherry's heart stood still.

Straight toward her he came, out of the crowd that had gathered to meet him. In and out around the dancers, past scores of eyes that lingeringly sought to detain him, he came swiftly over to where she stood by the window and held out his arms.

At the end of the dance his cousin came up to them.

"I want to be presented." He smiled at Cherry. And later: "Jack tells me you've been Good Samaritan to him, Miss Mercer. It was better than he deserved—running off from us." An influx of people bore down on them.

"Oh, Mr. Crabtree, to think of your being here all the week and not a soul taking the slightest notice."

"You're wrong there," John answered. Cherry didn't hear what else he said, for a voice was sounding in her ears.

"Miss Mercer, it was unkind of you not to tell us." Cherry turned to look into the reproachful face of Mrs. Jardine.

"Yes, indeed, we could have had some nice parties together," simpered Miss Jardine.

Happily Cherry stood by. She marvelled at how very much icebergs could melt.

A compelling something drew her gaze to the door. On tiptoe, peering over the heads of the crowd, was Hoskins. His stricken face held all the punishment of all the ages. Cherry smiled. Again she heard his astonished "Alone?" addressed to herself. Again she saw his face freeze, his glance grow cold at John's irresponsible facetiousness. Once more she heard him announcing that there wasn't a better room for John because everything had been reserved for J. Wellington Crabtree. Poor Hoskins! How funny his face looked now! How John had laughed at her fear of him!

But John was speaking. He was smiling at the crowd—his wonderful, ingratiating smile. "He'd get by with anybody, even if he was only a mechanic," thought Cherry quickly.

"And it's really awfully nice of you I appreciate the honor you do me more than I can say. But I shall not be able to accept any invitations. You see, I'm going to be married—perhaps to-morrow—and——"

Softly, sweetly, tenderly, the cadences of the waltz rose and fell. John's arms reached for Cherry's waist. One by one the lights went out, leaving the room in a rosy twilight glow. The dancers dreamily glided, turned, and swayed.

For the last few bars the lights went entirely out and the room was in a dusky gloom.

"Kiss me, Cherry," said J. Wellington Crabtree. And Cherry, loving, honoring—obeyed.

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Doctors will tell you that during the cold weather the body becomes sluggish and experiences greater difficulty in eliminating waste matter. This immediately results in constipation and self-poison, and with them come headaches, biliousness, skin eruptions, nervousness, and many other maladies, none of which can be effectively cured until the constipated condition has been removed.

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DRIVES HIMSELF TO WORK AT 82

And Still Plays a Little Golf

How many of us, when we are 82, will be the equal in health and activity of this vigorous old Scottish engineer? In a letter he says:—

"I arrived here from Scotland on the 7th April, 1870. I am over 82 years old. I drive my Ford car 40 miles over hills and dales to a factory, and can still play a little golf. I have taken the little dose of Kruschen Salts in my cup of coffee every morning for some years, and I believe it is keeping me in good health and enabling me to keep on working at the factories as engineer."—L. A.

Whether you are still in your 'teens or past your prime, it is neither too early nor too late to start on the "little daily dose." Just a tiny tasteless pinch of Kruschen Salts in your morning cup of tea or coffee! They ensure internal cleanliness, and keep the blood-stream pure. New and refreshed blood is sent coursing to every fibre of your being. Rheumatism, headaches, indigestion and backache all pass you by.

TAKING CARE of BILLULE

Continued from Page 5

To Bill's discredit, it must be said that, intent as he was upon lighting what he conceived to be his well-earned pipe, he did not realise the departure of the good ship "Perambulator" until Captain Billule had sailed a good cable's length down the road. He then proceeded to give chase and, naturally, was both blind and deaf to everything but the dark green pram.

In a dim way he was aware that someone tried to stay his progress, shouted something about "danger" and "road closed by order;" but he charged on. Dimly familiar, like some air heard long ago, was a certain whining, sighing sound in the air above his head. But it was not till the staccato, metallic stutter of machine-gun fire fell upon his ears that he realised the rifle butts away on his right flank, and saw the two large red flags which flew above them. It flashed through his mind that it must be recruits from the machine-gun school, and that the bullets aimed by nervous rookies from Lewis guns often wander far wide of their intended billets.

As he ran towards the pram he saw in the hazy distance another burst of vicious-looking jets of flame, and heard about his ears the whine of the bullets. Too old a soldier to duck, he panted on. Something—Bill dared not name it—kicked up the sand close to the pram where Billule, very well entertained no doubt, lay kicking his little bare legs in the air.

As Bill reached the pram a third burst came over. Something sang like a giant grasshopper in Bill's ears; another something seemed to hit the hood of the pram with a hollow smack-smack. Billule crowed with delight. At that moment the two red flags came down with a run, while from one direction a hot and angry sentry came running and from the other an indignant officer came up on a motor-cycle.

"Hi, you confounded idiot, what the devil do you mean by fouling my range; and with a baby! Good heavens, man, are you crazy? You'll hear more of this; as if——"

The captain broke off short as his eyes took in Bill, who was literally drooping over the pram, hugging Billule and muttering incoherent baby-talk apologies to that delighted infant.

"By the Lord Harry, if it's not Major Chambers of the Southern Rifles!" cried the captain in amazement and delight. "You always were a fire-eater, sir, and are evidently bringing up the baby to take after you."

Bill looked up. "By Gad, you must be Tony Venning!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Tony Venning, Number 3 platoon of the company of the regiment."

Bill roused himself: he and Tony had counted the dragging seconds to a dozen perilous zero-hours; Tony had come along on that fatal bombing raid which had won Bill his D.S.O. but lost him his good right arm. Surely it was a strange meeting.

"Tony, I'm delighted," cried Bill, holding out his hand. "I'm just taking my little son for a walk."

Tony laughed.

"I persuaded my missus, against her instincts, to trust him to me. Well, not only have I done all the things to him which I tell her not to do, but I end up by letting him be exposed to machine-gun fire. Look, here's one gone clean through the hood, two holes."

"An' there's two 'oles in yer 'at, sir, please," volunteered the sentry. "You wouldn't pay no attention to me."

Bill took off his hat and glanced at it.

"A perfectly good hat done in," he said lightly, "and serve me right. But I say, Tony, what sort of chumps have you got behind those guns?"

"Chumps is right," agreed Tony ruefully. "Some of 'em shut their eyes and just loose off. By Jove, Major, do you remember the last time you did in a hat that way?"

"Gad, yes—Dragon Wood, September, 'sixteen."

"How damn funny it all sounds now," said Tony Venning. "Yet I don't suppose you and your son could have a closer call, war or peace, than you've just had. May I come and make the acquaintance of your missus, sir? I'd like to have some long yarns with you over old times?"

"I'd be more than delighted," said Bill with unmistakable sincerity. "But I say, keep pretty close about—er—this morning. I'll have to tell my missus, of course, but I must choose my time."

"Quite. I've forgotten all about it," grinned Tony, "except that I'm out for the blood of the fool who's firing five hundred short."

Soberly and meditatively Bill trundled Billule home, and the burden of his thought was: "Never again."

"Did you have a nice walk, dear, and did Billule behave?" asked Mary as, looking charming and youthful in her best frock, she greeted her husband and her son.

"Hu-m-m!" grunted Bill. "I must admit that all did not go quite according to plan. But here we are, safe and sound. . . . Good morning, Aunt Elspeth."

"Good day, Bill," said Aunt Elspeth in her jerky, incisive manner. "Since when have you taken to pram-pushing? I don't approve of it for men, certainly not one-armed men."

"Neither do I, neither does Mary, neither does Billule," laughed Bill. "I have just made up my great mind never to do it again."

"Why don't you employ a good nurse?"

Bill smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"It will give me great pleasure to find and engage a real old-fashioned Nanny for you. Her wages and keep will be my affair. Agree?"

It was while Bill was gratefully agreeing that Mary exclaimed: "What on earth have you done to the hood of the pram? It's got two holes burnt in it. Why, and so has your new hat, Bill, whatever——"

She broke off, realising with something of a shock that Bill had turned quite pale, and that his eyes were signalling: "Not now. I'll tell you later."

Mary's brain worked nimbly.

"How silly of me," she went on hastily. "I'd forgotten that wretched soldering-iron when you mended the supports for me."

"Was he mending his hat, too?" demanded Aunt Elspeth suspiciously.

"I was using it as—er—a sort of kettle-holder, don't you know," stammered Bill.

It didn't sound a bit convincing, and it did not convince Aunt Elspeth, but the placing by his fond mamma of Billule upon her lap very naturally drove all else from her mind.

"He's a dear, splendid little fellow, quite startlingly like you, Mary," announced Aunt Elspeth, a queer look in her shrewd old eyes.

"May he always be so, in every way," said Bill with a fervor which brought a flush of happiness to Mary's cheek.

Billule "took to" Aunt Elspeth amazingly, and she, with amazing amiability, not to say tenderness, began to show that she knew how to talk baby-talk as well as anyone.

"And has he been nice tat-tats with his daddy, then?" she crooned. "Daddy was a big, brave man and shot at by nasty Germans."

"Don't let's talk about being shot at," said Bill with more than his usual modesty. "Gives me the creeps. Let's have lunch."

And to that Billule, engaged in sucking the end of Aunt Elspeth's gold-mounted lorgnette, heartily agreed.

(Copyright)

Song

If you found a silver song,
Lying lonely,
Waiting only
To be sung,
What would you do?
Just a little silver song,
For your singing,
Through it ringing
My love for you.
Would you say with laughter creeping,
"Finding, don't you know, is keeping?"
As we did
When we were young? —C.M.

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MEN *Who* HELP THEMSELVES

Continued from page 11

HE had no wish to be impertinent, but he could not help showing his deep interest.

"And they," he said, "are friends of yours?"

"They are friends of my fiancé's. Do you know them?"

"I only wish I did. Had they a son?"

"One. Rodney. He's in Malta."

He nodded as if brooding deeply on all he had missed through not having been at school with Rodney. He blamed himself, it was evident, also his parents.

"You are arriving there to-night. A rotten journey. Would you like me to drive you down by car?"

Vilma loked at him dubiously, then shook her head.

"I don't think so. Really, thanks."

"It would save the railway journey."

"It's very kind of you, but really I'd rather not. You mustn't forget that I'm engaged to somebody."

"That I shall never forget."

"And I shall be met at the station."

"I suppose," he said, rather hopelessly, "you would think it dishonest if I drove you as far as the station before Mountwarren, and you joined the train there?"

With her chin cupped in her hand, she answered:

"I'm afraid I should."

"Or even two stations before?"

"Yes, it would be deceitful."

"You are quite right. It would."

There was silence. Presently Vilma spoke again.

"You must remember we simply met at a fire."

"That's something else I shall never forget."

Do You Know...

That the beaver is the champion "wood cutter" of the animal world. A single experienced beaver can fell a 4-inch poplar, chop it into 5-foot sections, and transport it to water in a night. Even trees 3 feet in diameter are sometimes felled.

"Yet I am lunching with you. You should take that as a compliment."

"I take it as a guarantee which even my bank would honor."

He perceived her slight smile with some satisfaction.

"Tell me," he urged, "whom are you engaged to?"

"Do you know Geoffrey Laidlaw?"

"Not the pilot?"

"Yes."

He moved in his seat, then looked at her again. He said:

"They'll knight him. One day you will be Lady Laidlaw. Have you been engaged long?"

"You are asking too many questions altogether," said Vilma. "You'd like to know how I met him, I suppose?"

"I would."

"Well, I was introduced to him."

"Ah," said Bancroft, "how different." And he significantly sipped his cocktail.

"WHAT?" said Geoffrey Laidlaw.

He was standing over Vilma. Soon people would be going up to dress for dinner, but she had only just arrived, and whether he saw it for himself or not, she knew she did not look her best. She was tired and feeling the reaction of a distress she had till now fought back. She had been asked here to meet Geoffrey's most distinguished friends, and had already spoiled the first impression by arriving late. Now she was trying to explain to Geoffrey what had happened, and he stood over her, with his considerable height, his hawk-like features, and his tiresome habit of failing to understand quite simple things the first time they were told him.

"But you can get more clothes."

"I always swore to make every stitch of my own trousseau. I couldn't have afforded to buy anything so wonderful, but the things I make are . . . beyond price."

"I still don't see for the life of me why you should have to alter the date of the wedding."

"I can't be ready in time. I couldn't even make enough to start with."

"But in the case of a wedding like this," said Geoffrey, "everyone's affected. The Clarences have lent their house. We mightn't be able to get it again. Everyone's been invited. And what about the presents?"

Ah, that was a point. The presents, yes! He had had some already. "What about those?" he said.

"In other words," said Vilma, "everybody matters except me!"

He gave her a quick look, then bent down.

"Now," he said, "you're upset. Forget it. That's all right. Don't you worry any more to-night."

"Do you suppose I can forget it? If you had only seen the place . . . and everything ruined . . . for ever."

"Oh," said Geoffrey. "Never mind. We shall get over that . . ."

He turned. Mrs. Grant had paused at his elbow.

"Geoffrey, I suppose you never heard Hugh speak of a friend called Bancroft?"

"No, I don't think so. Why?"

"Somebody of that name telephoned from town. He said he had been a friend of Rodney's, and he would like to pay us a visit. I said he had better come to dinner, but he doesn't seem to think he could get here in time. At all events, he's passing this way, and he's going to come in on his way to the coast."

Slowly Vilma took from her beautiful lips one tiny strand of tobacco, flicked it from her finger, and smoothed back her hair; there was a sudden sharp frown between her brows; her eyes were fixed on Mrs. Grant. And presently she arranged her lovely countenance into an altogether new and primmer pattern.

VILMA had left a dinner table at which she had not enjoyed her dinner. She, with a forced charm, excused herself to her hostess by pleading urgent letters to write about the fire. She went upstairs, kicked off her shoes, put on a stouter pair, and pulled on her travelling greatcoat. Then, while coffee was being served, she got out of the house, crossed the grounds, and reached the main road to London.

It was deserted. Mountwarren was somewhat isolated.

With an air of determination she walked on. She had come to meet a car; what car it would be she didn't know, but she meant to stand out in full view, floodlit by every pair of headlamps that approached, until Jack Bancroft saw her and pulled up.

And then she would let him have it.

Presently she reached a spot from which she could see a mile ahead, and here she waited indignantly; the loneliness did not so much affect her; she was rehearsing what she would say to him, and also, as all wise people do, what would be said to her.

Perhaps one reason why she did not particularly feel the loneliness was that, although she did not know it, she was not alone; two men of somewhat villainous type had been in the shadow of the trees when she had first come into sight, and had drawn back; now they were watching her.

Jack Bancroft was approaching, too. As he came he was singing to himself. In the middle of a bar he paused because the beam from his lights had picked out not the usual stupid insects in the air, but a graceful lady who wore a greatcoat over an evening frock, and who, hatless, was standing in the road gazing towards him with intense anxiety. He pulled up, flung open the door beside him, and looked out delightedly.

"Well," he began, "I'd no idea you'd come to meet me. . . . Aren't you cold?"

"I'm at white heat," said Vilma, and stood motionless.

He looked at her more closely; then, he stretched his legs and climbed out beside her.

"I'd no idea," said Vilma, "that because I let you talk to me at a fire, and then let you give me lunch, you meant to take advantage of it and pester me for ever afterwards."

"Pester you?"

"I wouldn't let you drive me down here, and what's the result? No sooner have I started than you ring up, pretend to be a friend of the son of the house, and start after me by road. . . . Do you realise I had to come out like this to head you off, and that I shall be missed? It's despicable of you, and you can turn your car round now and just go back."

"Well," he said, "after all, I have been invited."

"You invited yourself. It's the first they've ever heard of you, and it'll be the last. Nobody knows you, and they need never know you. I wish I didn't."

Please turn to Page 37

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.

WHAT GORGEOUS WHITE TEETH YOU HAVE!

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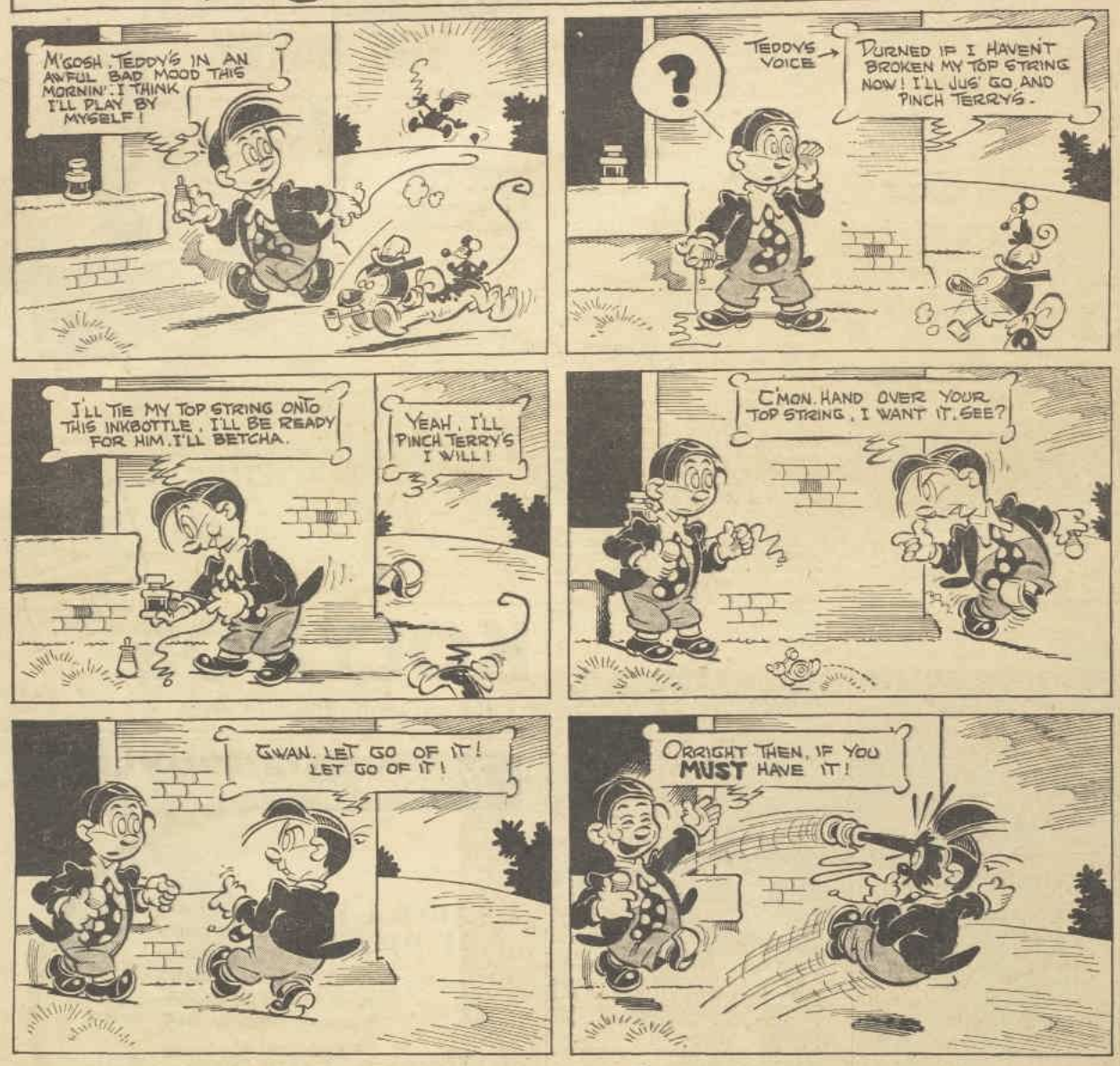
TERRY and TEDDY — The TERRIBLE TWINS

By HARRY TEYRE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

"GOODNESS me, goodness me," said Wunderlust, passing his fingers slowly through his hair, "I wonder if I shall be late."

"Why, whatever is the matter, good sir?" said a kindly old woman, who occupied the same compartment of the train in which Wunderlust was travelling.

"H'm, sorry madam," said Wunderlust, startled by the sound of her voice. "I often talk to myself. And, really, I find there is not a better listener anywhere, and, what's more, I never argue the point. And, if more people went in for talking and reasoning things out with themselves we would become a more contented nation. That's what I think, anyhow."

"Yes, I agree with you whole-heartedly," said the old woman. "I myself have two very fine sons, but they never seem to agree. They both like each other very much, and yet they never seem happy unless they're arguing the point or saying nasty things about each other. I have given up trying to stop them, for now they are no longer boys or even young men; they are fully grown up. Why, Snub, let me see, he's just five and thirty, and Arub, he's three years younger, so that makes him—er-er—thirty-two."

"Yes," said Wunderlust thoughtfully. "It is a bit late now to cure them, but nevertheless they **should be cured.**"

"Undoubtedly," said the old woman. "But the question is, How?"

"Well, if you would arrange for me to meet them, say, each on a different

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

day, I could perhaps do something in the way of curing them," said Wunderlust.

"That would be very kind of you," said the old woman, "but I don't want to worry you, for, judging from your remarks a few minutes ago, you, yourself, have worries of your own."

"Goodness me," said Wunderlust, once more getting that worried look into his face, "I had completely forgotten all about that, but thanks for reminding me—it's very important. Well, now I hardly see my way clear to see your sons for a good while, but, nevertheless, I'll tell you my idea, and perhaps you can get somebody else to put it into practice. You get someone to say a lot of very nasty things to Arub about Snub, and then at a later date get the same person to say similar nasty things to Snub about Arub, and I guarantee that within a few days they will be sympathising with each other, and will have forgotten all about their petty quarrels."

"Thank you very much," said the old woman, getting up from her seat, "I will certainly do what you have told me to do." Then, noticing Wunderlust looking at the name of the station the train had pulled in to, she said, "This is my stop; Wininthend is the name of the station."

"Peculiar name, isn't it, for if you take it in syllables it reads 'Win-in-th-end.' I wonder if that means you will win in the end in your effort to cure your sons of their fighting habits. Ha, there might be something in a name after all," said Wunderlust, smiling broadly at the old woman as she left the train.

* * *

CUNULTY was the next stop, and Wunderlust quickly gathered together a few parcels and got out of the train. He then hailed a passing cab and was speedily taken to Cunulty Castle. There he soon met the Queen of Hearts, with whom he had some important business to talk over.

The Queen of Hearts, it appeared, had been very lonely. She had become tired of making tarts, and she wanted to leave her kingdom altogether. And she wanted Wunderlust to arrange everything nicely for her successor.

Wunderlust had a lot to do, for although the Queen of Hearts was a good queen and everybody loved her, she had her castle full of papers and bills, which she had not attended to, and Wunderlust was almost two months getting everything in order. The Queen was very thankful for all he had done, and gave him a diamond tie-pin.

Incidentally, Wunderlust's plan did work, for the old woman's sons didn't quarrel again.

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,

Here is a little trick that some of you may like to learn:

Secretly stick a small piece of white wax or candle-grease on the nail of your middle finger, lay a sixpence on the palm of your hand, and tell your audience that you will make it vanish. Close your hand, and, by bringing the waxed nail in contact with the coin, it will stick firmly to it. Then cry "Begone," and open your hand quickly so that it will not be seen sticking to your nail.

The 5/- prize for the best letter of the week goes to Amanda Fairhall (10), Fisher's Hill, via Vacy, N.S.W. Here is a short extract from it:

"Every morning and afternoon I have to cross a very pretty river. Beautiful tall green trees and pretty colored ferns grow on its banks, and little birds chirp happily in the trees. Sometimes after a big storm the bridge that spans this river gets covered with water, and then, of course, I can't go over it."

I hope you all liked that little extract, Pals, for I liked it very much.

Good-bye, Pals, until next week.

Cheerio, From your Pal,

CONNIE.

KATHERINE KATE

By RUBY SMART.

KATHERINE KATE, you're bound to be late
If you lie in bed till the clock strikes eight;
You'll miss your breakfast as sure as fate,
And have to walk 'cause the bus won't wait.

And if you're late, I'm perfectly sure
You'll get a touch of the stick, and, more,
You'll have to stay in until three or four,
And stand in the corner behind the door.

Now 'Lizabeth Ann, though the last to boast,
Is up and doing by seven at most.
And, after breakfast of milk and toast,
She runs to the grocer, and gets the post.

And wipes her tumblies, and dries her plate,
And helps her mummie till half-past eight;
Then catches the bus at the garden gate,
In time for school, and never gets late.
Oh, Katherine, Katherine, if you can
Pray, borrow the manners of 'Lizabeth Ann!

Prize of 5/- to Ruby Smart, Norval P.O., via Ararat, Vic., for this original verse.

What animal is longer at night and shorter in the morning?—a watchdog, which is "let out" at night, and "taken in" in the morning.

Why is a policeman like a rainbow?—He often appears after the storm is over.

What is the difference between a gas-pipe and a mad Dutchman?—One is a hollow cylinder, and the other a silly Hollander.

Prize Card to Betty Robinson, 359 King St., Newtown, N.S.W.

HERE IS Carline Bird, of Pymble, who greets you all with a happy smile.
—Raymond Sawyer.

FOR FUN & FANCY

QUEER NOTICES

Lost a lamb by a lady with a black ear.

Lost a hammer by a man with a wooden head.

Found a ring by a man with a ruby heart.

Found a watch by a boy with an enamel face.

Prize Card to Leone Kalinowski, 138 Grafton St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Small Son: What is an egotist, Daddie?

Father: An egotist, my boy, is a man who insists on talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

Prize Card to Charlie Osborne, 25 Cochrane St., Paddington, Brisbane.

A GOOD CATCH

Say to your pal: "Have you heard what happened at the cinema last night? All the people got up and walked out." He is sure to say, "What for?" and you reply, "Because the show was over."

Prize Card to Conrad Murphy, West End, Brisbane.

NOT SO EASY

Stand in front of a looking-glass with a piece of paper held against you, and a pencil in your hand. Then look in the glass and at the same time draw a square on the piece of paper and write your name inside the square. It's much more difficult than it sounds.

Prize Card to Ruth Ryan, 26 "Emah Roo," Rosedale Av., Manly, N.S.W.

"James, you are not paying attention!" cried the teacher. "Tell me—what did I say an epidemic was?"

"Something that spreads, sir!" replied James, after thinking hard for a few seconds.

"Good! So you were not asleep after all," remarked teacher. "Now, tell me the class and name of an epidemic."

"Er—er—jam, sir!" faltered James.

Prize Card to Jack Mangini, 25 Havelock St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Mother: Dorothy, you have disobeyed Mother by racing around and making a noise. Now you shall not have that piece of candy.

Father (entering a few minutes later): Why so quiet, little one?

Dorothy: I've been fined for speeding.

Prize Card to Myfanwy Hawkins, Lilly St., Sherwood, Brisbane.

PLAYING GAMES. Prize of 5/- to R. Hayes, 23A Victoria Parade, Manly, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

A schoolmaster, giving a music lesson, inquired whether the pupils had any favorite song they would like to sing.

"God Save the King," Sir," responded one of the lads.

"A very patriotic suggestion, Tommy," said the master. "Now, tell me what made you think of the National Anthem."

"Because," replied the boy, glancing up at the clock, "it's time to go home, sir."

Prize Card to W. Kingsmill, "Carlita," 26 Griffiths Ave., West Ryde, N.S.W.

Young Ikey: If you lent a hundred pounds at 5 per cent. per annum, what would that be, Pader?

Father (Isaac): Charity, my boy, charity.

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MEN *Who* HELP *Themselves*

Continued from Page 35

HE looked up the road with a more serious frown.

"I wasn't going to pester you."

"But this is pestering."

"No," he said firmly. "It would have been if I had rung up and asked to speak to you. That might have caused complications. I purposely did not. I simply remembered what you had told me about the son, and I mentioned his name as an excuse for looking in. I needn't stay. My idea was to get into the house, and be introduced to you officially. I was going to wait then for an opportunity to speak to you alone."

"I don't want to speak to you alone."

"Then why are you here?"

This time she stammered a little, her annoyance growing.

"Perhaps," he said, "you didn't notice what I noticed. You weren't watching your landlady, I suppose, while I was trying to collect some of your clothes? Her expression was a study, and as she turned away, the last time, I heard her mutter something to herself which lingered in my memory. Do you know what that was?"

"She can tell me herself," said Vilma.

And at that moment Bancroft turned. Lucky that he did. Two men were approaching very quietly from under cover, and one showed in his hand the gleam of a revolver; this he now aimed deliberately at Bancroft.

"Put 'em up."

Bancroft's expression slowly changed. He looked at Vilma, then turned from her to face the men; slowly he raised his hands. "Good God!" he said to her, with a mock grimace. "Are you in this profession?"

From Vilma came a little, fluttered sound of fright. One man turned round.

"All right, miss. You keep out of it."

Quickly the other man moved forward and began going efficiently through Bancroft's pockets. Bancroft neither spoke nor moved, but he thought rapidly; twice the whites of his eyes showed as he looked about him. Action was swift; one man had gone behind him. Said Bancroft curtly:

"I want that car."

"Then you're unlucky."

The man with the revolver moved round, still keeping Bancroft covered; he was creeping towards the car; suddenly, as he lowered his hand, Bancroft leapt, and in mid-air he met his fate; the other's hand sprang from his pocket, and in his fingers was a heavy spanner. It came down violently on Bancroft's head; his knees gave way, his body sagged, and he dropped where he stood.

Another sharp cry came from Vilma. Then with the harsh grind of complaining gears the car got away and the rising zoom of it, gathering speed, sounded for some few moments.

Bancroft lay in the road, and Vilma stood beside him, with her hand held against her lips.

"CAN you get up?" Vilma was talking breathlessly. And he had moved. "You're in the road. It's dangerous."

"It's darned uncomfortable," he murmured bitterly.

"Try to get up. Do you know where you are? You know me, don't you?"

"I know your voice. Yes. How on earth did it all happen?"

"It was a hold-up. Do you feel dreadful?"

"Dreadful!"

Her eyes were upon his in concern. He had felt for his handkerchief and was smoothing his hair back with it feelingly. He tried to get to one knee. Wobbling, he finally stood up and blinked. Vilma held to his arm.

"Hold on to me. Now, can you walk this way?"

Said Bancroft: "Let me see. I can't quite remember. You'd come to meet me?"

"I'd come to send you back."

"Well, I can't go back now. I've no means of getting anywhere."

"I'm done for, too," said Vilma. "I shan't have a leg to stand on."

"I don't feel as if I had one either."

He leaned back against a tree, his hand to his head. With eyes screwed up he regarded her confusedly.

"You say you didn't like me coming down. Why was I coming?"

"Oh, you made some excuse. I don't want to hear. You came because you thought you'd find me here. Get this into your head at any rate. You're not to come. You understand that, don't you? Not to."

"I grasp that, yes. To tell you the truth, it's about all I do understand. My head's splitting. Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

"Whatever in?"

He gestured patiently. "Well, I shall have to get a lift . . . I might ask them to drop you on the way."

"Listen," she said, and lifted her face appealingly. "I don't want to leave you if there's any danger. But if you do think you can get a lift, and you won't faint, or anything . . . I really ought to go back. I was only going to pretend I'd been to the post, and they won't believe that, if I'm gone any longer. Do you see what I mean?"

He nodded. "Yes, yes, go back."

"But I can't leave you. Can I? Is there anything I can do? Is your head bleeding?"

He looked at his handkerchief bemusedly.

"I'm feeling better every moment. Fancy that happening now! A hold-up, eh? I'm always reading about them in the papers, and now it's actually happened to me."

"I know. I don't know why I didn't scream. I seemed absolutely helpless. I'm shaking all over still."

"What's worrying me is that I know I had something to tell you."

"Well, write to me."

"Here's a car coming."

"Don't stop this one. Wait till I'm out of sight."

He drew her back into the shadow, then released her.

"All right, you pop off then. Have you got far to go?"

"I don't like leaving you alone."

"When my head feels like this," said Bancroft, "believe me, I prefer to be alone."

SHE looked him over unhappily. She turned and looked in the direction of Mountwarren, then seemed to hesitate again. He saw that she was considerably more sympathetic towards him than she had been at first. She was really worrying. She said:

"Well, write to me to-morrow, do. You'll probably remember what it was by then. And get the first lift you can, to the police station."

At last she was really going from him. Twice she stopped to look back and consider him, then unhappily she waved her fingers at last and the darkness concealed her.

Two minutes later, as he still stood racking his addled brains, a look of dawning apprehension began to change the appearance of his features. He peered into the darkness with a frown that was at first mystified, then gradually cleared a little, and finally as he saw a car approaching in the distance he stepped forward with the dignity of an abdicating king, and signalled.

He remembered now why he had come, and why in such a hurry.

The car pulled up, and the driver poked out his head.

"And what I would particularly like," said Bancroft, concluding his explanation, "would be for you to run me as far as the big house down the road. Mountwarren. Once I get there I bet I'll be all right."

"POST?" said Geoffrey. "Post? Letters won't go from here to-night. And I could have posted them in any case. I say, do you feel all right?"

"If you really want to know I've got a splitting headache," Vilma said, "and I went out as much as anything to get fresh air."

"You certainly must have got that. Look at your shoes . . . all over mud."

She turned resignedly. She took off her coat and he held it. Then she kicked off her shoes, and sat for a moment by the fire in stockinged feet, looking into the flames. She sighed.

"I'll go up and tidy . . . will you wait here? I shan't be long."

He watched her go. He was displeased. Taking it all round she didn't seem to be creating quite the right impression.

Fancy—at this time—going to the post—alone!

Please turn to Page 38

READY IN ONE MINUTE

ONE minute in the oven — some cream or warm milk poured on them, and **Arnott's Spicy Fruit Roll Biscuits** become a delicious sweet, tempting and appetising. The ideal supper for cold nights.

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A RESTAURANT, A GIRL, TWO MEN

Recently, in a fashionable restaurant, a man commented to another man, his companion, on the attractive appearance of a young woman at a nearby table.

"Yes," said the second man, "but she spoils the entire effect by using cheap rouge!"

No need to remark that the girl in question was NOT using 'Rose Petal' Rouge. A rouge, more than any other cosmetic, makes a woman, or gives her away! No wonder more women of discernment use Kathleen Court's Rouge than any other kind. *Rose Petal Rouge, at 1/9d., outlasts three boxes of cheap rouge, and gives far better results.*

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Write at once to SOLE PROPRIETORS and enclose 3/6 for Sample Bottle.

LIGHTENING ESSENCE AND CO., 139 Acland Street, ST. KILDA, VIC.

MEN *Who* HELP *Themselves*

Continued from Page 37

VILMA went wearily into her room. She would, from choice, have liked to go to bed, but she realised that would be inadvisable as yet. She sat down therefore on the bed and began to change her stockings. That done, she went to the mirror to regard her likeness. No mirror had ever given Vilma an uninteresting answer yet.

Well, she would make reparations, then reappear. Not very long went by before she showed herself at the top of the stairs. She was about to start down when she heard voices, and something about the voices intrigued her. Things were happening. People sounded excited. There was hurrying to and fro. The front door closed.

At the first landing she beheld the scene. A number of guests were moving to a central spot, and on this spot there stood the leading character, practically in the limelight.

It was Jack Bancroft.

"And I thought," she heard him say, "you would let me ring up the police from here . . . and sort of clean myself . . ."

He turned at sound of her. His eyes were lifted and they fell upon her as she came. They failed apparently to recognise her. Though she walked into the hall slowly, and, if anything, significantly, he only stood there with a certain natural courtesy, as if waiting to be introduced. And then as no one introduced him, he turned disappointedly and saw that somebody was handing him a glass half-full of brandy. Somebody else quickly took this away, and said:

"Don't give him that, man. Let him sit quietly."

"We'll waste no time getting on to the police," said Geoffrey Laidlaw. "They've got a fast car here. I'll get that out. Plenty of guns available. Swords, too. And bows and arrows. One or two fellows can come along. We'll overhaul them inside half an hour."

Directly he had a description of the stolen car the front door slammed behind him.

Left there, hatless and pale, Bancroft moved forward to a settee. People made way for him, and ushered him considerately to the fire. He felt like a much respected elderly relative.

He looked with passing pain at Vilma. Still, he gave no indication that he knew her, and she stood aside like others, with thoughtful eyes upon him. She had made herself lovely enough to satisfy all Geoffrey's hopes of the effect upon his friends, and now Bancroft had walked in and stolen everyone's attention.

BANCROFT had had a wash and a rest. Certain guests had returned to their bridge tables. Others had separated. He sat by the fireside waiting. Close to him at last was Vilma. For the first time anything he said need not be taken down and used in evidence against him.

He spoke. "I say!"

"I told you not to come here. I begged you."

"Quite. I grasped that, and I apologise, but after you had gone I remembered what was on my mind. Everything seemed to clear, and it all came back to me. I had to come on and tell you."

"I don't want to hear."

"This afternoon," said Bancroft, earnestly, "I went back to your place."

"Why?"

"I had some idea of leaving flowers," said Bancroft, "but that was not what prompted me."

"And what do you suppose my landlady will think of that?"

"Ah! That's it. Landlady! That's the clue, you see. What do you suppose she was thinking about when I got there, about you?"

"I'm not interested."

"There was a plain-clothes man in the hall. I wasn't surprised. I told you I thought I heard her murmuring something, so I went back to find out what she meant. Well, I found out. She couldn't understand that large stock of new underclothes of yours. She was sure you had been pilfering, and having learned that inquiries were being made, had set fire to the lot in a panic."

Vilma's eyes opened wider.

"She was saying that?"

"I told her that was a slander and a criminal offence; also, the way she stated it, bad grammar. She said she had to think of her own reputation."

"But I do work at a shop."

"I daresay."

"They knew I was making my own things there in my spare time. Naturally I brought them home as each was done, to wash and iron and put away. There was no secret about it."

"She didn't seem to know you were engaged. She knew you were leaving the shop and were going away, but she seems to have associated that with all those underclothes being discovered in your room."

"Good Heavens!" said Vilma impatiently, "was I supposed to ask her to the wedding? I hardly ever see the woman."

"She sees you, though. What surprises her is that she has never seen Geoffrey Laidlaw."

"I never took him there. I'm not proud of the place."

"Well, there you are. I'm afraid I butted in unnecessarily. But I didn't know your side of the thing. All I knew was that she had mentioned her suspicions to the police. They were going to make inquiries, and I thought you'd be furious if they went round to the shop. To-day is Saturday, and I hoped it might be closed. My object was to get here at once and get back with the whole thing cleared up before Monday morning."

"But," she said more gently, "why should you clear it up?"

"Well, I'm a solicitor. And I rather hoped to be your solicitor. As things have turned out I'm a little sorry there's nothing for me to do."

VILMA turned to look at him curiously, then glanced over her shoulder to make sure they were not being overheard, and as she was about to give him a word of appreciation, there came a bang at the front door; this opened, and Geoffrey Laidlaw came into the hall backed by his volunteers. He was looking for Vilma, and seemed annoyed to find her in conversation with Bancroft. So much so that he came across, leaving another man to make the explanations.

"Oh yes, we got 'em. They'd ditched the car and they were footing it along the road; we got our guns out first. On the way back we left them with the police." He inspected Bancroft. "You'll want a breakdown gang for your car, old man."

Bancroft said nothing. He was watching Geoffrey and Geoffrey had reached Vilma. He did not beat about the bush. He said:

"Did you say you went to the post?"

"I did."

"Vilma," said Geoffrey, "there's something funny about all this. One of those bandit fellows mentioned a girl being on the scene and from what I could get out of him . . ."

Vilma straightened a very little, and her eyes considered Geoffrey.

"You think I was she?"

"I don't know what to think. Did you really go to the post?"

Vilma waited for some few moments; then, with a little sigh, she said:

"No. As a matter of fact I didn't. I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

She was surprised at Geoffrey's change of manner.

He gestured impatiently.

"In the morning? I like that. Am I to lie awake all night working the whole thing out in every conceivable way . . ."

"No, Geoffrey, please. Just don't try to work anything out. Really. Just leave it all alone. I am so desperately tired. All I want now is to go upstairs and flop down. I couldn't stand anything more to-night. Be a good chap, and just wait till the morning, please. And then I'll explain it all."

She faced him appealingly; but for the first time she seemed to see in him a new man, somebody unrecognisable. She could not at first quite understand what had happened; she was giving him a chance to be considerate and decent; but he was scowling down upon her with an extraordinary resolution.

"I don't feel inclined to wait," she heard him say, and the voice did not sound like his. "There's one thing I can't see."

"I can't help your not seeing, Geoffrey."

"Well, what I say is this . . . your behaviour's been extraordinary."

"I told you," said she, "the wedding would have to be postponed. That will give you plenty of time to brood on how extraordinary I've been."

"You said it would have to be postponed because your clothes were ruined."

"That," said Vilma pointedly, "is not the only reason."

"Then there is only one more point to raise."

"Please," said Vilma, "don't raise it now. I just can't stand another thing to-day. The broken journey here, the fire, and now a hold-up. If there's to be a scene with you to finish up with, I'm going to bed. That can wait till the morning. Please."

"Oh, very well," said Geoffrey, and his tone was significant.

She moved to her hostess and spoke to her quietly. Geoffrey looked after her with a scowl; he turned back and he scowled at Bancroft. It seemed as if he were going to pass some remark, but he stopped in time. No doubt his reason was that he knew Bancroft would have a splitting headache, but from the looks of it, it might as well have been because he realised that Bancroft was an even larger man than he and as indignant at this moment.

BANCROFT had slept long and late. He had no conception what the time was, he only knew that he had been roused, as he had often wished he might be, by a lovely and mysterious lady.

Subconsciously he had heard her tap on the door. He opened his eyes and realised that the wintry sun was up. Also that morning tea which he hadn't touched had gone cold beside his bed.

He now saw that his bedroom door was opening, and there on the threshold stood Vilma. She was dressed for travel. He gazed upon her and said:

"How lovely you look."

"I waited as long as I could to see you before I went, and then I came up. It's eleven o'clock. I looked in to say good-bye. I'm going."

"Going? What, leaving here?"

"I'm going back to town. It's just as well there was a fire . . . it saved a lot of trouble . . . losing everything like that . . . I'm not going to be married, after all."

"You mean, not to Laidlaw?"

"No. I told the whole story this morning—and it didn't go down."

He swallowed something and he looked harder at her.

"You don't know whether my car's been brought back, do you?"

"Yes, it's outside the house."

"You couldn't wait . . . while I bath and dress?"

"No, I don't think I could. Everything's much too awkward."

"I'll meet your train," he said. "What station shall I meet it at? The first one after Mountwarren?"

"You'd better not."

"You'll arrive at Paddington. I will be there before you."

"I want to go to my address and see what on earth my landlady's talking about."

"You must have your solicitor beside you."

He saw her turn and look behind her for a moment.

Then, in a smaller voice, she said: "I can't stay. Somebody will hear me . . . My bags are in the hall . . ."

He raised himself higher in the bed.

"See you," he said, signalling violently, "at Paddington."

The door began to close. And as it nearly shut, he heard her speak once more, and in a whisper.

"All right," she said. "I'll find you."

Funny how heaven helps men who help themselves.

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Baby Lore

While perambulators have become more and more luxurious of late years till they resemble small limousines, baby specialists condemn such comforts.

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MISS G. E. N. HOANG, the sixteen-year-old Chinese tennis champion, is at present playing in England. It is hoped that Miss Hoang will visit Australia this year, with her mother, Dr. Hoang, to take part in the tennis tournaments to be played during the Centenary championships.

First Women's "Eight" ... Formed in Victoria!

Somers Camp Makes Generous Offer

The Victorian Women's Rowing Association has established a precedent in which women rowers in all States will be keenly interested.

A women's "eight" has been formed by the Y.W.C.A. rowing club, and it is anticipated that a women's eight event will be included in the carnival this year.

THE Victorian Women's Rowing Association carnival will be one of the highlights of the programme of women's sport for the Centenary celebrations.

The inclusion of an entirely new event will certainly excite wide interest, and the progress of the prospective members of "eights" will be closely followed by all women rowers.

Last year an effort was made in Sydney to stage a women's eight race between teams from the Sydney and Y.W.C.A. clubs respectively. The latter team, however, was obliged to withdraw as the balance of the day's programme had already set them a heavy task. The Sydney club team, consequently, gave an exhibition row along the allotted course.

"The expense of procuring the boat is the biggest obstacle we find in attempting to form a women's eight," says Miss Rose Goodman, secretary of the New South Wales Women's Rowing Association.

* * *

VICTORIAN rowers have, hitherto, been deterred in the same way. But the question of expense has been solved, temporarily, through the generosity of the Power-House division of the Somers Camp, who have proffered their boat for practice purposes.

The change from "fours" to "eights" will necessitate very little alteration in the training methods. The main thing for the girls to overcome is the strangeness of the boat, and its much quicker movement through the water. The phase which is receiving much attention is the physical reaction of the girls. Actually, however, the extra strain put upon individuals will be almost negligible as the "woman-power" is doubled, though the size of the boat is certainly not twice that used by a "four."

Practical tests of the direct effect on the girls will be made by sending out and bringing back a "four" and then an "eight," and observations over a period of about two months should definitely determine the future of the new plans.

Practice is now being steadily undertaken, but training in earnest will commence in October in preparation for the Victorian Women's Rowing Association carnival to be held on the Yarra in December. The following Y.W.C.A. girls are showing much promise, and their names are cited as likely members of the "eight":—Doreen Kampphenkel, Britta Anderson, Eunice Grumont, Kath. Roberts, Nance Wilkins, Kitty Reid, Edie Pidden, and May Colechin.

FRENCH TENNIS Championships

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative In Europe

SPECIAL interest will be taken in the French tennis championships, which will begin in Paris on May 20. Mrs. Molesworth, Queensland, Miss Joan Hartigan, Sydney, and Mrs. Hopman, who will reside in Melbourne on her return to Australia, will be taking part in this tournament for the first time.

It will be remembered that last year when this tournament was being played Miss Peggy Scriven caused the sensation of the tournament by winning both the singles and mixed doubles titles.

Peggy Scriven was not considered strong enough by the selectors to be included in the team to represent Britain in the championships last year, and so she entered independently.

To win the French title, she defeated such well-known players as Fraulein Hilda Krahwinkel, now Madame Sperling, Mary Heeley, Betty Nuthall, and Madame Mathieu, who had previously beaten Helen Jacobs.

Miss Scriven is a left-hand player, and critics predict that the finals will see a keenly contested match between Joan Hartigan and Peggy Scriven.

Both Joan Hartigan and Mrs. Molesworth are steadily regaining their confidence. Their recent performances against Holland indicate that, with practice, they will create a great impression overseas. Mrs. Molesworth and Miss Hartigan will pair in the women's doubles, and Miss Scriven will again partner Jack Crawford in the mixed doubles.

SQUASH *Racquets* are *Forging* AHEAD

Though it has only been played in Australia in recent years, squash racquets is increasing in popularity every season.

As Prince Henry is an enthusiastic player of squash, it is expected that his visit will give a further fillip to the game and that he will accept an invitation to play on one or more of the squash courts while in Australia.

IN its early stages squash racquets was first used at Harrow in training "the young to play the ancient game of Rackets." The ball then used was soft and hollow and made a "squashy" noise when it hit the wall; hence the name "squash." The ball used at the present time is slightly harder than the original, and is used with a tiny racquet on a long handle, which probably accounts for the name "baby rackets," by which the game was known back in 1886, when it first came into prominence.

Since those early days it has held its own, and has enjoyed increased popularity in recent years. During 1929 no fewer than 52 courts were erected in London. England, of course, is the home of squash. The Prince of Wales and his brother Prince Henry are most enthusiastic players, and it is hoped Prince Henry will accept the invitation of the Royal Melbourne Association to play at that club's courts during his visit to Australia.

"Squash" has found great popularity in the navy. It is played in a comparatively small area. The cost of gear, building and maintaining courts, too, is comparatively small, and is the reason for the firm belief at the moment that squash courts will be additions to many social, golf, tennis, cricket and welfare clubs in the not too distant future.

Victoria has been interested in the game more keenly than N.S.W., although that State's playing number is increasing, and visiting women's teams annually compete with Victoria for the Australian championships. Last year the two Sydney women representatives were Miss Long Innes and Miss McKellar, the lastnamed reaching the finals against the brilliant Victorian woman player, Mrs. Ross Gray-Smith, who achieved a spectacular success. Later in the year Sydney's outstanding woman player, Mrs. Walker, represented her State against Victoria.

MRS. ROSS GRAY-SMITH

The championship matches for women will be played about October, and consistent match practice will commence in August. It is expected that the Centenary Carnival programme of both men and women's events will attract a large number of entrants and interstate visitors.

* * *

THE N.S.W. Squash Racquets Association was formed last year. The enthusiasm with which its formation was attended is evidenced by an important step to be taken by Miss Betty Ross-Gore. Miss Ross-Gore is one of the most proficient players and one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the new association. She sails for England next week, and will take with her a copy of the constitution and rules, as set forth by the new association, with the object of arranging an affiliation with the English association.

Champion DIVER *Engaged*

THE engagement was announced last week of Lesley Thompson, champion diver and one of Australia's two women representatives for the Empire Games this year, to Len Warner, the well-known Victorian swimmer.

Miss Thompson, who is not yet 21, is a former pupil of Presbyterian Ladies' College, and is, at present, a teacher at Williamstown State School. The engagement follows a friendship of three years, which began when Mr. Warner was so impressed with her diving that he has been coaching her ever since.

Miss Thompson is having a busy few weeks before she sails with the Games team on May 29. Recently she acted as bridesmaid at the wedding of her future sister-in-law and, a week later, she was bridesmaid again, this time for her cousin.

On Saturday (May 19) a big family party has been arranged at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Thompson, at Williamstown, to celebrate the engagement.

INTERSTATE BASKETBALL

THE probable date of the Australian carnival has been set down for August 27 to September 1.

Although it is anticipated that Tasmania will participate in the carnival, the programme of matches cannot be drawn up until definite word is received from them.

Miss F. Gallagher, secretary of the Umpires' Association, states that Mrs. Marshall and Miss Cairns will sit for the Australian umpires' examination.

The theoretical paper is to hand, and the candidates will sit next week. It is their intention to take the Australian practical test as well. To do this a pass of 70 per cent. on the theoretical paper will be necessary.

It is probable that the practical test will take place before the carnival matches start so that these two could be available to umpire during the week. The test will be made either at a good local match or a scratch interstate game.

Physical Culture

THE City of Sydney Eisteddfod will be held in Sydney from August 25 to September 8, and for the first time physical culture events will be included in the programme.

Free exercises, Grecian dancing, spectacular displays and choral action songs are included in the events. As the question of amateur status arises also in matters of this kind, at the special request of the various sporting associations, the prizes will comprise pennants and certificates.

Great interest is already being shown by the members of the various physical culture schools, and these events will certainly be amongst the most popular on the programme.

Deputation to Premier About Playing Areas

The question of playing areas is being dealt with in a practical way in New South Wales through the good offices of the Parks and Playgrounds Movement.

Forming a deputation, in which all women's sporting associations were represented, they waited on the Premier during the week with the object of acquiring a Government grant of land for playing areas at Bunnerong.

THIS committee has searched the city and suburbs in an endeavor to find Crown lands suitable for parks, and playgrounds. Recently, 270 acres of Crown land was discovered at Bunnerong, which, with very little expense, could provide playing fields for over 100 teams. It is anticipated that the major portion of this ground would be utilised for women's sports.

Centennial Park and Moore Park are large areas that have been granted by the Government in previous years. They are already overcrowded and the allotment of ground at Bunnerong is the only large portion at present available in the whole metropolitan area.

If the State Parliament decides to accede to this request and grant it to the Parks and Playground movement, it is proposed to ask His Royal Highness, Prince Henry, to dedicate it during his visit to Sydney.

As the Parks and Playgrounds committee is representative of sixty different organisations, their request is one that will certainly receive very earnest consideration.

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